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THE TAO

# THE ISLES OF FEAR

*THE TRUTH  
ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES*

BY  
KATHERINE MAYO

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



NEW YORK  
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To  
THOSE WHOM THE TRUTH CONCERNS





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## Contents

CHAPTER	PAGE
I THE POINT OF VIEW . . . . .	3
II THE MARK OF THE BEAST . . . . .	11
III GOD HELP THE POOR . . . . .	27
IV THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES . . . . .	35
V VULTURES IN THE SKY . . . . .	47
VI THE SPIRIT OF '76 . . . . .	62
VII MIDNIGHT TO MORNING . . . . .	78
VIII WOODROW WILSON'S WARNING . . . . .	87
IX "I MEANT WHAT I SAID" . . . . .	97
X FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN . . . . .	106
XI THE ROTTENEST THING . . . . .	121
XII THE CONLEY CASE . . . . .	131
XIII THE LITTLE YACHT "Apo" . . . . .	142
XIV "UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!" . . . . .	153
XV THE PRAYER OF THE LIVING DEAD . . . . .	161
XVI A GREAT PHYSICIAN . . . . .	170
XVII CHILDREN IN THE DARK . . . . .	181
XVIII HABITS THEY HAVE . . . . .	196
XIX THE DEVIL TAKES THE HINDMOST . . . . .	207
XX WHAT THEY SAY OF US . . . . .	217
XXI NAMELESS AND AFRAID . . . . .	225
XXII AN ANGLO-SAXON PERFORMANCE . . . . .	244
XXIII THE HEAD HUNTERS . . . . .	256
XXIV AND THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS OURS ALSO . . . . .	261
XXV ALVAREZ . . . . .	274
XXVI THE SULU PIRATES . . . . .	283
XXVII MEN—AND A CURSE . . . . .	292
XXVIII "WE STAY WITH AMERICA—" . . . . .	304
XXIX BUT, YES, WE'LL HAVE NO BANANAS . . . . .	311
XXX THE PLEA OF THE WOMEN . . . . .	322
XXXI "—OR GIVE US BACK OUR GUNS" . . . . .	330
APPENDIX . . . . .	343
GLOSSARY . . . . .	359
INDEX . . . . .	361



## *List of Illustrations*

THE TAO . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
ILOCANOS EMIGRATING TO THE CAGAYAN VALLEY . . . . .	52
THE EMIGRANTS' NOONING . . . . .	52
BLAS RAMOS'S WIFE AND CHILDREN . . . . .	61
CARABAO CALVES THRESHING RICE . . . . .	61
"BACK IN THE FAR WILDERNESS—" . . . . .	80
IGOROT MOUNTAIN TRAILS . . . . .	80
AT THE BARRIO WELL. BULACÁN PROVINCE . . . . .	83
THE HOMES OF THE MILLIONS . . . . .	88
AN ILOCANO . . . . .	118
BENGUET MOUNTAINS . . . . .	150
IGOROT ON THE TRAIL . . . . .	150
"TELL AMERICA" . . . . .	188
A BONTOC GIRL . . . . .	256
TUG OF WAR. BONTOS . . . . .	260
BONTOS DANCING . . . . .	268
THAT MOTHER OF AN IGOROT BUKNUN . . . . .	268
ALVAREZ . . . . .	274
TO-DAY IN THE SULU SEA . . . . .	288
DATU RAJAH MUDA MANDI WITH KAMLIYA, HIS WIFE . . . . .	297
BUT, YES, WE'LL HAVE NO BANANAS! . . . . .	315
THAT DATU'S WIFE . . . . .	328
MAP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS . . . . .	8



## THE ISLES OF FEAR



## *Chapter I*

### THE POINT OF VIEW

WILL you spare a moment to hear, before starting in on the meat of this book, why and how it is written?

For some few years past we, the American people, have been vaguely aware of a sensation of unrest in the region of the Philippine Islands—and of Voices, once and again, asking for Philippine Independence.

We have not known what those voices stood for. We have had no background upon which to rate their claim. And yet the Philippine Islands are America's responsibility—a responsibility that we voluntarily assumed and may not lightly shift to other shoulders merely for the asking.

But the Philippine Islands are a long way off. The mere journey takes more time than most of us can consecutively spare to public uses.

And so, being myself free to go, and having some previous experience in field investigation, I determined to make an attempt to serve my fellow countrymen by collecting for their use the material that their own obligations preclude their collecting for themselves.

Arrived in Manila, that delightful town, I addressed myself at once to the principal Filipino personages. I was received with the utmost courtesy and cordiality and for weeks enjoyed social intercourse and many conferences with the chief figures in Filipino upper life. The limit of my entertainments was the limit that I myself imposed. I found the people interesting, intelligent, charming, appealing. And to each with whom I deliberately talked, I made this careful preliminary statement:

"Your emissaries in Washington are asking for the independence of these Islands. The question is one that the people of America must decide—a grave question, of grave responsibility. And we know so little about your Islands that our actual knowledge is almost nothing at all. The best thing would be for us all to come and see. But that very few of us can do. And it is this that brings me here now.

"I want to report you and your country to my own people. Whatever you say and whatever my eyes see, I will do my best faithfully to convey to them without any colour or favour. And if you desire it, in reporting you I will withhold your name, although to do so weakens testimony.

"I intend, to the best of my ability, to see all elements in your body social—your friends and your opponents, the learned and the unlearned, the rich and the poor, not here in Manila alone, but as far as may be, all over these Islands. And I shall try to get at every one's views and learn all that I can concerning them, everywhere alike and fairly.

"Then I will write it in a book. And my own people, I hope, will see and trust the purpose behind the book and will feel that they get, from the result, something on which to start the working of their minds.

"Finally, I want you to know that I come here as ignorant concerning you as the most uninformed person now in America; that I have no pre-posessions, no friendships, no alliances that can in any way influence my judgment; that I come wholly without connections with any cause or organization, without commitment to any publication or party, and entirely at my own expense, as a volunteer, whose one hope is to do a bit of work that will serve both sides of the water. For the question is one question—a question of light on duty, toward the common good."

I hope they wholly understood and believed me. I know they were exceedingly kind, offering their services in every way to help my study. In particular, one influential and intelligent lady, Mrs. Jaime de Veyra, was ready to put aside



all her personal affairs to accompany me over the Islands, wherever I might elect to go, to act as interpreter and guide.

But, delightful and useful as under other circumstances the plan would have been, I could accept no medium through which to get my facts, whose whole value must rest on their first-hand quality. In accordance with which principle I made it a rule, throughout, to see all witnesses privately, and to choose my own roads and times and places, independent of any guidance.

I used no Government conveyances, and received no Governmental favours, excepting in the granting of access to statistics and records, and in credentials to Filipino Governors of distant Provinces—the proper right, on demand, of any reputable American citizen.

And I have done my best.

That means, alas, that although those who until now have had no spokesman, neither any way of reaching the public ear, will be pleased with the result, others will be outraged and hurt. And although these last are far fewer than the first, I have so warm a feeling for them almost all that I heartily regret the necessity of wounding a single one.

This book, then, is written for the American citizen who knows, of the Philippine Islands, that they lie somewhere in the Pacific Ocean; that Admiral Dewey took them for us in the Spanish War; that some people think them an object of interest to a hungry Japan; and—at a stretch—that they produce cheap cigars and “Manila rope.”

Such a foundation will bear, perhaps, the support of another fact or two to carry to-day's picture. For example:

There are in the lot 3,141 islands and islets, of which only about two-thirds are inhabited. Taken altogether, their area about equals Arizona's. One of them, Luzon, is as big as Ohio; another, Mindanao, is as big as Indiana. Of the rest 2,775 measure less than one square mile apiece. They lie in a half-moon, hugging the east coast of Asia. Their latitude

is about that of the stretch from the City of Mexico to southern Panama. Their climate varies. In the high mountains of Luzon oaks and pines grow among tree-ferns, and films of ice may form of nights on standing water; while in Mindanao, even as the glorious sea-breeze blows, a white man's skin starts dripping, night or day, whenever he stirs. Periods of heavy rainfall, alternating with dry periods, form their general changes; to which may be added typhoons in season. Some islands—some localities—are fever holes that eat you alive, and some again are fairly healthful—with which difference the presence or absence of Uncle Sam has much to do. The majority are beautiful in one way or another, with volcanic peaks or forest stretches, lakes, open plains, or mountain ranges. And they produce sugar, hemp, copra, timber, tobacco, rubber, and a few things more.

According to the Wood-Forbes Report estimate, the foreign population of the Archipelago comprised, in 1919, 55,212 Chinese, 12,636 Japanese, 6,931 Americans, 1,202 British, 4,271 Spaniards and 2,893 other nationals—as Swiss, German, French, etc.—altogether 83,145. The Reports' estimate of the native population, at the same date, was 10,956,730.

The foreigners in the Islands, in the year 1920 (*The United States and the Philippines*, D. R. Williams), comprised less than one per cent of the population and rendered 5,852 income tax returns, as against 3,667 returns rendered by the Filipinos, representing ninety-nine per cent of the population.

Total number of votes cast in the General Election of 1919 <sup>1</sup> .....	672,122
Estimated degree of literacy, about <sup>1</sup> ...	37%
Total daily newspaper circulation <sup>1</sup> ...	131,400
Number of ethnological tribes <sup>2</sup> .....	43
Number of distinct dialects spoken <sup>3</sup> ...	87

<sup>1</sup> *Report of the Governor-General Philippine Islands, 1921*. Washington, 1922, p. 13.

<sup>2</sup> H. Otley Beyer, *Population of the Philippine Islands in 1916*, Manila, 1917, pp. 19-20.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, pp. 23-6.

Total wealth of the Island <sup>1</sup> .....	\$5,500,000,000
Average income of the average Christian Filipino family of five persons, per year .....	\$70
Estimated Insular income for 1924 <sup>4</sup> .....	\$34,488,580
Total of estimated duties that would have been collected on Philippine prod- ucts exported to the United States in 1922 had duties been levied and as- sessed as on foreign goods in accord- ance with the taxes provided in the U. S. Tariff Act of 1922 <sup>5</sup> .....	\$39,337,220
Per capita revenue from taxation in 1923 <sup>6</sup>	\$3.50
Total land area under cultivation (10% of the whole territory) <sup>1</sup> .....	11,503 sq. miles
Value of cultivated land <sup>1</sup> .....	\$229,000,000
Total area of forest-land of commercial value <sup>1</sup> .....	64,880 sq. miles
Percentage of forest-land belonging to the Government <sup>1</sup> .....	99%
Proportion of urban property owned by Americans and other foreigners <sup>7</sup> .....	9%
Proportion of urban property owned by natives <sup>7</sup> .....	91%
Proportion of taxes paid by Americans and other foreigners, approximately..	80%
Proportion of the positions under the Philippine Government held by Ameri- cans other than school teachers, in the year 1924 <sup>8</sup> .....	1 1/8%
Total foreign trade of the Philippines for 1923 <sup>9</sup> .....	\$208,552,737
Total Philippine Exports for 1923 <sup>9</sup> ....	\$120,752,990
Total Philippine Imports for 1923 <sup>9</sup> .....	\$87,799,747
Total foreign trade of the Philippines, for 1923, with the U. S. <sup>9</sup> .....	65.3% or \$136,298,285

<sup>4</sup> Budget of the Governor-General of the Philippines for the year 1924.

<sup>5</sup> Estimate compiled by the American Chamber of Commerce of the Philippine Islands.

<sup>6</sup> Report of the Insular Auditor for year ending Dec. 31, 1923.

<sup>7</sup> Census of the Philippine Islands, 1918.

<sup>8</sup> Insular Civil Service figures.

<sup>9</sup> B. F. Wright, Special Bank Examiner. *Government Financial Report*.

Total foreign trade of the Philippines, for 1923, with Japan <sup>9</sup> .....	7.6% or \$15,749,553
Total foreign trade of the Philippines, for 1923, with the United Kingdom <sup>9</sup> ....	8.2% or \$21,929,918
Value of Philippine exports to the United States for 1909 (The Islands were granted free trade with U. S. in October, 1909.) <sup>10</sup> .....	\$14,847,918
Value of Philippine exports to the United States in 1923 <sup>10</sup> .....	\$132,387,472
Distance to nearest Japanese territory <sup>11</sup>	66 miles
Distance to nearest Dutch territory <sup>11</sup> ..	43 miles
Distance to nearest British territory <sup>11</sup> ..	20 miles
Distance from Manila to Hong Kong <sup>11</sup>	630 miles

The Philippine Islands, to-day, are United States territory.

Whether, or not, or how long, they shall remain so, is a question to be determined by the people of the United States.

As to points of view from which this question may be regarded, at least three exist.

1. The strategic point. Here some ask attention to the geographic fact that the Philippines, if added to the Japanese island chain, absolutely bar off, like a line of fortresses, the whole east coast of Asia. And these further affirm that the islands, as affording the only harbours left available to us in those seas, are necessary to an effective American Navy and Merchant Marine. Others again protest, and with equal vigour, that in our hands the Philippines form a strategic weakness in our lines of defence.

2. The commercial point. Here it will be shown that the Philippine Islands, properly developed, would give us among other tropical products such as sugar, tobacco and hemp, all the rubber we shall ever need, thus delivering the people of the United States from the hands of foreign rubber monopolies. This is probably true beyond debate. It will further be urged that American and other business men who have worked hard in the islands during the last quarter century, and who,

<sup>10</sup> *The United States and the Philippines*, D. R. Williams, New York, 1924.

<sup>11</sup> U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey figures.

with small gains to themselves, have substantially advanced the Islands' fortunes, should be considered in any plan determining the Islands' fate. Against this it will be warmly contended that foreigners settling in the Philippines did so at their own risks, unsolicited, and have no moral rights in council.

3. The human point. The point from which, regardless of international or military or commercial interests of the United States, regardless of the protection or deserts of any foreign element in the place, attention is focussed exclusively on the nature and condition of the native people of the Philippine Islands.

From the third point, and from it only, this book looks.

Now, the initial thing to make clear is this:

What do you mean when you speak of the people of the Philippine Islands?

Do you think of them as a political body? A social body? A distinct race? Do you think of them as a minor nation, represented by delegates to Washington?

If you do, you start wrong.

The pre-eminent native scholar of the Islands, Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, lecturing on February 26, 1924, in the University of the Philippines, said:

Let us not indulge in idle dreams. Let us admit that there is no such thing as a Filipino race.

The native population of the Philippines falls of itself into three perfectly distinct main divisions—the Mountain people of the Island of Luzon, comprising several large and several smaller absolutely distinct peoples commonly but inaccurately classed under a general term as "Igorots"; the Mohammedans, or Moros, of the Southern Islands; and the Christian Filipinos. The first and second of these are essentially Malayan, and of the overwhelming majority of the last the same is true.

But Igorot and Moro, alike, bitterly resent being herded

under the term "Filipino." The line of demarcation is to them at least as definite and as sensitive as is, to a Frenchman, the line that protects France from the terror across the Rhine. Yet the Filipino confessed—the Christianized lowlander—outnumbers the others ten to one. And it is exclusively of him, this Filipino proper, that the next chapters will speak, leaving both Igorot and Moro for later thought.

As to the Filipinos, then:

Malays as they are, no caste system exists among them. And they show but two classes—the *cacique*, or moneyed class, which bosses and from which all politicians come; and the *tao*, or peasant class, which is bossed, and which has, in practice, no voice whatever in governmental or political affairs. The cacique class numbers perhaps six per cent of the total, and rests, not upon inherited position, but wholly upon the grip of money and of political influence, however recently acquired.

Speaking always in general, the cacique has one occupation—"politics"; one industry—usury; one hobby—gambling. Whatever he or his friends may profess for purposes of foreign or domestic propaganda, his acts show him fundamentally indifferent to the fate of the great mass of the people—of the ninety-four per cent, whom he mercilessly exploits and oppresses and whom he holds in open scorn mingled with a sort of bitter resentment due to the mingling, in his own veins, of the people's blood.

✓ For the cacique is a *mestizo*, as the Spanish called him—a hybrid. He is a Malay compounded with the Spanish or Chinese.

## Chapter II

### THE MARK OF THE BEAST

THE political unit in the Philippine Islands is the little cacique—the small local boss. This is the keystone fact in the make-up of Filipino-conceived control.

The little cacique takes his orders from one a size bigger than he. And so on up to the seats of the Big Caciques in Manila. Much as in Tammany's plan, but with an essential difference.

Voters there are, but an idea of the probable independence of their ballots may be derived from what is later to be said on such topics as usury, peonage and the channels and possible strength of public opinion.

To picture to yourself the figure of the little cacique, you must first deliver your mind from the treacherously recurring subconscious idea that he is a brown-skinned New England squire living in a tropical Lexington or Concord.

Because he is not, and does not. He is the local political boss, who lives, unless he is an absentee boss, in the better house of a very pretty village, or a *barrio*.<sup>1</sup>

The *barrio*, like the village, is mainly composed of one- or two-roomed shacks, whose walls and roofs are made of screens woven of grass or palm-leaves neatly lashed upon slender bamboo frames. The shacks, whose life is from two to three years, are single-storied and stand high on stilts. This arrangement not only keeps them relatively dry, in raintime, but also gives an open storage place beneath. Here are kept, beside the big

<sup>1</sup> The whole territory of the Philippines, regardless of population, is divided into municipalities. A *barrio* is a segment of a municipality. This is the Spaniards' arrangement.

basket of rice on which the family subsists, the cook-pot, the wooden plough, the two or three fowls, and also the carabao<sup>2</sup> and the pony, if the household is so rich as to possess them.

No sanitation exists, and the invariable pig, although ultimately eaten, is maintained primarily to serve for the non-existent closet. No other provision is made either for sewage disposal or for the pig's support. His hip bones almost cut through his skin. He is always starving. His hunger, in the intervals of his duties, often drives him into the highway, which he clogs. His sides cave in and all his ribs protrude. In every way piteous and embarrassing, he is the adjunct of every home, and is to be found as certainly in the skirts of the city of Manila as throughout the provinces.

Anywhere from five to fifteen persons, adult and children, may inhabit these one- or two-room dwellings. The rooms may be eight by ten feet square. At night every aperture will be shut tight to keep away the malignant spirits that fill night air. But by day the screens are pushed back from the windows, and all the simple intimacies of life are laid bare to the passer-by, including the inevitable noontide hunting parties co-operatively conducted through the family's hair.

There may be a new-fangled artesian well in the barrio. But even if there is, many are the ancient uses of a little drainage-ditch beside the highway. Here, within a space of fifty yards, I have seen women laundering garments, women washing dishes, women scrubbing meat for the pot, a man washing a dog, a pig nuzzling, and several naked youngsters kicking up the mud, while others dipped drinking water in earthen vessels for household use.

The people of the barrio speak a certain dialect—one of a possible eighty-odd. They know no other tongue. And the confines of the little field in which its dialect is spoken are the confines of any barrio's knowledge of the world.

Tenants of the cacique for the most part, and tillers of his soil, the people work fairly steadily, considering the facts that

<sup>2</sup> A water-buffalo, the draft animal of the Philippines.



all are undernourished, that over eighty per cent have worms and that their economic outlook is dull. Their congenital passion for gambling would of itself be enough to keep them always in debt, and practically every barrio of any size has its cock-pit—which, by the way, is in far better repair than its rickety skeleton church. The women may be credited with whatever is done in the way of conserving of funds, but barrio people are doing well when they pass from crop to crop without a starvation interval between.

Six pesos<sup>3</sup>—three American dollars—is the average family's entire income for a fortnight. And how big six pesos can look may be gleaned from a narrative related by Major-General E. B. Babbitt, U.S.A., of a personal experience in the Islands.

General Babbitt one day conceived the idea that he would like to go a-fishing. So, being in Manila, he picked up a friend and rode out to a promising spot in Laguna Province, where he bargained with a tao fisherman. Two good days the party spent, and in the end paid their man six round bright silver pesos—three dollars American—much money. So that the tao went home to his shack treading on clouds. And after he had handed the treasure to his wife, the pair sat late into the night planning and dreaming about the wonders it should bring forth.

But the news of those six pesos somehow leaked out into the barrio. Like flame on oil it flew, swift to the *presidente's*<sup>4</sup> ears.

Whereupon the presidente sent for the tao and, without reasons given, threw him into jail.

In jail, then, the wretched man cowered, silent, uncomplaining, half-dead with shapeless fear. Until, the time being enough, the presidente sent for him and said:

"It appears that you are a very evil fellow. You are a robber—a bandit. What have you to say?"

The tao stammered out his protestation.

<sup>3</sup> A peso equals fifty cents gold.

<sup>4</sup> Head man, mayor.

Everything  
you say is  
ridiculous  
nothing  
can be  
good  
you!

"But the Americans say you are a bandit, and you must be shot," the presidente went on.

The tao wept. The presidente pondered, with deep-ribbed brow and introspective eyes. Finally he spoke: "It is true that these Americans are a rough and violent people. But I am a cacique. I am boss of the barrio. I have, of course, much power. A way might be found . . . but, no!"

The tao implored, fawning.

"No—no—it is impossible. It would cost too much.—Now, if I had six pesos—if there were any way of getting six pesos—I might be able to arrange it—to buy the Americans off."

"May it please your honour—send and call my wife," moaned the tao, beating his hands on his breast.

The wife came hastily to the *presidencia*.<sup>5</sup> Together the pair took distracted counsel, while the presidente waited, solemn and aloof.

"May it please your honour—I have six pesos—just six pesos in the world—I will run and bring them—" the woman finished, crushed.

So the cacique received the six pesos, the woman went home to weep and the tao went back to jail.

Two days later the great man sent for the prisoner. "I have bought off the Americans. It was very difficult. You are lucky," he said. "And yet—I think you would do well to take your wife and make off to the hills. You never can trust these Americans. If they come back and find you here there is no telling. They might . . . !"

The tao shook again with fear—even as he was meant to do. And, still shaking, thanked the cacique humbly, picked up his wife and his bolo, and departed in haste to the mountains, there to become in good earnest a robber of wayfarers and all unprotected folk.

The bottom cacique is the ultimate, natural and essential channel through which his own bosses, in their ascending series,

<sup>5</sup> Town hall.

reach and control the bottom dog. He is the interpreter, to the barrio, of anything that it sees or hears outside its own domestic life. Much the same might be said of a Tammany Hall ward boss. But there is also a difference: The cacique rules, not by favour, but by fear—by the blind, black tyranny of fear. And the docile ignorance of the masses is his strength. How complete that ignorance can be would scarcely be grasped through generalities.

Mr. A. W. Prautch, Chief of the Rural Credit Division, Bureau of Agriculture, is one of the few American officials left in the Philippine Government. Mr. Prautch's life is spent in journeyings to and fro around the provinces on errands of help.

One day it happened that Mr. Prautch, travelling in Ilocos Norte in company with the Governor of that province, came to the town of San Nicolas on the China Sea. Together the two men went first to the presidencia. There, while the Governor talked with the presidente and his assembled official staff, the American went strolling about the building to see what might be seen.

The first thing that particularly struck his attention was a wretched, hopeless-looking woman with a small child wailing in her arms, crouched on the bare floor of the jail.

Now, the jail being not only under the presidencia roof, but also, at the moment, under the Provincial Governor's nose, it was easy for Mr. Prautch to direct the Provincial Governor's eyes that way.

"Look!" murmured the American, quietly nudging his companion. "See that woman hugging the sick baby yonder in the cell. She looks as though she had lost her last friend. You might ask why she is there."

The Governor complied.

"Ah," said the presidente, "yes. It shall be explained. The woman is there to take care of the baby."

"But why is the baby there?"

"Ah!" replied the presidente again, "let us see.—Yes. The

baby is there because he is guilty of crime. The crime of arson."

The Governor turned to Mr. Prautch in bewilderment. "Impossible!" he exclaimed.

"Let's ask further," urged Prautch.

And so, bit by bit, the tale came out, drawn by the Governor's questions.

The woman, it appeared, was the wife of a poor labourer. One day when the man was off in the fields working, the woman climbed down the ladder of the shack and went to look for faggots to boil the evening rice. The baby, then just learning to creep, remained alone in the room. The baby was supposed to show discretion.

What he did do, seemingly, was to hitch his way over to the fire-pot and pull out a pretty red ember. After which it would be a matter of minutes, no more, before the whole little nipa-palm shack would blaze. The neighbours rescued the baby. But the house—which by the way belonged to the labourer and his wife and was all they owned in the world—the house on golden wings had vanished into the sun before the poor mother came back.

Meantime, the police, running quickly, reported to the town authorities that a house had been burned.

"A house has been burned? Why, then," said the authorities, "there must be a trial. To-morrow bring the people before the Justice of the Peace."

And so it was done, duly and in order.

"Who set this house on fire?" asked the Justice of the Peace.

"If it please your honour, the baby," said the neighbours. "It must have been the baby. Nobody else was there."

"Then," continued the Justice, "the perpetrator being found, it becomes a question of motive: Why did the baby set the house on fire?"

"Nobody can tell," said the neighbours. "Nobody was there."

"But"—and the magistrate became severe—"this is a trial, remember. We have found the offender. Now, we are obliged to find his motive. That comes next. You must *think*. Now think: Did the baby set the house afire on purpose?"

The neighbours thought, as bid.—Finally they produced the required statement:

The baby assuredly must have set the house afire on purpose, since he had only himself to consult at the time.

"Aha!" exclaimed the Magistrate. "Then the case is complete. Setting a house afire on purpose is a crime. It is called arson. This prisoner is committed to jail to await trial on charges of arson."

So the policeman picked the baby out of its mother's arms, solemnly walked off to the jail, and locked the baby up.

But within the hour he was back again.

"Please, your honour, who is to feed the prisoner?"

"Why, the jailer, of course."

"But—the jailer—he says he can't."

"Tell him he must," said the Justice, growing angry. "It is his duty."

"But—"

"But what, you nuisance?" shouted the Justice, his patience gone.

"But, your honour, this prisoner isn't weaned. He just sucks."

So this, as new evidence, re-opened the case, and brought about another hearing, whose fruit was the decision that, as the mother was, in a manner of speaking, an essential part of the prisoner, she also must go to jail.

And there, in close confinement, the pair had thenceforth lain.

Meantime the husband and father—the old tao labourer—worked in the fields all day, while at night he cooked the food he earned and brought it to the jail. The wife could do nothing but sit on the floor and hold the baby in her flaccid arms.

There was nothing else to do. And the baby, wailing and pining, against its every interest continued somehow to live.

But no one in the town of San Nicolas, least of all the town authorities, saw anything strange in the case. One day it would be tried; meantime, it awaited trial. An unfortunate affair, perhaps, for the three concerned, yes. But how did it concern anybody else? Who else was hurt?

Said the Governor of Ilocos Norte to Mr. Prautch:

"This is lamentable. But nothing can be done. The thing is now a matter of record and must follow the process of law."

"Oh! Governor, let's cut through it. This is Saturday. Let's you and me bail the baby out till Monday. Our word will be enough. You explain to the J.P. and the Mayor and the Council. When Monday comes, have the hearing, with all the evidence. And then—just suspend judgment. See?"

So by the illumination of Mr. Prautch, the baby got out.

The Filipino is an individualist. At his present stage of development, tao or cacique, he is for himself and his immediate friends only, and the sorrows of others, man or beast, have yet to find their place in his reckoning.

One day last winter I sat talking with a tao farmer, in his own district, concerning his own exceptional history. Exceptional not in his sufferings, which could be matched in half the shacks in every barrio, but in his having dared to stand up to his fate and show fight. His story is a matter of established record. For obvious reasons his name should be spared. Let us call him Pedro. He is a quiet little body, somewhat crippled and scarred. To abbreviate the tale and begin half-way through, it runs thus:

In 1921, his old blind mother, who owned a good homestead plot, or thought she did, found herself therefore in conflict with the cacique, who wanted the land for himself. Her daughter, Pedro's sister, helped the old woman in affirming her claim. This resulted in the arrest of the sister, who was thrown into jail. Having fasted all that day, at night-time the girl begged for food. On pretext of acceding to her re-

quest, the town police-sergeant took her outside the jail and attempted rape. She struggled, escaped, and finally reported the matter to her brother Pedro, who, energetically backed by the two or three Americans in the region, entered a complaint.

This act of Pedro's startled the whole countryside. No tao had been known to show such temerity. Hearing of it, many other women came to Pedro begging him to present their claims for redress. So that it became clear that the fate of Pedro's sister was the customary fate of women jailed. But, though Pedro duly accused the sergeant of municipal police before the municipal council, the accused went free. Because, as Pedro points out, the members of the municipal council were all the Sergeant's *parientes*—relatives—a word of great content in the Islands.

A little later the same Pedro made himself serviceable to the Wood-Forbes Commission, through his knowledge of English and through his good faith as translator in the investigation of usury cases. This touched the local caciques on a very tender spot, and made evident the necessity of quieting the little man.

It came on the night of December 26, 1921. All day long Pedro and his family had been hard at work in the rice paddies, for it was harvest time. And now, at 9 o'clock, they lay sound asleep on their mats at home—Pedro on his back, as it chanced, his right arm tossed over his face.

Perhaps that arm saved him—for the first bolo-slash cut his right wrist almost in two.

Up sprang the sleeper with just time, before the next blow landed, to recognize in the three men before him the same old sergeant of municipal police and two police officers. Then they got him again, and yet again, across the head, till he fell unconscious. On this they left him, lying in his blood—left him for dead.

Then Pedro's wife and the young sister who already knew that sergeant of police crept out to the neighbours and begged for help,—begged above all that some one should run and tele-

phone the nearest Constabulary post. Two Constabulary officers came. And while the one gave first aid to Pedro, the other pursued the assailants. Two he caught that night; the third two days later on.

All three now lie in Bilibid<sup>a</sup> prison.

So much for Pedro's past trials. He is marked "dangerous," and more punishment, on general principles of discipline, all too probably awaits him.

"They don't want a simple farmer to raise his head," Pedro repeats, with a look, as he speaks, that shows his spirit is not yet broken by the mortal odds against him.

Pedro is one in ten thousand. And this is the way our tête-à-tête closed:

"Are you going to Manila soon?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Is Governor-General Wood there?"

"I don't know."

"I want to see the Governor-General. I want to ask him a favour. I have done what I could for the Government. I know Governor-General Wood befriends us taos. I think he would help me."

"Do you want me to know your request?"

"Yes. I have a friend—a pariente of mine—he helped me when I was hurt, and I would like to help him now."

"What does he need?"

"Well, he is in Bilibid. I want him pardoned out. I think it isn't much for me to ask, who have had such great trouble."

"What is your friend in prison for?"

"Oh, a trifle—only a woman case."

"Do you mean," I asked, "do you mean that your friend assaulted some woman—"

"Oh, yes, but it was *nothing*!" answered Pedro, almost impatiently. "Why, she was under age—a mere child!"

✓ In intelligence, in education, in courage, in character, Pedro is one in ten thousand. But Pedro is a Malay. An indi-

<sup>a</sup> The great Government prison in Manila.



vidualist. The outrage of his sister aroused his wrath because it was his sister who suffered. But let that same thing befall a girl—any number of girls—across the fields, and Pedro sees nothing in it.—You may talk to him of humanity, of public duty, of common purpose, until your breath is done, without in the slightest degree touching his mind. He likes the words, and uses them. They sound fine. But their active meaning is outside the range of his mentality. And this is no charge against Pedro. It is simply a biological fact. ✓

High in the cacique oligarchy to-day—as far above the humble members we have just been considering as the weathervane is above the corner-stone—stands a certain shrewd and sinuous Spanish mestizo. By young Filipino college students this man is ardently admired. By most Filipinos he is consumingly feared, for his power in their world is great. In America he is courteously received and respectfully listened to.

I have before me the official report, several copies of which exist, in this country and in the Islands, of an investigation into his conduct in office at a period twenty years ago, when he was Prosecuting Attorney, or “Fiscal,” of a large Island Province. The report, despite the usually formal language, gives a graphic picture of his habits of life at that time. His fellow Filipinos to-day assert that during the two decades intervening those habits have changed only in steadily increased self-indulgence, and in greater and greater disregard for any law but that of his own personal ambition and pleasure. All this, in detail, has been common knowledge. And it is exceedingly significant that that knowledge has in no wise interfered with his secure advance toward the summit of the cacique structure.

The report shows him, first, on the road between town and town, riding his circuit. He travels like a satrap, with bearers in relays of fifteen to carry his belongings. But he is off his schedule—a whole day late. And the bearers whom he had ordered to attend his arrival at a given point, believing

that he had abandoned his trip, have grown tired waiting and have gone home upon their own occasions. Reaching the spot, and furious not to find his men, the official draws his revolver upon the first villager that appears and orders him to run for his life in search of the missing bearers.

Now, it should be noted that these men are not bearers by calling, but are merely the neighbours—the local taos—the farmers of the countryside.

After five hours' hard foot-travel the messenger returns with the fifteen men, all badly frightened, whom he has collected one by one from their widely-scattered dwellings. Whereupon, this Fiscal, this Prosecuting Attorney of the Province, to reward his messenger, first strikes him in the mouth, then kicks him flat, and finally orders him to set to and soundly beat his friends the taos, who have dared to keep a cacique waiting.

"It was Mr. ——'s custom to call for bearers to take him from town to town," interposes the record, "but not his custom to pay these bearers. In fact, he did not pay them. This particular form of forced and unpaid labour is one of the customs of the country and in compelling the work of the lowly in this manner Mr. —— was but following the custom."

The Fiscal's travelling mate at this period was a notorious criminal, then awaiting trial by the Fiscal himself on a very serious charge. But after certain incidents of the tour, of most of which this man was a witness, the Fiscal "provisionally dismissed" the charge against his companion.

Very briefly, the incidents in question were these:—

The Fiscal, in the course of an official visit to the northern end of his province, had seen and admired a certain barrio girl. So, on his next appearance, he ordered one of the men of that barrio to give a dance and invite the girl—that he, the Fiscal, might meet her.

That night, after the dance, the girl, with four other women, including the barrio school-teacher, had spread their mats in a neighbour's shack and had gone to sleep together, when a

stealthy foot on the ladder, a groping hand on the floor, awakened the school-teacher.

"Who is there?" she called.

"The Fiscal. I want Tomasa." All in the dark he found the girl and laid hold upon her.

But she fought him off. The record reads: "The women were all frightened and cowered in one corner of the small room. Tomasa with them. Being unable to find her again, the Fiscal lit a match, discovered her, and succeeded in separating her from her companions. He then by threats to kill her sought to overcome her resistance. In this he was unsuccessful, owing to her strenuous objections and the presence of the others awake, and finally departed, baffled."

Next morning he continued his official tour. Three days later, however, he returned and again ordered a dance to be given, by the same tao as before, Tomasa again to be invited. The tao, for his life, complied.

This time all plans worked out. And next day the girl, "flattered by the attentions of so great and powerful a man as the Fiscal of the province," followed him to his home.

Then comes the poor old father of Tomasa—missing the girl, hearing the rumour of her fate, standing that night before the Fiscal's door, knocking, knocking, and calling to his daughter.

And the Fiscal, with his ready revolver levelled through the crack, orders the old man to be off and hold his tongue, lest worse befall him.

But the father, greatly daring, goes instead to the Justice of the Peace to declare his woes; to which that officer responds that it is better to be quiet, for no good ever comes of making complaints against a man as powerful as the Fiscal.

The record goes on into curious labyrinths, valuable, despite their squalor, because of the light they throw on the general condition of the common people and on the relation of the cacique thereto. Tomasa has two "parientes," Bartolome and Paulo, both accused as horse thieves by the Fiscal himself, in

sworn complaint before a magistrate. This was before Tomasa came into the story. Both men had pleaded guilty and both lay awaiting trial when Tomasa's charms first caught the Fiscal's eye.

Whereupon he, as a matter of privilege and complaisance, dismissed the case.

Now it happened that the horses stolen were United States Army horses. And one of the United States Government's witnesses against Bartolome, the horse thief, was a tao called Simeon. (His other name, every one's name, with dates and places, are all here in this document. But since we are not using the Fiscal's name, why pillory the taos?) So Bartolome, hating Simeon because Simeon had borne witness against him, made speedy use of his liberty to hunt Simeon up. Having found him, he fell upon that Government witness with his bolo, and, before he had done, had nearly severed Simeon's arm from his shoulder.

Bartolome, such, apparently, was his belief in his pretty cousin's protector, took this his vengeance openly, in the sight of three witnesses, taos like himself. These three now came before the Justice of the Peace to testify to the crime. Meantime, word sped to Tomasa, enthroned in the Fiscal's house, of cousin Bartolome's plight. And the Fiscal, indignant that any voice should be raised against even a horse thief who enjoyed his protection, arose and marched into the Justice's office while yet the hearing progressed.

The Justice, after one glance from his great visitor, needed no further orders to take himself out of the room.

The Fiscal, then—so runs the report—being alone with the three, "threatened the men, not once but several times that if they dared to testify against the accused he would have them imprisoned in jail; and reminded them that in such case the costs of the court would be greater than all their worldly wealth."

And he, the Prosecuting Attorney of the Province, made it clear to these Government witnesses that if, when the case

came up for trial, they did not change their story and perjure themselves in court, means would be found to make them rue it.

The three men left the court—so the record goes on—thoroughly intimidated by the Prosecuting Attorney's threats and would undoubtedly have obeyed him implicitly, but for the fact that an American Captain of Constabulary, appearing by chance, vigorously advised them to stick to their word and their rights, and promised them protection from violence.

So stimulated, the three actually did go back before the Justice and sign their complaint as first stated.

From the point of view of the Prosecuting Attorney nothing could have been more outrageous. Here was an outsider, an alien, an American, teaching common taos to set up their wills against a cacique, and promising them safety in their rebellion. To submit were publicly to "lose face," which is, to any Oriental, the last and bitterest humiliation.

And yet—the thing was difficult. Not an element of secrecy remained to lend cover to any radical step. And the American, furthermore, was a Constabulary Officer. Obviously the Filipino could not handle that American.—But, just as obviously, the Prosecuting Attorney could handle the Court. Thus, after all, he would gain his imperative point—"save face," and thereby emerge triumphant in the eyes of his people.

So the case came duly to trial. And the Court found Bartolome guilty, as charged, of destroying a man's right arm, in cold-blooded violence, for motive of revenge, that man being the United States Government's witness. Then the Court gave sentence.

The sentence was that Bartolome should spend ten days in jail and pay a fine of fifteen pesetas—one dollar and a half United States currency.

In its zeal of good will, the Court then turned about and fined the one-armed Simeon—the injured man, who had entered no complaint and against whom no charge had been preferred.

This procedure, the Judge afterward stated, was not to be credited to his own wisdom, but had been suggested and approved by the Fiscal himself.

So the record runs on. The result of the investigation was the removal of the Fiscal from office, as "guilty of conduct unfitting him for employment as a public prosecutor."

Tomasas lasted in favour just one month.

This thing occurred in the winter of 1904. Twenty years ago. But the fundamental mind of a populace still sixty-three per cent illiterate changes but little in twenty years. The Tomasas and the horse thief parientes, the Justices of the Peace and the caciques are to-day, as a whole, just what they were at the beginning of the century.

The Wood-Forbes report, written in 1921, says:

The justice of the peace courts are the weakest point in the judicial establishment. Complaints against these courts are numerous and come from all parts of the archipelago. Because of the remoteness and isolation of many of these tribunals, and the want of frequent and effective supervision and inspection, many abuses are perpetrated. . . .

Investigation also indicates very clearly that more care should be exercised in the selection of fiscals or prosecuting attorneys.

## Chapter III

### GOD HELP THE POOR

USURY is the heavy chain with which ninety per cent or more of the Christian Filipinos are bound in slavery to the ten per cent or less. Usury is the curse of the Islands, and very few are the Filipino fortunes that do not stand upon that base.

In 1569, Legazpi, the Spanish conqueror, reported of the Filipinos: <sup>1</sup>

When these people give or lend anything to one another, the favor must be repaid double, even if between parents and children, or between brothers. At times they sell their own children, when there is little need or necessity to do so.

In 1574, Guido de Lavezaris, writing of the natives, informed the King of Spain: <sup>2</sup>

If any one who is left an orphan come to the house of another, even of a kinsman (unless it be his uncle, paternal or maternal), for food only, the inmates enslave him. . . . Many also become slaves on account of loans, because these loans continue to increase steadily every three or four months; and so, however little may be the sum loaned them, at the end of little more or less than two years they become slaves.

In 1762, Diego Silang, a tao, led his brother taos in rebellion against their usurious mestizo oppressors,—and was murdered for his pains. One hundred and sixty years later Governor-General Wood wrote in his annual message to the Filipino cacique legislature:

<sup>1</sup> *The Philippine Islands*, Blair & Robertson. Cleveland, 1903. Vol. III, p. 55.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid*, p. 287-8.

There should be much more stringent legislation against usury. The law will never become efficient until an adequate prison sentence is imposed upon the usurer. At present the victim is afraid to invoke the law, knowing that, even if successful in securing a conviction, the only result will be an insignificant fine and forfeiture of the loan and that it will be impossible for him to secure loans in the future. These conditions are the remains of a form of caciquism with an attendant oppression of the poor and helpless which amounts almost to . . . peonage. . . .

The Governor-General's language is tempered to the "sensitive" nature of the politico, whose constant complaint is of American brusqueness. But any real move to abate the practice of usury meets the politico's determined opposition.

The reason of all this is inseparable from the system of control. The power of the political chiefs in Manila depends on the power of the ward politicians, each in his own little place all over the land. The main grip of these minor caciques lies in their practice of money-lending at usury, which makes them masters of the lives, including the votes, of the people. Some ninety-four per cent of the entire Christian Filipino body live in tiny villages, and are farmers or farm labourers. To provide sufficient funds, at reasonable rates, to finance this great majority's needs—as, for instance, by a well-extended system of co-operative rural credit—would be to destroy by one blow the cacique's political foundation, to release his serfs and to put him out of business.

Therefore no Filipino Legislature has ever been willing to favour a parent agricultural bank, or to allow to Rural Credit uses the few thousand extra pesos needed to scatter about where they would do great good.

This condition gnaws night and day at the root of the Island's prosperity—at the roots of the peoples' existence, body and soul.

Now this subject can continue no farther without a description, more detailed than that earlier given, of Mr. A. W. Prautch, commonly known in the Philippine Islands as Deacon Prautch:—



Mr. Prautch came out from America as a preacher of the gospel twenty-six years ago. Since which time he has never returned. A compound of humour, immense vitality and fighting courage, he is driven by a sense of justice and mercy and by a sympathy with the poor and helpless that amounts to an obsession. Many years ago he gave up preaching in order to devote all his time, seven days in the week, to the lifting of sheep, bodily, out of the pit into which the wolf pursues them.

It is an interesting thing to see a man of elder years, white-haired, an American, defying time, fatigue, heat, dirt, contagion, hardship, disappointment, malice, abuse, to serve, for the love of serving, at a task whose only reward, for a quarter of a century, has been in his own heart. The sheep themselves thank him in the way sheep do. Rarely or never by conscious gratitude or loyalty, but just by turning their simple faces toward him with piteous bleats when the wolf draws nigh the fold.

Between times, sheep-like, they forget him.

But the wolf never forgets. Caciques, great and small, have moments of most cordially hating "one Prautch."

"Deacon" Prautch, as is generally conceded, has made his name everywhere in the Islands another word for "faithful, familiar champion of the poor." This active championship led him, in earlier days, to a place in the Agricultural Department, in which he himself instituted the always grudgingly sustained Rural Credit Division, of which he is chief. He is never cautious. His methods are ever those of swift and open attack—the opener the better. The newspapers are his first weapon, publicity his dearest ally.

"Mr. Prautch, you take work too seriously," Director Hernandez, of the Agricultural Department, was wont to say. "When anything comes along that you don't like, the thing to do is, not to bother your head, but just file it. See?"

Which is precisely the Insular method. Few Filipinos in office like to make a final decision and to assume the duty of

putting that decision into force when it is possible to pass the point along to some one else, preferably to the Courts, where it may be trusted to lie quiet until Heaven knows when. So that it is a common thing to see a paper upon which the first official recipient should have acted, weighted with a comet's tail of twenty-odd endorsements and still travelling.

Deacon Prautch rarely sends a complaint to a Filipino superior. Instead, he writes it to the local vernacular newspapers, of which there are few, and to the Spanish, English and dialect newspapers of Manila, so that all who see shall profit by the airing. And thereby it has happened that even the Secretary of Justice has been grieved.

"My dear Mr. Prautch, why do you write these things about our Justices of the Peace, and so on, to the newspapers, instead of to me? Governor-General Wood—well—you know how peculiar *he* is! He sees your things in the newspaper, and he cuts them out and sends them to me. Afterwards he asks questions, and again questions. It is most annoying."

The case of Maria Aquino came to light before the accession of Governor-General Wood, but is still typical in every way. Maria Aquino, at the age of forty-five, was already a bent old woman, worn down with hard work. She lived in the barrio of Cruz, suburb of Victoria in the Province of Tarlac, Luzon. With her husband she rented a parcel of land that the two cultivated and on which they had built their own house.

Their landlord was a resident of Victoria, a man of means and standing, called Pedro Abad.

For over four years Maria Aquino delved on this land by her husband's side, and the two did well enough not only to feed themselves and Maria's helpless old mother, but also to put a little money by.

Then Maria's husband fell ill, so that she now had two to wait upon and three to feed by her unaided efforts. Which meant to double her labour. Therefore she worked her own land, and worked for her neighbours as well, wading up to her knees in mud in rice-transplanting time, then digging,

threshing, burden-bearing. And yet, bit by bit, again and yet again, she found herself driven to draw from the cash reserve.

At last it was all gone. And her own crops—her early rice, her late rice, and her hectare of sugar-cane, were not yet ripe.

So she went to Pedro Abad, the rich man, of whom, until then, she was debt-free, and asked for a loan.

Readily he gave it to her. Thirty pesos—fifteen dollars. Two weeks later, her early rice being ready, she begged the aid of her neighbours and cut the yield. Then they threshed it, out in the field, beating the heavy bunches with long-armed blows upon a hump-backed rock. And it threshed eighteen *cavans*.<sup>3</sup>

Paying two pesos to the bull-cart men who carried it, she sent the full crop to her landlord, Pedro Abad, of Victoria, in payment of the thirty pesos that she had borrowed of him a fortnight before.

A few days later her husband died.

After that, although her late rice was in a stage to cut, she let it stand for a while until she could repay her neighbours, by work in their fields, for the help they had just given her; and until, also, she could earn return help in the heavy labour of her own harvesting.

All this she had duly accomplished, and, with her poor neighbours' aid, had already gleaned her late rice and stacked it ready for threshing, when Pedro Abad, the landlord, descended upon her in wrath. This was on December 21, 1920.

"What do you mean," he demanded, "by keeping me waiting for this rice of mine? Why, it was ready to harvest many days ago, and you, idle creature, let it stand, while I wait for my dues! And that sugar-cane yonder, ready and still uncut! You deserve to go to jail for your wickedness. Look here, my men will be here on Tuesday, with their bull-carts to draw that cane to my mill. If it is not ready to load when they get here, you will regret it."

<sup>3</sup> A cavan, the rice measure of the Philippines, equals 2.13 bushels.

Said Maria Aquino, with the courage that weak things sometimes find when driven beyond hope:

"Pedro Abad has taken all my early rice—eighteen cavans—for a debt of thirty pesos. Pedro Abad has always taken all my rice and all my sugar, and has always given me back a cheating return. And I have always submitted because I was afraid. But not again.

"When this rice is threshed it is going to be divided into two equal stacks. You shall take one, Pedro Abad, and one I shall keep, and my half I shall sell for real money, and the money will be mine. And so with the cane. I have planted it, like the rice, with my own two hands, and worked it all alone, until it is ripe. Now I will cut it and divide it into two piles. But you will not again take it all—my pile with yours—and carry it away to your mill to grind in order that you may afterward tell me that it was not enough and that I owe you loss-money that I must pay back to you. You have beaten me with your stick. You have hurt me and robbed me and scared me, all these years. But now, whatever you do, you shall have only your half of the cane cut. I will keep mine, and I shall sell it for real money so that my old mother and I do not starve before the next crop."

"We shall see," said Pedro Abad.

So he departed and straightway swore out a warrant for Maria Aquino's arrest. In it he charged that she had violated the contract law, Act 2098, in that, after having rented ground of him and having taken as advance the sum of seventy-four pesos and twenty-three cavans of rice, she had

voluntarily, illegally and maliciously refused to work, nor did she return the sums taken.

Signed, Pedro P. Abad, Accuser.

So they arrested Maria Aquino and threw her into the municipal jail, where she lay until, as it chanced, the president of the local Rural Credit Association, a tao, discovered the fact. Then he, with the aid of another tao, one of the Rural

Credit shareholders, bailed the woman out so that, pending her trial, the aged mother in the shack need not die of neglect.

Seventeen days later the case was tried in court, and, in default of a single scrap of evidence, was dismissed.

Whereupon, Pedro Abad, to preserve discipline in the barrio, abandoned the roundabout methods of the law and by main force drove Maria off the land, seized her house, her unthreshed crop of late rice and her hectare of standing sugarcane and left her in the road with her mother in her arms, homeless and destitute, with no human recourse save the charity of neighbours only less poor than herself.

Deacon Prautch, learning of this matter through the local Rural Credit organization, went straight to the spot, checked up the facts and promptly wrote them in full to the newspapers. The newspapers, in full, printed them. Upon which the Bureau of Justice sent out an investigator, who came back, reporting:

"I find no trouble."

Then the Deacon went to the Governor-General, Mr. Francis Burton Harrison, and said: "That investigator lies. I am hot from the sight of that poor, work-worn, shrivelled old woman's misery. The thing is a crime. And this Victoria Rural Credit Association of mine has 580 members, nearly all of whom have been made to suffer as this poor soul is suffering now."

So the Governor-General ordered another man sent out.

But this messenger also went forth with a whitewash brush in his hand.

Again the Deacon repaired to the Governor-General. A third time a Bureau of Justice agent went out who, returning, stated:

"There has been no active usury. But there was no debt and the landlord has certainly seized all the woman's crops."

So an order was issued for the arrest of Pedro Abad.

In such cases, the common procedure is for the cacique

to say to the officer bearing the arrest papers something like this:

"Here, get into my automobile. Come up to dinner and we'll talk this matter over. I control a lot of votes. I am a good party man. What do we care for these fool Americans? Let's make a night of it."

Pedro Abad, it is stated, was not arrested. Nor has any action yet been had against him. Neither has he to this day made any restitution to the widow, his prey.

All this befell in a period when the hand that governed the Philippines was lax. To-day such a matter, once in the cognizance of the Governor-General, scarcely ends that way. Yet for one such case that reaches the notice of the American Executive, a thousand pass in voiceless obscurity according to the ancient custom of the land.

As to Deacon Prautch's work, by far the major part of it is done personally, in the field, and by hard, rough travel that takes him wherever the tao is found. This is, first, because they have clipped him down to the quick, both in men and in funds, so that he must multiply his own personal effort. Second, because, granting ten readers to each copy of each daily newspaper printed in the Islands, ninety per cent of the population never reads a newspaper, but learns the little news it knows only by word of mouth; so that knowledge of the ways and means of a victory gained for one victimized tao would never reach the hosts of his brother victims were its dissemination left to the press alone; and, third, because, in the uncertain state in which American lack of policy keeps the Islands, no native can be expected to show the almost quixotic courage that such work commonly demands. If a Filipino makes the caciques hate him, who is going to protect him from cacique vengeance if America goes?

Some few Filipinos, nevertheless, have come out openly in reprobation of the abuse. Conspicuous among these is Senator Teodoro Sandiko, who has put live action behind his words.

## Chapter IV

### THE SHEEP AND THE WOLVES

IN July, 1921, Senator Sandiko, in the name of the common people, came before the Wood-Forbes Commission, then two months in the Islands, with an appeal for redress—an appeal that, as he knew, it was worse than useless to make to his fellow-legislators. His plea was against the miseries inflicted upon the poor under “the Enslavement Act.”<sup>1</sup>

The Manila *Bulletin*, of July 7, 1921, reporting Senator Sandiko’s appeal, says:

This Act is commonly known as the Peonage Law. It provides that peace officers must arrest and bring back for trial tenants who have accepted advances of money or supplies on labor contracts, and who leave the service of the man to whom they have bound themselves before the debt is worked out. It is common practice in the rice provinces to keep the tenants constantly in debt, so that there is never a time when they cannot be jailed if they quit work or shift to another master . . . unless the new master, as is often the case, pays their debt and charges it against their account with him.

Said Senator Sandiko: <sup>2</sup>

I have four lawyers working with me to protect the tenants from injustices of the justices of the peace and the town caciques, but, because of the many cases arising, they cannot attend to all of those seeking justice.

I wish this law were repealed, but as I am the lone member of the opposition in the Senate, I can’t do anything. I want, therefore, the Mission to investigate the whole matter. Whole families of the

<sup>1</sup> Act 2098.

<sup>2</sup> Manila *Times*, July 7, 1921.

indebted tenants are made servants of the landlords, and many of the justices of the peace are mere tools of the landlords. . . .

An illustration is afforded in the representative case of a young tao couple who, backed by Mr. Percy A. Hill, of Muñoz, found courage to make an affidavit of their woes. Mr. Hill is another of that picturesque and gallant handful of Americans who, like Deacon Prautch, have been in the Islands since the beginning of our occupation, and who would probably long since have betaken themselves home but for the appeal that friendless and innocent misery, without a dog's chance against its enemies, makes to a certain type of Anglo-Saxon fighting man.

So the young tao couple, cheered on by their American friend, made oath to their story. The little wife was a cripple—lame. Neither she nor her husband could read or write. A pair of innocents, whom the wolf got. Here is the affidavit:

We, the undersigned, Potenciana Florencio and Exequiel Bernaldo, married and of legal age, residing in Bantug, Muñoz, Nueva Ecija, P. I., being duly sworn do hereby depose and say:

That we are tenants of Romualdo Blanco of Pinagpanaan, Guimba, Nueva Ecija, and that during the months of July and August, 1920, we received a quantity of sardines, cloth, bagong, etc., from the store of Eliseo Lazaro, brother-in-law of the president of Muñoz, Nueva Ecija, with the understanding that we should pay 13 cavans of palay<sup>3</sup> in the month of March, 1921.

As our crop was killed by drought, we were unable to pay the debt, as we were told that ₱50 would (be required) to liquidate it. Later we were told to place our thumb mark on a paper which we were told purported to be a receipt for ₱40.50 taken from Eliseo in money to purchase palay with, to be delivered to him. We did not sign together, but at different times.

As we could not pay, a charge of estafa [swindling] was placed against us in the justice of the peace court at Muñoz, and on or about August 15, 1921, we were arrested by the constabulary, who took us to Muñoz, Nueva Ecija, and turned us over to the sergeant of police. We were placed in confinement, Exequiel in the old presidencia and Potenciana in the house used as a temporary presidencia.

<sup>3</sup> Palay, unpolished rice.



During the night the sergeant of police came upstairs and forcibly violated Potenciana in spite of her struggles, and in short succession was followed by two other policemen whose names she does not know.

We remained as prisoners for four days, Exequiel having to work in the gravel pit, this before trial. We were never brought before the court, for Eliseo made an agreement with the authorities so that we were released and were made to sign a contract of service to Eliseo Lazaro. Exequiel was given three work animals to look after, and Potenciana did the washing for the family. We only consented to this arrangement as we had no other remedy.

We were therefore under two contracts, one to Romualdo Blanco, in which we received and owe ₱50 as *bugnus* [dialect term for the class of credit described], and ₱5 for which we must pay 50 *cavans* of *palay*. As our crop was unable to be planted in total, owing to our arrest, we cannot harvest a full crop, and we are bound to serve the contract entered into by Eliseo Lazaro, for the debt as charged in the *estafa* case.

POTENCIANA (mark) FLORENCIO,  
EXEQUIEL (mark) BERNALDO.

The affidavit is duly certified before a notary. It fails to show whether or not Potenciana and Exequiel needed or wanted the stores that they got from the *cacique's* *pariente*. But recorded history indicates that, in any case, they would soon have been forced to take a loan in some shape, as the foundation of their relations with the landlord.

As, for example:

Nasario Patauran . . . paid 18 *cavans* of *palay* as rental . . . for land. He did not need or want a loan, but was forced to take ₱30 and later on ₱10 more, to be repaid in *palay* reckoned at ₱5 a *cavan*. The market price of *palay* at that time was ₱8.50.<sup>4</sup>

Thrift plays small part in the average *tao's* character. And, as will further be seen in connection with the land-shark plague, the conditions of life under *cacique* rule would kill thrift in an ant-hill.

Furthermore, the *tao* is the simplest and most childlike of

<sup>4</sup> A. W. Prautch, *Official Report*, Dec. 4, 1920.

humanity. He can scarcely compel himself to think ahead of the day. He wants a peso for the cock-fight. He knows his landlord will lend him that peso—knows also that it will be written down in the landlord's little book, to be heard of later on. But all that he can really visualize is the cock-fight.

So he goes and gets the peso. And the trap snaps shut.

A cacique proprietor owning twenty or thirty hectares of land will take on two or three tenants. These tenants possessing no draught-cattle, or tools, or seed, or money of their own, will come empty-handed to the ground. Cattle, tools, seed and money will therefore be furnished by the landlord, and at hopeless rates. The money advanced is for daily food. And, as the tenant is to get no pay for his labour until after the rice is harvested and the landlord has sold the crop, that food-money must be borrowed, week by week.

At harvest time, so the landlord proposes, the rice shall be divided into two equal piles, one of which shall belong to the landlord, the other to the tenant. The tenant, from his pile, shall then pay the landlord one cavan of rice, actually worth from four to five pesos, for every peso he owes. If he owes one hundred pesos, he is to pay one hundred cavans.

This bargain sounds quite all right to the poor simple tao, as long as it is still a matter of theory. But when harvest time comes and he looks at his actual rice pile, he understands too late the nature of his agreement. For his pile does not reach one hundred cavans. To do so, his land would have had to produce two hundred cavans, which was from the beginning impossible.

So they make a liquidation—the tao and the cacique—after which the tao owes the cacique thirty cavans of rice. In this new deal the rice is valued at three pesos per cavan.

Therefore, starting his second year, the tenant owes ninety pesos, after having paid his landlord seventy cavans at the rate of one peso per cavan. Next year the same thing will be repeated, to scale.

Once a tenant contracts a debt to a landlord, he never can escape.

A man who owes ₡800 will, in five or six years, owe ₡30,000.

I quote from record the example of a man who, about nine years ago, borrowed ₡90 from a cacique. Having in the interval paid ₡1400 on the debt, he still owes ₡1600.

And so, under the "Enslavement Act," above described, whole families fall into peonage.

Senator Sandiko dwells also on the personally humiliating position of the debtor.

"From the moment they incur a debt, the people are ill-treated and despised. When they go to their creditor's house to ask for the advance that the system entails, they are roughly greeted and made to take a servile place. 'You want an advance?' the cacique will say. 'Well, go bring me some fuel,' or 'Go mend my fence,' or 'Go chop my wood.'

"Then, late in the afternoon, after the hungry tao has done a good day's work, the cacique gives him perhaps four pesos and says: 'You pay me back five pesos.' And that is the beginning of a new debt.

"But the political evil is the worst of all. You cannot have a country part free and part slave. This system assures the political control of the few. The cacique can always control the vote of his region. 'I will evict you,' he says to his tenants, 'if you don't vote for my men.'

"And he can do more than that, for the same cacique or landlord practically selects the Justices of the Peace. Therefore he orders the Justice of the Peace to punish and to give out decisions according to his, the cacique's, will. If a criminal case is dismissed by the Justice of the Peace, it cannot go up to the Court of First Instance. Consequently the landlord who escapes the hands of the Justice of the Peace goes unpunished. And the Justice of the Peace is usually the landlord's man.

"In that way, with the machinery of the law in their own hands, the caciques hold their tenants in an absolute grip.

Before the coming of the United States they used to beat these people. Now they are sometimes afraid to do that, but they threaten jail and ruin, and they carry out their threats. In San Ildefonso,<sup>5</sup> I have seen twenty-five persons jailed on such pretext, by such means, crowded together in a room so small that they could not sit down.

"Public opinion, such little as there is, is controlled by newspapers that are subsidized by the party in power. So there is no power to work against those established in wrongdoing. There are yet only four opposition members in the Senate. Those of the Filipino people who think, and think independently, have put their faith and hope in Governor-General Wood as the country's only possible salvation. But now Washington has stood by and permitted him to be reduced to a figurehead by our caciques—our old oppressors.

"You Americans should always remember that you are not guiltless in these matters. The power, and with it the responsibility, is in your hands."

Senator Sandiko, as he himself points out, belongs to the Democrata party—the opposition. But, in weighing that fact, it is fair to remember that, under such conditions as now prevail in the Philippines, it takes an unusually courageous man to come out in the open in speech, in print and in aggressive action, attacking the methods of entrenched power against which he would have no remnant of protection should America leave the Islands.

Mr. Prautch began his championship of the usury-enslaved mass through the Bureau of Rural Credit in 1916-17. Practically nothing had been done before in that direction.

The Rural Credit Banks now number 547. They exist in forty-two provinces, have a membership of 75,600 and a circulating capital of about ₱2,500,000. They are not Govern-

<sup>5</sup> The neighbourhood of San Ildefonso, Province of Bulacan, covers a tenantry numbering about 1,000. The Rural Credit went in to give security for the payments of rent. Whereupon, Provincial Governor Carlos, with the local caciques, besieged the Philippine Legislature with imperative demands that the Rural Credit be kept out.

ment concerns, but private co-operative associations financed by the small farmers themselves with their own money, the office of the Rural Credit Department being merely advisory. Wherever these associations are established, they unveil, to the people, the real nature of their old tyrant, the cacique, and heavily damage both his fortune and his political control. For four successive years an enabling act to permit the extension of the system into farther provinces has been defeated in Legislature,<sup>6</sup> and Mr. Prautch's staff of assistants has been reduced from sixteen to eight—eight men to cover forty-two provinces. And yet their effect is felt in a degree.

"If we of the Rural Credit had not started an attack on usury, not one man would have had courage to come into court to make his own complaint," said one of the Department, speaking on January 31, 1924. "Our staff, in traveling about the provinces, explaining by word of mouth, has already awakened a certain public initiative, and so a number of cases do come to court. The victims write to us. Before they were simply patient and took it all as fate. Our law does not penalize the act of requiring usurious terms of interest. No matter what the document says, if the debtor has not yet paid the interest exacted by that document, the usurer cannot be penalized. And it is exceedingly difficult to prove that usury has been paid, because no usurer will give a receipt.

"Furthermore, written contracts are rather unusual, and oral contracts, for all their difficulty of proof, have been recognized by the courts as binding."

"It is very difficult to get convictions in usury cases," again

<sup>6</sup> It is argued by the enemies of the system that all this business can be handled either by the establishment of branches of the National Bank, or else by mail, from the bank in Manila. But the great need is for banking facilities in places where business is too small to warrant establishing a National Bank branch. And to make loans by mail is either to make them in the dark or to make them on the recommendation of an inspector whose expenses would make small loans and collections impossible, while his ignorance of local characters and conditions would insure his failure to serve the very men who most need and deserve help. The little local co-operative bank, the bank in which the whole community are shareholders, operated under inspection and direction of good Rural Credit agents, is, so its advocates urge, the practical type for the place.

says a Filipino authority. "Eighty per cent are lost in court. If victim and usurer are brought face to face, one powerful, one weak, one with an able lawyer because he can pay for an able lawyer, the other with a lawyer whom his opponent's lawyer has already bought—why then, the man with influence and the money is the man who wins."

Act 2655, the usury law, is not without its good features—as, for example, Article 8, which provides that where loans are to be repaid in agricultural produce, such produce must be appraised at the current local market price at the time when the obligation falls due. But a law of words hidden in a book bears but slightly on the lives and age-old practice of such a people as are the Filipinos, tao or cacique. Mr. Prautch, examining the cases of fifty-one complaints against usurious landlords in San Ildefonso, found that "Article 8," above cited, was unknown either to lender or to borrowers, and that no attempt had ever been made to apply it in any loan on produce made by any one to any one.

March 13, 1924, I spent in the town of San Fernando, capital of the Province of Pampangas, in the office of the Provincial Governor, Olimpio Guanzon.

Mr. Guanzon is a short, stocky, dark-skinned man, a tao by birth, with little or no sign of mixture in his Malay blood. He has a square jaw, a direct eye and such an appearance of solid, quiet sturdiness as makes one stop and think. The occasion was a hearing of tenants in complaint against their landlords, and Governor Guanzon had requested Mr. Prautch to come to his aid in bringing about justice. For Guanzon is one of the few Filipinos who, like Senator Sandiko, are not afraid to speak and to act openly.

The scene was extremely interesting. The substantial American-built county-house, which, for design and construction, might be duplicated in Ohio or in New Jersey; the able-looking Malay farmer sitting in the big desk chair; at the right Deacon Prautch in his old white suit, silver-haired, blue-eyed, eager as a boy, interposing an occasional arrow-like

question, sped to its point by his waving hands; next the lawyer for the complainants, and then the five complainants themselves, who came as spokesmen for five hundred tenants against sixty landlords in three towns.

Studying the five, one found something unexpressibly appealing in those simple, homely faces, in that humble, decent bearing, in those toil-gnarled hands. Three were grizzle-headed and wrinkled deep like walnut shells—old men. One was middle-aged, one fairly young. Their clothes were poor and patched, but clean—obviously their best. They were bare-foot, all but one. And all were dark, full-blooded taos.

Their complaint, in substance, ran that for over three years they had never been able to get a settlement from their landlords, but had been obliged to accept a running account, “always favourable” as they said “to the man who keeps the books.” One landlord, they alleged,—and produced proof of their statement,—a man rich and honoured in the Province, owner of much sugar land, had made his bargain with his twenty tenants to take their sugar at ₱4 the picul.<sup>7</sup> Sugar, at the time the terms were laid down, was bringing ₱34 the picul in the local market, but the tenants, although well aware of this, were unable to dispute the landlord’s dictum.

That was in 1920. And they had been unable to get any accounting from him since. Any of them who had dared to ask too closely about any question of finance had been evicted, his crop attached through the court and tied up indefinitely, and himself in every way persecuted, as an example to others who might contemplate following his rashness.

One year ago, it is true—so they went on, first one sombre voice being raised, then another assuming the tale—one year ago, when they had made bold to protest, the Insular Secretary of Justice had held an investigation and a new agreement was drawn up. It was not a satisfactory agreement, yet better than the conditions that they had before. So they, the taos, had acquiesced.

<sup>7</sup> A picul is 140 pounds.

"But the whole thing, in the end, proved only a farce," said the oldest of the five. "Before the face of the Secretary of Justice, Mr. Torres himself, one landlord stated that he charged fifty per cent interest on his loans; and Mr. Torres did nothing. He never, indeed, handed down any positive decision, but simply let the matter hang."

As for the makeshift new agreement, that had proved to be just waste paper, no more. There had never been even a pretence at paying the slightest attention to its terms.

Further, they affirmed:

"The landlords in their 'Proprietors' League' have wielded a deadly instrument against the tao. If one of them dismisses a tenant, no other member of the League will give him a chance. And so he is likely to starve.

"Luis Gamboa, one of us, but a bold man, insisted on having his portion of rice at harvest, according to law. The landlord promptly dismissed him and now he can get no place to earn his bread. Luis Gamboa owes that landlord 74 pesos. He has raised a crop of 168 cavans of rice, of which 84 cavans are rightfully his own. Rice in the local market was worth ₱5 per cavan. His desire was to deposit 30 cavans to cover his debt. 'Not on your life,' said the landlord. 'I take the whole crop—all you raised—every grain. And when I am ready I will hand you what I think you are fit to spend.'"

Next day Governor Guanzon continued the hearing in the near-by town of Mexico, as more central to most of the people concerned. Two hundred and fifty men appeared, of whom twelve were landlords. The hearing lasted three hours, becoming at times fairly hot. The previous days' charges were repeated and substantiated afresh by admissions on the proprietors' part.

A characteristic case was that of Conrado Lorenzo of Mexico, a land owner who insisted on liquidating the debts and advances of his fourteen tenant families by taking their rice at ₱2 per cavan. They objected, pointing out that the market price was then ₱5.20 per cavan, and they offered to sell



enough of their own rice to pay him in full in cash. This Lorenzo flatly refused to accept. The fourteen stood firm. Whereupon Lorenzo went to court, swore out a complaint of "illegal detention" of his rice, put up a bond and had the sheriff attach all the rice to hold until the case should be settled. Which meant that the matter may be considered in three or six months. During which interval the tenants are left without one cent for their year's work in making that crop—left penniless, foodless, and under discipline of the Proprietors' League, to starve. Meantime Lorenzo threatened eviction—which threat he probably made good, as such was the policy pursued by other landlords in the vicinity.

An analysis of the accounts of these fourteen tenants shows up the facts even more clearly. For example, Alejandro de los Reyes grew a rice crop of one hundred and three cavans. His half is fifty-seven cavans. He owes Lorenzo, his landlord, fifteen pesos. The market price of the rice is ₱5 the cavan. He is willing and anxious to sell off three or four cavans and pay his debt to Lorenzo, reserving the right to do what he likes with the balance. But the landlord insists that he is entitled to *all* of de los Reyes's crop, the full one hundred and three cavans,—at ₱2 per cavan. Of the whole fourteen tenants, half, it appears, have received only trifling advances; and the worst indebted is solvent, at market rates. But Lorenzo's procedure is uniform.

Where muscovado sugar was the product, the landlords were seizing their tenants' crops at ₱6 the cake, the market price being ₱16.

At this hearing in the town of Mexico, on March 14, the proprietors requested Governor Guanzon to call another hearing, for March 23rd, which was accordingly done. But on the 23rd, although the number of tenants present—five hundred—doubled that of the previous meeting, not one landlord appeared. They had held a meeting of their Proprietors' League, in the interval, and had adopted a policy of refusing flatly to discuss any sort of terms with the tao tenantry.

The attitude of Governor Guanzon himself, like that of Mr. Prautch, was one of absolute fairness to both sides, in an endeavor to prevent open hostility. But Mexico was but one of the many Pampanga towns so astir. And the outcome looked at best uncertain. In the Provinces of Tarlac and Bataan the agrarian situation was fully as bad—and in that of Bulacan conditions were so much worse that, making all allowances for the docility of the people, outbreaks seemed inevitable. In Pampanga, five thousand tenants had actually organized a Union of their own under the name of *Anak Pawas*—"Sons of Labour." And the evicting landlords, in April, 1924, were announcing their intention to fill the places of Anak Pawas men with non-unionists.

A significant point here lies in the fact that but for the intervention of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, embodied in Deacon Prautch, between bully and victim the voice of the victim would scarcely have been raised.

But, now that we have stirred, here and there, to some embryonic degree, the dormant spirit of liberty and justice in those nine millions and more of serfs, the real Filipino people, what is going to be the result?

"Do you want immediate Independence for the Philippines?" I asked Governor Guanzon.

"Yes."

"Do you think that the condition of these poor people, in whom you take so live an interest, would be bettered if America's hand were withdrawn?"

"Yes, I do," said the Governor, "and I will tell you why.—Because, as long as America remains in the Philippines she will keep the people at peace. As long as she remains here, the tao, who is slowly but steadily gaining in courage and in character because of the protection and encouragement that America has given him, will not be allowed to rise in mobs and settle this thing with his bolo.

"That is why."

## Chapter V.

### VULTURES IN THE SKY

THE potential wealth of the Philippine Islands, like their present production, is almost exclusively agricultural. But, of the 115,026 square miles total area, only about 10 per cent is under cultivation, while the country imports in rice, chickens, eggs, meat, etc., a heavy percentage of the food that it consumes and could produce.

*The Philippines Herald*, extreme anti-American, pro-independence organ, thus frankly spoke, in its issue of February 7, 1924:—

A most convincing array of figures in the statistics released by the bureau of customs tells the sad tale of . . . our position as purchasers of commodities that can easily be produced here but which we have to import because we lack the grit to raise locally the things that are essential to our national well-being. . . .

The Philippines, an agricultural country of the first order and with extensive territory adapted to the planting of vegetables and the raising of live stock, imports chickens, eggs, oranges and onions from China! And the figures covering the importation of these food products . . . show only signs of increasing instead of falling off.

Several elements contribute to this condition, of which the parent is still the mortal malady of the land—caciquism.

The cacique, big or little, like all who follow in his train, looks down upon the agriculturalist with contempt. The cacique may own a "plantation," but, if he does, with a few honourable exceptions, he works it in the manner indicated in the preceding chapter—that is, by peonage. In conse-

quence, labour is slack, spiritless and poor; or, where a germ of life and therefore of revolt is astir, it is either headed toward the dangerous stage, or else it is quitting the Islands.

The recent tao emigration to Hawaii now totals about 40,000. And it should be remembered that this takes from the cream of the people. Eighty per cent or more of those now in Hawaii are of the Ilocano tribe—thriftiest and most hard-working of all the Filipinos.

And, although the Filipino is pre-eminently a home-loving being, he rarely returns from Hawaii after his contract is worked out, but, with his entire family, remains to settle there. In 1923, according to the figures of Acting Director Cruz of the Bureau of Labour, 7,261 Filipino labourers went to Hawaii, while, during that period, but 149 returned.

Meantime, much talk is afloat of labour shortage in the Islands, with many suggestions as to how that shortage shall be supplied. Much debate goes on about importing a million men from Java and Sumatra, on the ground that this other Malay stock would mingle well with the native-born. Some "politicos" advocate the expedient of opening the doors to the Chinese and letting Amoy pour in. Others seriously urge an extension of the "enslavement" policy to bar the tao's last door of escape by the enactment of laws forbidding an emigration that threatens to rob the cacique of his serf. And these brand the "able-bodied Filipino working man" who would emigrate as false to his country.

Meanwhile, propaganda is pushed out among the people to the effect that Filipino labour in Hawaii is mishandled, hungry and suffering.

But the idea of bringing forward, as a preventive of emigration, definite action for just and decent treatment of the 94 per cent by the 6 per cent seems to have occurred to few.

In his inaugural message to the Sixth Philippine Legislature, on October 27, 1922, Governor-General Wood found need to say:

It is opportune that we . . . strive to impress upon all the people that labor is neither a chattel nor a commodity, but human, and must be dealt with from the standpoint of human interests. No amount of legislation can cure all the difficulties which arise between those who work and those who employ them. In the last analysis it is a case of doing with others as you would have them do unto you. . . . Those who employ others must demonstrate a keen human interest in their welfare if they would have cheerful and loyal service in return.

But words such as these mean nothing at all in the ears of Tomasa's Fiscal, in the ears of Pedro Abad, in the ears of the Proprietors' League in Pampanga and the sister provinces.

The typical cacique is not a farmer. Non-productive himself, he confronts a real necessity of controlling the production of somebody who works. The customary way is to hold land and let it out to tenants, under the "peonage" or "enslavement" act whose operation we have already seen. There is, however, another aspect of the same subject:

The Public Land Act of the U. S. Philippine Commission went into effect in 1904. It was a good law<sup>1</sup> and made liberal provision for the would-be small landowner. But, says Dean C. Worcester,<sup>2</sup> then Secretary of the Interior of the Insular Government:

. . . Neither Congress nor the Commission reckoned with the ignorance of the common people nor with the opposition to the acquisition of land by poor Filipinos . . . on the part of their richer and more intelligent fellow-countrymen. . . . The cacique does not wish his laborers to acquire land in their own right, for he well knows that if they did so they would become self-supporting, and it would cease to be possible for him to hold them as peons, as is commonly done at present. Serious obstacles are therefore frequently thrown in the way of poor people who desire to become owners of land, and if this does not suffice, actual opposition is often made by municipal officers or other influential Filipinos, who claim as their own private property land which poor men are trying to get.

<sup>1</sup> No. 926.

<sup>2</sup> Dean C. Worcester, *The Philippines Past and Present*, New York, 1921, pp. 830-1.

Mr. Worcester's statement was written to cover the period from the promulgation of the Act, July 26, 1904, to the date of his finished writing, 1914. It remains true to-day.

Nevertheless, during that first decade, over 19,000 families, nearly all of the energetic Ilocano tribe, came pouring from their own over-crowded provinces to take up homesteads in public domain according to the provisions of the Act. The local authorities welcomed them, being eager to have the territory developed. Certain enthusiastic Americans helped them to choose their land, to file their application and to perfect their titles. The Bureau of Lands, at that time an organization honestly and effectively operating as custodian of public domain, did its part well. In the province of Nueva Ecija strings of communities sprang up and the population and the rice production soared together.

This went on for ten years. Then, in 1913, came Mr. Wilson's accession to the Presidency, and with it a sudden change of America's administrative plan, making for rapid shifting of Governmental control into native hands.

The Bureau of Lands felt the effect promptly. The American Director of Lands, known as one of the most efficient men in the Insular service, was removed in favour of a young cacique, himself a large landowner of Nueva Ecija. This man was entrusted with the administration of a vast public property, including \$7,000,000 worth of Friars Land, and with the Government's business with a growing multitude of settlers.

That business now rapidly became entangled. Ugly rumours of land scandals gathered thick and fast about the new director's name, and before long he resigned his post.

But the damage was already done. The cacique Director had quickly disembarassed himself of the old experienced men of the Land Bureau—American graduate civil engineers who had passed the United States Civil Service examination before coming to the Islands. Swarming parientes, clerks and hangers-on soon clogged the machinery of the Central Office. "To reduce expenses," educational requirements were lowered

to native High School grade, and the new-type inspector rarely bestirred himself to check the applicant homesteaders' papers with the land itself, but sat at ease in some central barrio, recommending the petition of the man most liberal with his cash.

Each division of the Bureau, it is alleged by many credible observers, now undid the work of the rest, one granting homestead rights many times over to as many different applicants for the same parcel, while another ran survey lines around already occupied tracts but, on the maps that it drew, made no signs of settlers' work and presence. Then also, it is stated, came canny persons blessed with "friends at court"—private claimants presenting with their applications for title privately-drawn plans that showed no evidence of the man who had for years lived on and cultivated the sections they desired.

In such cases, the homesteader lost his land by default. For what had he but his work and his miserable self to show as proof that he existed? And a tao has no rights that a rich man is bound to respect.

Then, as a forward step in autonomy, they abolished the Court of Land Registration, transferring land cases to the safe abyss of the Courts of First Instance, which, themselves now autonomized, were buried almost to a standstill in untouched work. And so it progressed, from confusion to stark madness, until the central office at last hit upon the expedient of approving everything that came in, pocketing the fees and leaving the settlers themselves to work out their own titles and boundary lines on the spot, by the rule of bolo and of gun.

As for the cash paid in, strange fates befell it, of which, all things considered, perhaps the strangest was discovered by Deacon Prautch when, in his prowlings, he one day found snugly couched in a Bureau of Lands safe the sum of over ₱22,000, bare of any record of origin. This eventually proved to be an accumulation of annual payments from thousands of poor homesteaders whose remittances had never been recorded, and who, in many a case, would surely be evicted from their lands on score of non-payment of dues.

For some five years this practice served. Then the Legislature, itself composed chiefly of caciques and the lawyers of caciques, decided that better yet might be done for cacique purses. So it passed a new land act, No. 2874.

Whatever its real or alleged purpose, the effect of the new law, as far as homesteading is concerned, is to cancel past gains, to wipe out present claims, and to destroy the future chances of the poor Filipino who would own his own home and escape slavery. It substitutes for a clear land title a concession with restrictions—a trap that would break the heart of any poor man possessing understanding to see the threat it veils.

But the tao has not that understanding until experience bestows it upon him too late. The law is a cacique's law, framed in the cacique's favour.

Having passed the Philippine Legislature, and in default of any intervention by Washington, this measure became, on April 7, 1919, law of the Philippine Islands.

The bars of the public domain now went down with a clatter and a bang, and the land-hogs ran wild all over the place.

The case of Blas Ramos would not have become as widely known as it is had it not, in many of its features, been typical.

Blas Ramos, Ilocano, was a tao tenant—a common peasant—of the Province of Tarlac. Growing restive under his landlord's increased exactions, he decided one day to be forever quit of them. He would turn pioneer adventurer. He would trek up into the wild lands of Nueva Ecija, whither, for some years now, his brother Ilocanos had been moving.

So he wove a palm-leaf cover to his bull-cart, strapped his rice basket and his cook-pot at its back, put his wife and two children inside, harnessed his carabao between the shafts and started.

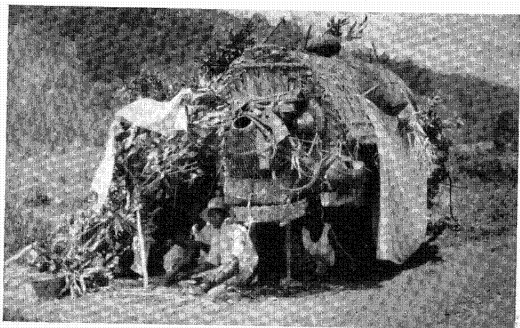
Each noontide the family spent under the cart, eating and sleeping, while the carabao lay in the nearest pool, up to his good old chin in mud and water. Each night the family slept in the cart, the cover tight closed to keep out imps, while the





ILOCANOS EMIGRATING TO THE CAGAYAN VALLEY

M. M. Newell



THE EMIGRANTS' NOONING

M. M. Newell



carabao grazed nearby. On through Guimba they moved; on again, to the wild uncultivated lands. And there, after some days jungle-scouting, Blas Ramos picked out a plot, giving wide berth to all privately owned land.

Then he cleared a spot, put up the frail little shack that was to be his home, and so was ready, when the first rains came, to break a part of the tough-skinned open grass-land for upland rice. Also, he cleared a further bit of jungle and planted it to *camotes* and beans. Later, so he planned, he would dig a canal to irrigate his property. But one pair of hands could not get so far so soon. This was in 1914.

But his choice of land proved rather a poor one. The soil was lean and his first year's labour ended in crop failure. Next season came a drought. After which a silver cloud of locusts, glittering down upon his fields, devoured the little growing stuff that the drought had spared. Not until the third year had Blas a harvest that would pay his living expenses and leave a bit to lay by toward buying another carabao. For one carabao can cultivate only three hectares of ground.

Still, he was contented, for he knew that in the long run he could make a decent living.

And then came two good years, with good crops.

Meantime, men moved about and abroad in the land like vultures circling in the sky—watching, watching, picking out prey. After Blas Ramos's second good crop, the watchers set a mark against his name.

And so, one day in May, when Blas toiled in the field busy with his ploughing, a prosperous-looking stranger came striding down upon him wearing a black face.

"What are you about here?" demanded the stranger, truculently.

"Ploughing my field for early rice," rejoined Blas, mildly surprised.

"*Your* field!" shouted the stranger. "*My* field you mean. You are ploughing *my* field, you scoundrel. I have bought it and I come to take possession of my land. Here is my title,

look!"—and he brandished a paper that might have been anything, or nothing, or what he said, for Blas can not read.

Blas knew, all the same, that the man was a fraud. And courage surged up in him from the feel of his own true ground under his two bare feet.

"I do not believe in your title," said he. "And I don't know you. I have been here five years as a homesteader. I got the land from the Government. My wife and I have suffered many hardships to make the place. Now it is our home, and we shall keep it."

The stranger was evidently somewhat perplexed at the failure of his attack. A tao, unsupported, will not often defy a superior to his face.

"I advise you," he said, "to get out peaceably. The land is mine and if necessary I shall take it by force. For which you will be sorry."

With that he departed, while Blas turned back to guide his carabao before his little old home-made wooden plough.

Nothing happened, after that, till early July, when the upland rice was sprouting, beautiful to see. Then, in the cool of a morning, several men arrived with ploughs and carabaos, marched straight into the field, and began to plough up the newly-sprouted grain.

Rushing out to defend his property, Blas found that he who directed the destruction was his visitor of the previous May.

"Stand back!" shouted this personage. "I am Manuel Valerio, owner of this land. Stand back, or I and my men will skin you alive."

One against so many, Blas gave up the attempt and went off to his shack to think. Having thought, he betook himself to a friend who could write. Between them, labouring heavily, they concocted and sent a letter to the Director of the Bureau of Lands, stating the case and asking redress.

The Director of Lands, it was said, wrote a letter, in turn, to Manuel Valerio, the cacique, calling upon him to desist from troubling Blas Ramos, the tao.

If such a letter was written it had no visible effect.

Harvest time came. Valerio's men had replanted the land whose first crop they destroyed, but that second crop was poor. Blas's other fields, however, came on with a heavy yield. But just as the harvest asked for the sickle, Blas Ramos fell ill, so that his wife, and other women, her friends, went out in his stead to cut the grain.—Which seeing, in a towering rage came Valerio and beat the woman, driving her away with curses and blows of his stick. And she, with welts still rising on her body, ran on to the presidencia of Muñoz, the nearest available hope.

"You can file a complaint," said the Muñoz police, without interest. "But nothing can be done. The Judge and the Presidente are away."

Meantime, while the woman prayed for help where help there was none, while the man lay on his mat, sick of a fever, unable to lift his head, Manuel Valerio's labourers were busily harvesting the entire product of the little farm—about 383 bushels of rice in all.

Having harvested it, they loaded it into their bull-carts and took it away, nor left one single cavan behind to save the little family from starving.

Then, within a few days, Valerio and two policemen appeared from the nearby town of Talavera bearing a warrant for Blas's arrest. The charge was robbery, in that Blas, months before, had gathered some early rice—the first fruits of his own sowing—and, with his family, had eaten it. So he was thrown into jail, and, the Justice of the Peace refusing him an opportunity to secure bail, in jail Blas staid for forty-eight hours.

Meantime, making use of the opportunity thus secured, Valerio betook himself to his victim's little grass home, drove out the wife and children, smashed the pots and dishes, carried off the trunk that held all the family's clothing and little valuables and destroyed the shack.

Blas therefore, coming back from jail, had first to hunt up

his refugee and homeless family and then to decide some difficult questions.

To start over again in a new place, and repeat the labours of the past five years of pioneer work? No. To give up the unequal struggle for freedom and become a peon again, like the rest of the Filipino millions? *No*. He had tasted freedom. The place he had worked for was his home. It was dearer than any slave's life. He would go back and defend it, cost what it might.

The good little wife and the children came with him. They cut cogon grass and rebuilt the shack. They borrowed a cook-pot and began life anew.

Valerio was furious at the tao's persistence. Repairing to his friend, the Justice of the Peace of Talavera, he laid new charges against Blas—this time for arson, as having burned a house—a house which never existed. Then, in the haste of his wrath, he addressed himself to quicker methods.

Blas and his family were sitting in their shack around the dinner pot, one noon in May (1919), when up the crackling ladder came Manuel Valerio, followed by two men with bolos in their grip.

"Get out of this house and off this farm," shouted Valerio, "and be done with you, once for all. You show your face here again on peril of your life."

"I will not," declared Blas, "this is my own home and I will defend it with my life."

So, at a sign from Valerio, the two with bolos seized the tao, and, before his wife's eyes, first beat him with the flat of their blades and then bound him hand and foot. Which having done, they ran a long stick through his thongs and carried him, swung like a trussed pig, off and away into the open prairie. Here, under the fierce straight sun, they staked him out, arms and legs stretched wide, bending his head back sharp and tying it by the neck in such a way that the full glare of the sun must beat into his eyes. With a final kick they left him so.

"We shall see," said Valerio, "what the sun can do to melt the will of a stubborn tao. If it is not enough, there are other methods, remember, such as we used in the Insurrection. . . ."

Some hours later two other homesteaders, Mariano Taroma and Leon Antolin, old men, returning from the jungle where they had gone to cut wood, found him lying there just as his tormenters left him, but unconscious.

They loosed his bonds and gradually worked him back to life. And when they had heard all, they counselled together. Then Mariano spoke:

"We Ilocanos have met the drought, the locusts, the typhoons and the rinderpest, and we have survived them all. And now comes an enemy crueller than these—the land-grabber, who has behind him all the cacique's power. We must do our best. Stick to your claim, Blas. If you loose, we shall all loose. We will each give rice for you and yours so you shall not starve."

And then one came forward with the offer of room in his shack until better times should arrive. And Blas, daring no longer to remain on his ground, took his family to that friendly refuge. Whereupon Manuel Valerio withdrew the two criminal charges lodged against Blas before the Justice of Talavera, although no action had yet been taken upon either one, and, seizing the long-coveted land, cultivated for his own benefit the fields that had been made easy and sleek and rich by the labour of the now homeless tao and his little family.

Meantime, accompanied by the two old men, his rescuers, who boldly volunteered to serve as witnesses, Blas repaired to the Justice of the Peace of Muñoz and filed a complaint. The Judge appointed a date of trial. When that date arrived Blas and his two old friends duly appeared, but Manuel Valerio made no sign.

Six times was this thing repeated, the Judge renaming a trial date, the accused ignoring the summons, the three taos regularly obeying, then wearily trudging home again, mocked

and unsatisfied, to their own neglected work. Finally, after the sixth postponement, one Nicolas Garcia, notary, hanger-on of the court, and friend of Valerio, came to Blas saying:

"If you will take me for your counsel, and pay me thirty pesos, you will be sure to win, because the Judge is my nephew."

"But there has been no investigation of my case," protested Blas.

"That doesn't matter. Give me the money and see," said the other.

And so, "because I wanted the matter to be settled," says Blas, "I paid him ten pesos and asked him to let the rest remain as my debt. After all this the case was dismissed—according to the judge for lack of evidence, though I was not yet investigated."

Blas continues his statement in an affidavit dated Nov. 4, 1921, on file in the Bureau of Lands, Manila. He says:

In the month of September, 1921, the Judge called for me. He said that I was called by him because he feared that I might state other things in case the fiscal would investigate my case. He ordered me that in case the fiscal would ask why my complaint came to nothing, I would then say that I myself was at fault, for not having brought witnesses, but I did not argue with him. Then he told me again that my case would not have any result. From that time till now nothing has been done, except the investigation conducted by the fiscal, who told me that I would "just have to wait for the clemency of the authorities"; but until the present time I have waited for nothing.

Ten months passed before that waiting brought forth fruit other than "nothing." Then, on Sept. 14, 1922, the Fiscal (Prosecuting Attorney) of the Province filed a complaint in the Provincial Court of First Instance against Manuel Valerio and his two aides in the staking-out affair, charging *homicidio frustrado*—or balked homicide.

The case came to trial on April 18, 1923. An attorney



called Hermogenes Concepcion,<sup>3</sup> defending Valerio, then simply stated that Valerio, on the occasion in question, had no intention of killing Blas Ramos and that no man can be "balked" in an intent he has not harboured.

Upon these grounds, one month later, the Judge handed down a decision dismissing the case. He added, however, that the evidence sufficed to show that Valerio had committed the crime of "coercion" and ordered that such a charge be filed.

This new case being tried, Attorney Concepcion again requested dismissal on ground of double jeopardy and obtained for his client the verdict that he asked.

Blas Ramos's pluck had by this time won him friends among the handful of Americans in Nueva Ecija who backed him sturdily and who enlisted for him the invaluable attention of Mr. R. McCulloch Dick, editor of one of the most deservedly influential journals in the Philippines.

Mr. Dick's paper, the *Philippines Free Press*, now gave to Blas's woes more publicity than was pleasant to the officials responsible. For Blas's story was an utter commonplace in every respect save his own grit.

By hundreds, all over the homestead territory, the men who, with the labour of years, had beaten wild land into service and made it fruitful were being dispossessed. And the Bureau of Lands, nominally in charge of the public domain, was a helpless and unhonoured mess.

Such was the situation when the Wood-Forbes Commission arrived in 1921. The news of its coming spread in the land as a beam of hope for the exploited poor. To it the pluckiest of the defrauded taos now repaired in search of redress, Blas with the rest.

The Commission sent out an investigator to look into the facts. The investigator, returning, reported that Blas and the others had understated their case. As a result, a number of officials were dismissed, a Provincial fiscal was transferred, judges were delegated to open special courts for land cases,

<sup>3</sup> Democrata member of the Philippine Legislature of 1923-24.

special prosecuting attorneys were detailed to handle criminal business, the Land Bureau people were requested to make organized effort to settle land disputes, and things, on the whole, began to look like the dawn of a better day.

But the land-grabbers were cunning and well dug-in. Their power, influence and means, compared with those of the homesteading tao and the Government agent, were overwhelming. Besides which, they had already taken good care who occupied Government places. Killing expenses, killing delays attended the working out of the Commission's charges, most of which died a lingering death in the course of circular tours from office to office. Government witnesses were frightened into silence. And the new Land Courts, so hopefully meant, often merely presented the land-grabbers with a new avenue to their own ends.

Through able use of this machine Blas Ramos's land was now actually decreed to Manuel Valerio, Blas himself getting never a hearing. Luckily, however, Blas's American friends learned of the move before it was too late to act. The case was gallantly fought until the Supreme Court at last confirmed the much-enduring tao in possession of his little homestead.

After this decision, Blas Ramos, returned to his labour, patiently ploughed and planted anew. And while he toiled, came one Manuel Valerio, walking over the fields to say:

"Go ahead. I like to see your industry. When the crop is ripe, I, as usual, will harvest it."

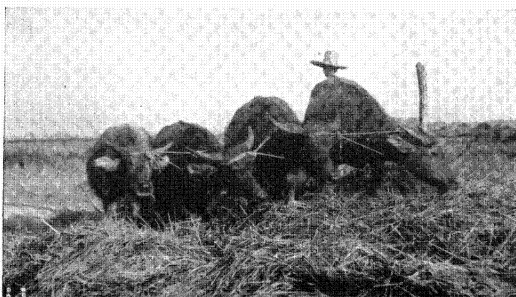
This was in the summer of 1923. In November of the year, Valerio made good his word. Blas resisted. A bolo fight ensued, in which Valerio was seriously hurt. At the date of my last information, January, 1924, Blas was reported still in jail, awaiting trial for defending the property to which the Supreme Court of the land had finally confirmed his title.

No one disputes that the economic future of the Islands as a self-sustaining country rests on the ability of the people really to establish themselves on the land and to work it.





BLAS RAMOS'S WIFE AND CHILDREN



CARABAO CALVES THRESHING RICE

M. M. Newell

No one disputes that rice is the one staple food of the Islands—its life's prime necessity. No one can dispute that the annual rice crop is the fruit, never of great planters' investments, but always of the aggregate efforts of the poor. And yet, thanks to Law No. 2874 and the spirit that bred it, tens of thousands of poor men's title-cases to-day await adjustment, the once-good Land Office, crippled in men, money and equipment, is years behind its work, and the all-important cadastral survey, to put its case in a single word, is hamstrung.

The attitude of the autonomized Philippine Government on such matters, and the degree of responsibility that it accepts, may most authoritatively be gathered from a statement of the Director of the Bureau of Lands, Mr. Jorge B. Vargas himself, made public in August, 1923:

It is true that the officers and agents of the Bureau of Lands are now vested with police authority over the . . . public lands . . . [but] it should be remembered . . . that Blas Ramos is one only of a large number of public land applicants, of which there were in the first of the month 22,591 in Nueva Ecija alone, and a total of 137,554 throughout the Philippine Islands. If the Bureau of Lands is expected to give police protection to all these applicants against encroachments of so-called land-grabbers . . . who may be minded to take the law into their own hands . . . it will be obviously necessary to place guards on the lots applied for by these 137,000 applicants, a requirement which is absurdly impossible for the Government of the Philippine Islands, let alone the Bureau of Lands to meet.

## Chapter VI

### THE SPIRIT OF '76

THE Province of Nueva Ecija is probably the best rice country in the Philippines. With full utilization of its natural water resources, it could double its present production. Some score of sizable rivers run unutilized in the Province to-day, of which the Talavera alone could irrigate, if put in complete harness, 10,000 hectares of rice land.

These facts, some seven years ago, set Kilmer Moe, American Superintendent of Muñoz Agricultural School, to thinking. For almost all the small streams in the then homestead country had already been used, and if more land was to be profitably cultivated more water was essential. Mr. Moe, attacking the problem single-handed, made the preliminary studies and worked out a plan.

No sooner did Mr. Moe reveal his scheme, however, than resistance confronted him. The people knew nothing of river control—had never seen it. Therefore the professional trouble-maker found in the very words an opportunity.

"Again these terrible American exploiters are after our fair Philippines!" they told the open-mouthed taos. "They want them for their Trusts. Trusts are bands of devil-monsters that first seize the people's property and then eat the people up. Now they plan to charm this river and make it rush out of its bed, destroy all in its path and cover the whole of central Luzon deep with dry stones.

"Then none of you can raise rice, ever again, and you all will starve.

"But *I* will defend you! Give me, then, your name on this petition. I will write your name and you will make your mark.

"Give me, also, fifty pesos, paying down what you have, and holding the rest as a loan from me till you pay all. When all the barrio people have done this, I will take the paper and carry it to Governor-General Harrison and beg him, for you, that he forbid the wicked American to commit such a crime."

So the people signed. And in this way one "politico" alone, it is affirmed, was enabled to hold back the irrigation work for eighteen months, pending "investigation and report."

However, in the end the wicked American wore delays and opposition down. Living with the thing day and night, he got the money released, got a good engineer appointed and, as soon as the cadastral survey was completed, saw to it that the land to be redeemed was fairly portioned out.

Then the engineer, another American, Mr. Baughman, pushed forward the work. At last the dam was done. The head-gates, flumes and syphons were finished. The canals, the intake also; and the power site, where the channel takes a fifty-foot drop, giving power enough to mill the whole crop of the valley. All these parts and more also had been completed, and about half the entire scheme was in active operation by early 1923.

Only simple routine tasks, such as could easily be finished in advance of that current agricultural year,—that is, by July, 1923, remained to be done in order to round out the system. Feeling, therefore, that his real work here was accomplished, Mr. Baughman now stepped aside in favour of a Filipino Government engineer.

In March, 1924—eight months later—the only farmers of that new region who had irrigation water to grow rice were those to whom Mr. Baughman, before he resigned the reins, had already delivered it.

Yet, in this case, as in many a similar one in other fields, no real lack of good will should be assumed, but rather, passivity, lack of initiative, of energy, and of power of applying book-learning to practical problems.

The first attitude of the average Filipino toward new con-



structive projects is an inclination to place every difficulty in their way. Then, when the project nevertheless begins to operate and he sees that it is good, he says in effect:

"This looks easy. I will take it over—and with it, the credit."

Which having done, he hands it on to some pariente office boy, and himself returns to his steady business of "politics."

The Province of Nueva Ecija now produces annually well over 8,000,000 bushels of rice, main food of the Islands, and, were its resources properly handled, could easily double that production. The Talavera Irrigation Project, even in its present partial development, has added many times its cost to the value of the lands irrigated. But the Philippine Islands in the calendar year of 1923 imported about 2,462,000 bushels of rice, valued at \$3,706,431—a very serious outflow of cash from a poor country in vital need of development.

Much as one may deprecate saying it, no examination of the facts to-day will discredit the general statement that whatever has been done for the advancement of the Filipino people in the last quarter century has been done by America, Americans and Filipinos under American guidance. Whatever has been done to their harm, loss and oppression has been done by the Filipino himself, unguided.

The American frontiersman would laugh at the idea of himself as an altruist. But many of the pictures in which you persistently find him an actor tell their own tale. And once and again, out of the Malay mass a figure appears that doubly weds him to his fate; some simple, uncontaminated tao, showing, against oppressors incomparably worse than was ever that poor mad old German, King George the Third, our very own Spirit of '76. Blas Ramos is one of these.

As for Diego Tecson,<sup>1</sup> perhaps he was sent into this world for the special encouragement of such as would grow faint-

<sup>1</sup> The name is here changed for his protection. But the narrative in no other way departs from fact.



hearted as to the people for whom he stands. I personally know the man and his story. I have sat in his house and eaten his salt.

Diego Tecson was the son of a poor tao. He may be fifty-three or -four years old by now. In the Spanish days before we came, he somehow got a scrap of learning—got it against all odds, as men will everywhere, when the spirit wills.

Then, in 1902, American schools having opened, Diego began the identical process by which so many of our own best men have worked their upward way. He first earned a bit of money, then went to school for a few months of desperate grind, telescoping grades as fast as he could while the coin would last to keep him alive. Again and yet again he repeated the process. Until, when he had conquered a kind of English, he was offered, as "temporary teacher," a salary of seven dollars and a half a month. Out of this he lived and saved until he had accumulated fifty dollars.

Then he went for a year to the High School of his Province, allowing himself five dollars monthly—four dollars and a half for board, fifty cents for laundry, pencils, etc. At the end of each month just five cents remained out of his self-allotted dole.

And so he went on, first teaching for pay, saving every copper he could spare, then studying at the high school, spending never a copper he could save.

Until, in 1906, Diego's father intervened. "I want you to marry, my son," said he. "You have studied enough. Now you shall settle down to steady teaching. And when you have laid by sufficient money you and I will go homesteading, according to this new American law. Then we shall live as free men, and your children will grow up unafraid, in prosperity."

So Diego married—married a good, wise girl who had also some schooling from the Americans. And then he took his little wife and went away up to the borders of the New Country to teach public school.

They carried with them all their worldly goods. Here is the list:

1 bowl	2 blankets
2 spoons	50 centavos (twenty-five cents)
1 fork	2 chicks
3 plates	$\frac{1}{2}$ sack of hulled rice

As to the people of the barrio to which he was sent, a teacher was a thing without meaning in their ears.

They lived as their ancestors had lived for centuries. They were poor. Thirteen carabao constituted the cultivating power of the community and these, almost all, belonged to the cacique, a hard man who never failed to squeeze out the last ounce of service, the last copper in levy, that his victim could yield.

So the people had learned, long ago, the uselessness of industry. Why should they labour and lay by just for their cacique, when all was done, to come and strip them bare? Since they must go hungry anyway, like masterless dogs, why not enjoy the compensation of dogs and lie about in the sun?

So they lay about in the sun, scarcely disturbing a soil whose fruits, had they laboured to plant them, would have been snatched from their lips.

"Study!" they repeated, after Diego. "Send our children to school? Why?—Wherefore? Don't waste your time on foolishness. Come along hunting with us. That is the only thing worth stirring for. By and by we are going to get up and go into the forest after deer and wild hogs. Then we shall eat."

"Sell me some rice to eat," Diego would rejoin. "I have work to do. I haven't time to hunt."

But they did not want to sell him rice, of which they had so little themselves that they ate but once a day.

Meanwhile, at odd hours Diego was building his house—four twelve-foot posts in the ground, a slight floor frame, a bamboo skeleton, and for roof and walls a covering of screen-like mats of woven palm. And when his rice basket was nearly bare, he would trudge some eight miles to the nearest rice-

growers, and, if he was lucky, bring home a back-load. Then in the evenings after work was done, he and his wife would pound out the kernels for next day's food.

And all the time Diego's main occupation was the ensnaring of pupils, one by one, and the teaching of his school. By the end of two months' work he had two hundred and fifty regular pupils, barrio children all. And these were studying in a clean and decent house, surrounded by a well-kept garden which itself was neatly fenced the whole way round—the entire establishment being an object lesson to the dirty ragged barrio.

"What's all this!" exclaimed the District Supervisor, an American, appearing on inspection. "Bless my soul—all this in two months' time? But, look here:—two hundred and fifty scholars is too many for one man to teach. How about your wife, Diego? Could she help?"

They tried her. She could. So the wife was put on salary—seven dollars and a half monthly. And now the two together made fifteen dollars a month—much money—of which they saved just half because they bought little but the rice which Diego pounded out in the evenings. And Diego, little by little, grew in the barrio's esteem.

After a while the Supervisor made another discovery. "Diego," said he, "you can handle more than this school. You could run a homestead as well. Go get one."

So Diego, remembering also his father's desires, went to an American known throughout the New Country for his justice and friendship toward taos and for his knowledge of the rice lands, and said:

"Sir, I would like to have a homestead. Will you help me to choose good land and to get clear title?"

"Sure," said the American; and it was so.

By 1907 planting time, thanks to his new friend, Diego had his land. So then he took his savings and invested them in power in the shape of a female carabao. And he engaged a man to direct the daily energies of that dynamo of hope.

In those days there was no irrigation thereabout. So the crop must depend on the rains. As for drinking water, Diego carried it from the nearest settlement, two miles away. And whenever he could properly leave school, he trudged over to see his land, his planting, his carabao and him who walked in her footsteps. And, since there was much clearing to do—much heavy warfare with cogan grass and vainglorious weeds—Diego worked on that job, too, in every moment he could spare.

But the season of 1907 was not kind. It was, on the contrary, cruelly dry. And Diego, in lieu of the four hundred bushels of rice he had expected to harvest, got only seventeen bushels—not one-fourth of his investment.

“Diego,” said the wife, “you must give it up. This thing is too dangerous. You will spend all our savings on your folly.”

Diego almost yielded, for the Filipino harkens to his wife in matters of family finance. Yet for once he stiffened his back.

“Just give me one more chance,” he urged. And at last she consented to let him continue his experiment for one year more.

Then he and his wife lived on one meal a day, and he bought more seed with the money they saved, and when the time came, he planted afresh. And the fruit thereof, in 1908, was one hundred bushels of beautiful rice. Which meant food for all the coming year, till next rice harvest—food for Diego and for his wife and for their hired hand as well.

“This,” said his wife, “is real business. I cannot leave it to men. I shall now resign teaching and go and live on Our Farm.”

So she did. Diego, however, keeping his feet on the ground in more senses than one, went on teaching and saving his pay. But every Friday night he set off for his homestead, and every Saturday he cleared land.

Next year—1909—he took on two men, with their aid dug

irrigation ditches and harvested two hundred and sixteen bushels of rice.

Said his wife: "I am glad of our farm. I will give you, now, more of our savings to invest in this thing, which pays."

Then, in 1910, communal irrigation came in by the getting together of homesteading taos, under the American's lead, to make use of small streams in the district. That year Diego harvested a full thousand bushels.

Said the wife: "It is now best, Diego, that you give up teaching altogether and devote all your time to this really excellent farm."

And at the same time the Bureau of Lands, being then alive on the job, informed him that, to keep his holdings, he must now take up residence thereon.

Diego complied. In 1911 he lived on his land and worked it with seven helpers. This extra labour, plus irrigation, provided a crop of thirty-eight hundred bushels.

Each year thereafter Diego's prosperity increased. With steadily growing capital, he acquired the services of more men and bought more and better carabao. In 1912 his production was forty-two hundred bushels. In 1913 it reached fifty-three hundred bushels, and his name became known in the Province.

Meantime it had happened that Diego's old father, back in the barrio of his youth, remembered his own dreams of freedom, and sent to tell his prosperous son that he, too, would like to hold land, as they had planned it years ago.

"You could lease from the Bureau of Lands a parcel of public domain, good land, adjoining my homestead," Diego sent word back.

So the old man did, and paid rent duly thereon for three or four years. And with his gnarled old hands he cleared his land, Diego helping, and mellowed it and planted it and put all his little capital into it, gradually getting it into grateful shape. So that, in the harvest of 1913, it was carrying its first handsome yield.

And just then it was, when the heads showed golden and

the time was full, that, as in Blas Ramos's case, a party of rank strangers appeared on the fields and deliberately started to reap the crop.

The now-Filipinized Bureau of Lands, you see, having approved the lease of Diego's father, and having for several years accepted his payments on that account, had just seen fit to approve a homestead claim to the very same ground. And the Bureau of Lands' friends believed in direct methods with taos.

But this time they had miscalculated their taos. Diego and his father, warned on the moment of what was afoot, dashed out into the fields to order the newcomers off. The invaders had raided in force, however, and looked up from their sweeping sickles only to threaten and jeer.

Diego ran back to his house for his gun. Returning on the double-quick, he saw his father the centre of an ugly crowd, and himself plunged in to the old man's aid. As he landed in the midst of the mess, one of the strangers aimed a wicked slash at his head. Diego threw up his gun to ward off the blow, which cut the stock almost in two.

The raider chopped at him afresh. Diego fired, then fired again at another of the gang who was in the act of bringing his bolo down on the old man's neck.

Both shots killed. After that the nature of the proceedings changed, and Diego went to jail.

In jail he stayed for six months, during which period the usual two or three Americans moved Heaven and earth to prove him justified in defending his life and his father's life and property on his own ground.

In the end they freed him. But it cost the Americans no end of work, it cost Diego very much money; and it cost the poor old man his beloved land.

Because, as the authorities were understood to explain, "a homesteader is to be favoured rather than a lessee."

Those particular "homesteaders," the richer and the lazier by all the old man's work of years and by the investment of

all his little capital, triumphantly enjoy that land to this day.

Diego is relatively young. Six months' jail and the loss of a lot of money are troubles that he could surmount. Diego is now prosperous again and calm of mind. But the troubles that befell his father struck hard—broke the old man's heart.

"These things are happening all the time to taos like us," said a neighbour tao, discussing the story. "It may be my turn to-morrow. What hope have we from our caciques? Diego is lucky. That is the only difference. Diego had American friends."

One reason why Diego has American friends lies in his definite constructive value as a leader in any community in which he might live. Back in the barrio in which he and his wife taught school—the barrio where every one was always hungry, where no one tilled the soil because their cacique robbed them of all their labour's fruit—Diego's practical worth appeared. For, when the people saw him, in the third year of his homesteading, harvesting plentiful rice—his own rice on his own land, with no cacique grabbing it out of his hands, they began to look askance at their hunting—at their own lives of masterless dogs catching fleas in the sun. And presently all of themselves they began to ask for homesteading land near Diego.

Then, when they had got it, they naturally turned to Diego.

"How do you so prosper?" like children they asked him.

"I will tell you," he answered, "I work eight or ten hours a day. I don't gamble. I don't own a fighting cock. I don't look for trouble. I make friends with good people. And I work with everybody's interest in mind."

Soon his novel policy came to a measure of illustration in their own lives, for, as far as their feeble brains and weaker wills would permit, they followed Diego's trail. Upon any special occasion, Diego could even produce their unified strength. At his word that it was good, they would turn out, shack by shack, to their full number, to cut brush or to switch the course of a stream for the common service.

"We must help this man," said the Americans, "and try to sustain his leadership. To back him and keep the wolves off his trail is the best lift we can give these people."

So they backed him, making themselves known of the caciques as a force that would individually rise like the other end of the barrel-hoop if any one stepped on Diego Tecson. And Diego's influence spread.

So matters stood when I knew Diego, in the spring of 1924. On the day I left him he had just concluded a house-to-house visitation to a neighbouring district where the taos were poor—so poor as never to have what even they called enough to eat. Poor as only dense ignorance and utter hopelessness could make them, in a country such as the Philippines. Diego's errand had been to invite them, one by one, to come to a town meeting to hear about irrigation—to hear, also, the strange new doctrine of uncoerced, unpaid community work for the community's good.

"After the meeting I will take them all out and we will dig a canal," said Diego to me, "and then I will keep an eye on them and see that they don't get idle, but keep at the work and work straight through to harvest."

And the grounds for believing that he, the unpaid volunteer, the common village tao, will do all this, are, that he already has done it, many times over.

As we sat together in his good, clean house, no longer strangers, Diego spoke at ease.

"This job of mine," he said, "when you handle it right, is the best in the world for any man, and the happiest. You are independent. You get more when you work, and less when you don't. And I think that is good.

"As to education—a man is stronger, much stronger, to help his community when he is educated. There are those who would like to help, but who, being ignorant, can't.

"These people know me and love me, and I like them. I employ about a hundred of them on my land. I advise them how to live. I show them how to take care of their babies—



for of that they know nothing<sup>2</sup>—how to get more eggs, how to raise more chickens, how and why to plant fruit trees, how to save. And I hammer at them to beat down their greatest vice—the great vice of all this country—gambling. And to show them the need of thrift.

“You might think that the struggle for bare food would teach thrift to us, but it does not. I have seen a man work and pinch for years till he got together two thousand pesos [a thousand dollars]. Then he bought an automobile for three thousand pesos, borrowing the difference from the company of whom he made the purchase. He knew nothing at all about any automobile. Yet, in his vanity, he must drive it. So, four days from the day he got it, he smashed his new property to ruin.

“Now he has no car, no two thousand pesos, and is so deep in debt over that other thousand that he borrowed that never again in this world will he be a free man. And he, unfortunately, is no exceptional case.”

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Now I, who write, beg careful attention from you who read for the words about to come. I take a man's life in my hands as I set them down, and nothing but their value can in any way justify the risk. Diego Tecson is a figure among the dumb masses of his physical kind. His intelligence and his public spirit rank him, too as he is, among the highest in the land. As for his courage in putting into words his real thought on the most dangerous of subjects, it is beyond praise.

To give him his due, will you please try to realize that free speech does not exist in the Philippines? Any native who indulges in it, expressing opinions contrary to the professed faith of the leaders of the political majority, will be attacked. If he is eminent, or if he is financially independent and valourous as well, he may not suffer greatly. But if he is obscure, he will pay for his boldness through injuries, bold or subtle, drawn out to the point of ruin; or, not seldom, with his life.

<sup>2</sup> The death rate of babies under a year old had been over fifty per cent.

A simple tao, therefore—a dark-skinned Malay peasant who will speak as this man spoke—is a man indeed. As I watched his face, grave, strong, ennobled with character and purpose, and remembered his background, his record and the danger in which he stood, I felt a tremendous thrill of enthusiasm. His words, with all their heavy import, must reach America—the true America whose very life-blood is freedom, justice and equal rights for all mankind.

Here, then, is exactly what he said, deliberately, carefully, in the easy English our schools have given him. I take it, phrase by phrase, from the book that I carried that day.

"This American Government is the best we ever had. I am satisfied. I could live three hundred years under it. But our politicians—our caciques—they want Independence from America in order to get more personal power for themselves.

"I remember very clearly the days of the Insurrection of Aguinaldo. Aguinaldo's soldiers would come to you and say:

" 'Give me a chicken.'

"If you refused, they said:

" 'You belong to the other party.'

"And that night they burned your house, stole all your goods and took you away and killed you. Not often did they kill you simply or quickly either. They had ways of making the very idea of death at their hands filthy and horrible. That very thing is what I am afraid of now, if Independence befalls us. It will be repeated at its worst, all over again. For our people are not changed at heart in so short a time.

"There are cacique families now—I can take you to their *haciendas*—rich in carabao and blankets—rich with goods all stolen from the taos under pretence of wanting them for 'Aguinaldo's Army.' They were in that army—they were generals and colonels. But what they took they shared with no one, but carried home and hid in their own places to enrich themselves afterward. I know—we all know—all about it.

" 'Independence for the Philippines?' Yes. I want it, some

day, but not now. Not till we, the taos, are strong. Now we should all be the cacique's victims. If there is to be any right and justice in that Independence, we taos must first be educated, but, more even than that, we must learn to work. Don't you see that it is not possible for the United States to give us independence? It is for us to learn to deserve it and support it. You cannot 'give' us independence. No one can. We taos, who are the big body of the Filipinos, we must make ourselves strong, under your protection. We must first learn industry, thrift, co-operation, team-work from barrio to barrio. We must learn how to keep out of the usurer's hands, how to defend ourselves against slavery, and to have courage to speak our minds and how to stand on our feet. Then, when that is done, the United States will do well to let us go. But if she does it before that comes, she will be selling us out. She will be selling out the poor man to the grafting tyrant.

"What happens here now? You know what happened to me—and I was luckier than most, because the Americans helped me. Just take a time when canals are to be built in the rice-lands. It is heavy work, and it must be done in advance of the season to turn the water on. The dams, the laterals and all. When some one opens new fields, the help of every pair of hands in the barrio is needed, and the rich ask the help of the poor. The poor do as they are asked—and are wrecked by it.

"Right here, of late, a cacique got a barrio's help to dig a trench. And now that, by the barrio's free labour, the trench is done, the cacique is using it to cut the water off above his poor neighbours' fields and turn it back whence it came. This he does in order to make the homesteaders' crop fail, so that they will get discouraged and give up the lands. It is his way of profiting by their long hard work to break in the lands that are their all.

"Because, when they have dropped their good lands, he, the cacique, will pick them up cheap and turn the water back.

"We ought to have an American as director of the Bureau

of Lands as we used to do. Then we should have more land cultivated, and we should have homesteaders more numerous, more interested, and most confident in their work.

"We did have an American Director of the Bureau of Lands some years ago.

"Then, before your land title was approved, it was properly looked into by an American inspector who understood his work and who really went to the place and made a real examination of the land and gave real records. Him nobody could frighten or buy. We should have all American inspectors of land. If we had, my poor old father would not have been robbed of all he owned, and left stripped and miserable in his last days.

"When the Americans first came, we taos were told, by the caciques, that Americans are all huge monsters who devour everything and who chop off the heads of every Filipino they can catch. But then, after a month or so, we saw that Americans hurt no one, and paid for every bunch of bananas, every mango, every egg they took. And from that time we knew that if America had not come we should have lost all hope in the world.

"When Aguinaldo's Insurrection ended we taos, wherever his 'army' had been, had no fowls, only small chicks. No carabaos. No more salt. No crops—for no one had planted. What was the use?

"Now what we want is a peaceful condition—a chance to work undisturbed and to save—to get ready for the future. I said I want Independence. I do. We all do. But not for two or three hundred years yet. Let us taos get ready, first. Do not hand us over, helpless as we now are, and ignorant, to the mercy of our robbers.

"Our homesteaders here are very busy raising rice. Very contented. They don't notice what the politicians in Manila do and say. They would not understand if they did. They could only gauge what 'Independence' would mean after the change had come. And then they would use their bolos.

"Only those leaders who are strong to-day and who are now speaking in the United States, want Independence now. *All* the weak, *all* the speechless, don't want it, because they know all the power would remain in the hands of the oppressors.

"We shall not always be afraid before them, if you will give us a chance, and your protection, to grow strong. But to-day we could not hold our own. They would take away all that we have gained under America. Quezon, Aguinaldo and those others—they would be the head of the Islands. And all their train would have a free hand against us.

"As to these rice-growers—these homesteaders—if you ask them if they want 'Independence,' they will say yes. Because they have been told by political speech-makers that 'Independence' means paying no more taxes and doing no more work—a sort of magic to make everybody rich and idle. But they have no idea at all, beyond that, what the word signifies.

"Ask them if they want America to go away. Ask them how many years they want America to keep on governing them, and you will get the truth—if no politico is listening.

"Or, if they understand a little, they are afraid to speak straight out, because they know that if they are reported to be speaking against Independence, their houses will be burned, their crops, fired, their animals killed and more. Because that is just what is done."

"Independence! Why, we *have* Independence *now!*"

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In closing this statement I wish to declare that I have made what amends I can for exposing its author by printing it. That is to say, I shall be informed by cable if, after its publication, any reprisals, direct or indirect, are begun upon the man who has risked his life to lay his people's case before America.

## Chapter VII

### MIDNIGHT TO MORNING

AND now, perhaps, the time is ripe for a little historic survey of the ground.

Where did all these people come from—these present-day “Christian Filipinos” with whom the earlier chapters have been concerned?

From Indo-China, from Borneo, from the west and the south, beginning two thousand years or more ago, came the ancestors of the tao millions of to-day. Wave by wave they came, sailing in their cockleshell boats, through succeeding centuries. And the first of the lot found already on the soil a set of curious little black fellows—pygmies with woolly heads, great shots with poisoned arrows, a race both timid and fierce.

✓ But, before the newcomers, the pygmies fled to remote mountain forests where, known as “*negritos*,” their descendants still survive unchanged. And the ancestors of the taos slipped into the pygmies’ nests, squatting on their rich lowlands—the hot, rich, jungle lowlands, where men scarcely need to work.

Just as they had come in their cockleshell boats, strangers and foreigners to each other, without intercognizance or plan, so, party by party, they camped upon the land, starting their separate and unrelated settlements. And, as centuries still swung on, so they remained. Each settlement, as it gradually multiplied to many settlements, to a tribe, still retained its apartness—its tribal language and name and habits, its peculiar superstitions and ideas. And each looked at each other askance. No co-operation existed among them—no sort of understanding or union. Nor had any tribal unit a tribal gov-

ernment. But each cluster of families—each village, obeyed its own strongest member.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the grade of these people in the biological development of man.

Such, too, did it remain, while changing powers claimed ownership of the islands. The Indo-Chinese, the Bornese, the Javanese, the Chinese Empires in turn took sovereigns' tribute without affecting, the while, the actual condition of the primitive and stagnant population. Never was it free from foreign dominion, yet never did that dominion touch its life.

Then of a sudden, when the fifteenth century was already halfway spent, a new planet rose. Islam, appearing in the south, flamed north and still northward until, by the end of the next hundred years, it had advanced as far as the present Manila, with every prospect of casting the permanent form of the life of the whole archipelago.

And this event was only forestalled by the coming of militant missionary Spain.

Spain, herself swooping down out of the blue, established one garrison settlement at Cebu, one on the smoking ruins of the Mohammedan town where Manila now stands, and thence worked south, planting her flag along the shores.

✓ But, try as she would, she could never subdue or greatly affect the originally Mohammedanized islands to the far southwest, neither the free high-mountain peoples—the Igorots of inmost Luzon.

The rest of the country, however, she gradually assumed, whether nominally or in fact, dividing it into provinces, establishing a sort of colonial government, organizing trading machinery, and always, under every difficulty, pushing her main purpose—to Christianize the people to the greater Glory of God.

This was the task of the priests, supported at a distance by a mere handful of Spanish soldiers. The ships of Legazpi, the

<sup>1</sup> Legazpi's *Relation*, July 7, 1569. Blair & Robertson, Vol. III, pp. 1-2.

conqueror, brought five Augustinian friars, with but four hundred fighting men.

Legazpi's priests and their successors plunged into the stark unknown, made ghastly journeys, lived and died in hardship and privation of body and soul, in labours and dangers untold, that they might bring the heathen "under the bells." You find their big stone churches to-day, overgrown with jungle, crumbling to ruin, back in far wildernesses where, with incredible toil, they raised them two hundred years ago. You look at the rudimentary humanity about—so truly rudimentary, still, after centuries of continuance!—and you marvel at the faith and courage of those first gentlemen of the Church.

They began the long, slow lift from barbarism. And because of their heroic work and of the faithful support of Spain, the present Filipino majority stand alone as the only large mass of Asiatics converted to a profession of Christianity in modern times. The Filipino owes to the Roman Catholic Church, which taught them the outward forms of Christianity, and to Spain, which gave them a bystander's view of the forms of European law, points not often realized or confessed.

In the three hundred years of Spanish rule evils, however, grew up alongside the good. Weak spots, foolish spots, bad spots—and big ones, at that—developed in the régime. A "mestizo" class arose—half-breeds—and, as village overlords (caciques), cringing to the Spaniards above, merciless to the Malay below, enriched themselves by sucking the life of the people at its roots.

The Church did every one's thinking and preferred fixed boundaries. But the few young men that went abroad—mestizos all, or almost all—came back with new ideas. And when the opening of Suez Canal occurred, bringing suddenly more ships, more strangers, more glimpses of the world, the stir of the times had already filtered through, causing unrest.

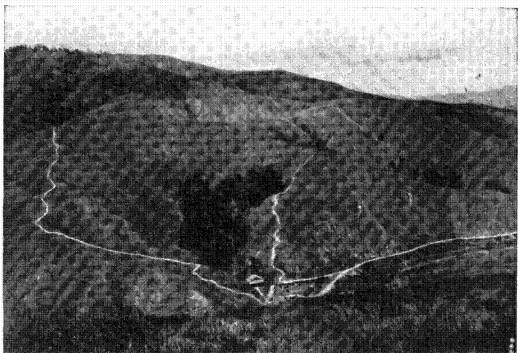
From various roots and motives secret societies sprang up. Plots. Conspiracies. Well-grounded demands for reform. In





"BACK IN FAR WILDERNESSES—"

M. M. Newell



IGOROT MOUNTAIN TRAILS

M. M. Newell

(See pages 263 and 272)



1896 a definite insurrection arose against the Spanish Government.

This insurrection, led by the mestizo Aguinaldo, lasted but sixteen months and was compounded between its leaders and the Spanish government for cash.

Meantime, life for the island masses flowed on. Between the free mountaineers of the north and the free Mohammedans of the south, forever cowered the "Christian Filipino"—the poor old tao in his millions, sweating blood in the darkness—afraid of all men, all devils and all gods—while the Spanish ruler and the little cacique bloodsucker beneath the Spaniard pinned him firmly down.

Not a shining picture. And if you want details of its darkest, most hopeless part—the tao's part—you will find a good deal of it in *The Social Cancer*—a book written by a Filipino called José Rizal—one who, a little before Aguinaldo, conspired against Spain, but who, unlike Aguinaldo, neglected to cash in.

So that, in the end, he faced a Spanish firing squad outside the walls of old Manila, and died.

Not a shining picture, any of it. And all its ugliness, its savagery and barbarity, was of so long, so logical a standing, in so unconsidered, so unknown a world's backwater, that you might have wagered it would go on at its own pace, undisturbed, developing by evolution only, to the end of time.

And then one bright morning in February, 1898, far away in Havana harbour, on the other side of the globe, came one single flash of fire, one single crash of sound, and the battleship *Maine*, officers and men on board, sank to the bottom of the sea.

The United States declared war on Spain. Commodore Dewey, commanding our Asiatic Squadron, slid over from British Hongkong, less than thirty-six hours away, and grabbed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay.

And the Philippine Islands were United States territory.

Spain signed the Treaty of Paris, surrendering the Philip-

pine Islands as conquest of war. Later again, the United States of America paid to Spain, which retained the indebtedness of the Philippine Islands, the cash sum of \$20,000,000 gold. And finally Aguinaldo and his friends, who had re-appeared from abroad to pursue a somewhat dubious and troublesome "co-operation" with our forces, openly turned their activities against us, thereby necessitating a campaign on our part to restore peace to the Islands.

This period is yet remembered by the tao, everywhere, as Diego Tecson remembers it, in forward-peering dread. For the "Army of Aguinaldo" lived on the land. No poor man's life or property was his own. And, as with foreboding the poor man now reflects, many of those who invented and perpetrated upon their fellow-Filipinos the merciless lootings and obscene brutalities of those awful days are yet in their early fifties. Acclaimed in Manila as "patriot veterans" they are politically active to-day, earnest advocates of the Independence that would give them again a free hand.

Aguinaldo's "government" was never a republic even in a potential sense. It was the grief and despair of its better minds, a reign of terror and rapine, imposed by a handful of barbarians upon the cowering mass of their own people.

In March, 1901, Aguinaldo surrendered to our arms. And so, by a third means and for a third time, we established our material possession of the Philippines, establishing thereby our full responsibility, before the world and our own conscience, to the whole people of the Philippine Islands.

From the start, we took that responsibility seriously. Congress passed an act making exploitation of the natural resources of the Philippine Islands impossible, safeguarding them for the Island people—a remarkably magnanimous and constructive piece of legislation. In the Islands themselves our military Governors and provincial administrators admirably acquitted themselves of their several charges. Meantime a competent civil commission, headed by Judge William How-

ard Taft, laboured to frame a set of laws under which we might hope by faith and patience, by justice and hard work, to raise wild men and primitive peons to the level of a sound and enlightened people.

On July 4, 1901, our Military Government terminated. Most of our troops were withdrawn. And Mr. Taft, as Civil Governor, assumed the administration of the Islands.

His cabinet, appointed by the President of the United States, consisted of four American Commissioners—Mr. Luke E. Wright, of Tennessee, serving as Secretary of Commerce and Police; Mr. Henry C. Ide, of Vermont, as Secretary of Finance and Justice; Mr. Bernard Moses, of California, as Secretary of Public Instruction; and Mr. Dean C. Worcester, of Michigan, as Secretary of the Interior. The commission was further strengthened by the membership of Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, and of Señores Benito Legarda and José R. de Luzuriaga, Filipinos, good men all three.

This Commission form of Government, unchanged except for personnel, obtained until October 16, 1907. Then, as a step in the political education of the people, it became the Upper House of "the Philippine Legislature," supported by a new invention—an elective Filipino Assembly—as Lower Chamber.

Meantime, and from the very day of conquest, America in the Philippines had been violently affected by the atmosphere into which she had walked. Physical and social conditions, as fast as the army unveiled them, outraged every tenet of Yankee decency. Ablaze with pity and with righteous wrath, our people flew at the Islands like a White-Wing brigade in a sort of Holy War upon ignorance, superstition, disease and dirt.

In the town of Manila alone Father McKinnon, padre of the First Californias, opened seven schools before we had been twenty-one days in the place, calling soldiers from the ranks to teach. And a-b-c and chloride of lime marched with the marching flag.

The very words "sanitation," "quarantine," "health laws," "medical care," had neither meaning nor equivalent in the islands—a condition that our people would not endure.

To tell in its proper order all that happened would spin too long a tale. The commands of our doctors, sanitary engineers and sanitary inspectors were driven home by the firm military hand. The people fought back with all the fierce, abiding fury of ignorance and superstitious fear—and fought in vain.

Then we repaired and built highways and bridges. We made of Manila's impossible typhoon-swept frontage one of the safest and best harbours in the East. We elaborately surveyed and charted the island waters, and we enlarged and completed the Spanish light-house system. We framed and enacted a scheme of provincial and municipal government. We amended the criminal law, enacted forestry laws and a general school law, established a school system, trade schools, agricultural schools, a university. And we imported American school-teachers, male and female—at one time a thousand in a single ark—scattering them broadcast under orders to instruct young Malays out of exactly the same text books that young John Alden was using at home!

We reformed the currency, giving the Islands, in place of the international hodgepodge that had helped to keep them poor, a stabilized currency of their own. We reversed the system of import duties that we found—whereby cigars and champagne went light-burdened while flour and oil paid high. We took a census. Mr. Taft himself went to Rome and negotiated for the people of the Philippines, for the sum of \$7,000,000, clear title to the friars' land.

We made of Manila, that ancient pest-hole, a pleasant, almost a clean city. Good public buildings, modern hospitals, prisons, schoolhouses and sanitary markets sprang up. Not only in Manila but in the provinces, ports and harbours were improved. The courts of law were somewhat cleansed of some of their sins. A postal savings bank, started in 1907, grew apace. Land-surveys were pushed. Highroads were built, far

and wide and well, incalculably advancing the possibilities of the country.

And, contrary to America's general belief, we did all this and much more also, not at America's financial expense, but wholly out of the revenues of the Islands, accomplishing by an administration cleaner and more efficient than we have ever enjoyed at home a miracle of achievement and economy.

True to our own conception of a stewardship, we made, from the first, a steady effort to introduce the Filipino into Government service, using him under guidance and advancing him toward responsibility as his ability increased. And by October, 1913, the process had so far progressed that the Government payrolls showed seventy-two Filipino office-holders to every twenty-eight Americans.

These new office-holders were necessarily of the cacique mestizo class, for the reason that the great mass of the people had not yet time to produce under our school system—the first ever put within their reach—a competent representation.

It would be idle to pretend that this policy of working native personnel into the Government machine conduced to the quickest material results. To have supported our American chiefs of departments with complete staffs of American experts would have been at least to double their accomplishment. But our primary object was, not to raise to ourselves a monument of material achievement, but to train the people in practice, so that one day, when that training should have struck deep—should have become no longer an artificial attitude but bone of their bone, spirit of their spirit—they could take the reins and drive alone.

That some of them should desire to anticipate that day was human and natural. Aguinaldo's insurrectionists had raised the demand for Independence, and Aguinaldo's insurrectionists were still young men. Independence, furthermore, is a talismanic word in mortal ears. But many of the soberer minds felt that a tremendous opportunity was now offered them to build, under skilled and generous guidance and pow-

erful protection, foundations more solid than any they had dreamed for their structure of ultimate free nationhood.

And we, of America, sent them as in honour bound our best men—Mr. Taft, Mr. Cameron Forbes, Mr. Dean C. Worcester, among the administrators; General Wood and Pershing and Allen and Harbord, as military chiefs; Dr. Victor G. Heiser and Dr. Paul Freer, as scientists; Archbishop Harty and Bishop Brent as clergy, only to touch upon the list. And their combined effort worked with power.

Meantime, down among the unknown ranks, the best types of disinterested, well-trained, hard-working Americans spent all their imagination, wisdom, courage and strength in teamwork beyond all praise.

Many of them lost their lives in their devotion to the cause they had espoused. Few of them have been either acknowledged or remembered. None, I think, grudged the life he gave.



## Chapter VIII

### WOODROW WILSON'S WARNING

Self-government is not a mere form of institutions. . . . It is a form of character. . . . We can give the Filipinos constitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, . . . but we must ourselves for the present supply that government. . . . Self-government is not a thing that can be "given" to any people. . . . No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity.<sup>1</sup> Only a long apprenticeship of obedience can secure them the precious possession. . . . We of all people in the world should know these fundamental things. . . . To ignore them would be not only to fail and fail miserably, but to fail ridiculously and belie ourselves.

WOODROW WILSON.<sup>2</sup>

"To fail ridiculously and belie ourselves."

So wrote the President of Princeton, cloistered and apart, calm scholar of the science of government and of the history of the world.

And he added his expression of our own profound debt to the fact that the men who colonized America and made its government "to the admiration of the world" came of a stock that, under the Crown, had "served the long apprenticeship of political childhood during which law was law without choice of their own."

Five years later, however, now head of a great political party and President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson sent his message<sup>3</sup> straight to the people of the Philippines. That message conveyed the news that he was giving at once

<sup>1</sup> Compare this statement with the words of the tao, Diego Tecson, p. 75 ante. It is practically impossible that Tecson could ever have seen Mr. Wilson's pronouncement.

<sup>2</sup> *Constitutional Government in the United States*, Woodrow Wilson. New York, 1908 (reprinted 1913, 1914, 1917, 1921), pp. 52-53.

<sup>3</sup> *The Corner-Stone of Philippine Independence*. Francis Burton Harrison, New York, 1922, p. 50.

to the native citizens of the Islands a majority in the Appointive Commission. In other words, that he was already placing in their hands the control of their legislative body.

The dictum was carried by the newly appointed Governor-General, Francis Burton Harrison, who himself frankly accounts it the victor's prize in "a fight for absolute control of the purse-strings of the Government."<sup>4</sup> This is the more interesting since Mr. Harrison states<sup>5</sup> that he owed his own selection for appointment to the direct request of a Filipino leader in that same fight for the purse-strings both in Manila and in Washington.

To go into the personal record of Mr. Harrison during his governor-generalship would be a disheartening thing. He took office on October 6, 1913, and lasted for nearly eight years.

The history of those eight years is the one thing that, before our Filipino accusers, stops an American tongue with shame.

"We could have removed Governor Harrison at any time," said an authoritative Filipino witness. "In fact Washington desired to remove him, but we asked to have him retained. He suited our purpose."

Said another: "If by his private life and his public conduct he mocked the dignity of the highest office—why should we care? It was your honour in question, not ours."

Said a third: "Some of my political associates think that Mr. Harrison's political procedure advanced our status. As for me, I know that it set us far back, and most unfairly. You had started us on a course of constructive training. You were educating our children. You were working our boys up, so you said, in order that, with time and experience, we might develop material and ability to govern ourselves. You told us that the only man fit for any office was the man best able to do its work. That was hard doctrine for us to credit, we who for centuries have been Spanish-trained. But for four-

<sup>4</sup> *The Corner-Stone of Philippine Independence*, p. 51.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 1.

teen years you drilled it into us and practised what you preached. So that we were just beginning to take our tongues out of our cheeks and to believe you meant what you said.

"And then, all in a flash, you snatch your whole scheme up by the roots, toss it overboard, elevate a base example to highest office and dash the Government into our hands! You had no right to do it! You had only begun your work when you cast it aside like a thoughtless child tired of a toy.

"You had no right to play with a people's fate that way.

"And when we made a mess of things, as we surely did, and were bound to do, what do you do? Do you say as a just people would: 'It is all our fault. These people are victims of our own folly?' Not you! You say: 'Look at the hopeless creatures! They are no more capable of self-government than the cattle in the fields.'"

All these statements quoted above are set down from the speakers' lips. And it is well to bear always in mind that no such confidence, no such open speech, could be elicited from any mature and responsible man—any man with property or place or peace to lose—except in circumstances of strictest privacy and under pledge to safeguard the speaker's identity in every way. Under such conditions the non-political Filipino is glad to speak, in earnest hope that his words may reach the people of America and by them be heeded. But he will not—for his life he dare not—give his messenger the right to use his name.

The new policy of indiscriminate Filipinization showed its results more immediately in some directions than in others, but its general effect was a slump all along the line. The upward course had been swift—because it was, in fact, wholly the work, not of Orientals, but of high-class Western specialists operating as it were by chance on Oriental stuff.

Now, with that foreign pressure weakened or withdrawn, the ancient inherent forces of inertia, of sloth, of indifference, of ignorance, of cruelty, of greed of place and power, made felt their weight, and sped the fall.

The lean cacique pack, so long kept starving at the door, had got inside at last.

And the American Governor-General sat back and smiled.

Then, in August, 1916, came the passage of the Jones Law<sup>6</sup> by the United States Congress.

In the nearly three years that had passed since the inauguration of the new policy the administration would appear to have recurred with some misgiving to its leader's prophetic words. Perhaps indeed, "To ignore them would be not only to fail and fail miserably but to fail ridiculously and belie ourselves."

In any case, the Jones Law, new Organic Law of the Islands, went forward to Governor-General Harrison under a remarkable covering letter from the Secretary of War, Mr. Newton D. Baker.

In it Mr. Baker points out the good will of Congress toward the Islands, but shows that, because of that very good will, Congress has questioned its own wisdom in passing the Act, gravely doubting lest it has thereby given more in the way of self-government than the Filipino people can yet handle to their own good.

The Secretary, therefore, believes that both the President of the United States and the Governor-General are bound to admit no infringement upon the power in their hands. In other words, both must exert the utmost care to permit no further assumptions by the Filipinos of powers that it was the purpose of Congress to withhold. To neglect this duty, would be to assume an unwise responsibility and to lay Mr. Wilson's administration open to charge of failure due to a lack of appreciation of the mind of Congress as expressed in the Jones Bill.

Serious mistakes, the Secretary asserts, have already been made in the Philippines, especially as to the Philippine Assembly. This body, while yet only a prospect, was eagerly awaited by the Island people as a panacea for political discontent. The actual workings of the Assembly, however, have

<sup>6</sup> See Appendix 1.

been branded a failure. But the direct responsibility for the failure lies at the door of those whose duty it was to restrict the Philippine Assembly to things by law its province, yet who, by their too great leniency, let it run out of bounds.

Mr. Taft, for example, in inaugurating the Assembly, stated that the Speaker of that body was the second person in the Islands. This, says Mr. Baker, was wholly outside the law and the purpose of the law. More, it was contrary to world precedent. And yet, because of Mr. Taft's mistake, a situation has been created from which no means of withdrawal has since been found. In the same way more serious breaches have been broken through the law's purport. Executive powers properly pertaining only to the Governor-General have been assumed by the Speaker of the Assembly, and by him passed on to newly invented inter-session committees with newly-invented personnel, establishments—and payrolls. All these encroach upon the Sovereign power of the United States. But, the original mistake of permitting their existence having been committed, no means of retrieval have yet appeared.

Mr. Baker also points out, and with great and repeated emphasis, the error of former administrations in permitting purely executive powers to be exercised by the Speaker of the Assembly and by Legislative committees. The appropriation bills passed under earlier administrations bear witness to the mistake. The present Administration, he is particularly glad to affirm, will be saved from all such pitfalls by that provision of the new law which directly forbids the exercise of executive functions by other than executive officers, and whose purpose is to put an end to the creeping infringements of the past.

The passage of the Jones Law to which Secretary Baker here refers is contained in Section 22, as follows:

Provided, that all executive functions of the Government must be directly under the Governor-General or within one of the executive departments under the supervision and control of the Governor-General.

The Secretary of War farther comments on the continuous difficulty heretofore encountered by the Governors-General in their efforts to secure passage for good legislation. It has heretofore been necessary, Mr. Baker states, practically to bribe the Assembly to pass any desirable bill. This has resulted in the creation of multiplied paid committees of the Assembly, in the payment of exorbitant per diems and salaries and in the appointment of many unneeded employés of the Assembly.

The unfortunate fact that former Governors-General have yielded the proper power of the United States to encroachment by native legislators will make the course expected of the present Executive the more arduous. But the purpose of the new Organic Act is unmistakable and cannot be escaped. Therefore, in spite of all difficulty, a new spirit must now be instilled into the Legislature. The Legislature must be made to see and to accept the limitation of its powers. Otherwise, says Mr. Baker, the experiment involved in the passage of the Jones Law must be a hopeless failure.

Filipinization, Mr. Baker points out, has been proceeding very rapidly under Mr. Harrison. Hereafter, Mr. Harrison will take care that no American in higher office be replaced by a Filipino except where the public welfare is thereby served. As to the lower grades, there should be progress but, particularly in the more responsible branches—as the Constabulary, the auditors, treasurers, teachers, etc.—that progress must be slow.

The intent of the new law, says Secretary Baker, is to make the power of the Governor-General far greater than it has been in the past. For this it has provided by several definite means, conspicuous among which is the “comprehensive veto power.”

The Governor-General of the Philippines, so Mr. Baker lays down, must, in any time of disagreement with the Legislature, take an inflexible stand against any act involving a departure from our policy for the Islands. He must see to it, for instance, and see to it watchfully, that no discrimination against

American citizens, for whatever cause or provocation, be allowed.

Congress omitted, it is true, to embody in the act a specific clause to this effect. And this omission was permitted, says Mr. Baker, on the special plea of certain persons who affirmed that the insertion of such a clause would hurt the sensibilities of the Philippine Legislature,—which they declared, for a multitude of reasons based on gratitude for what has been done, would never seriously contemplate the passage of laws discriminating against American citizens.

Mr. Baker, however, remarks that he does not consider that this argument would stand much strain in practice.

He emphatically states that the most absolute loyalty to the United States of America, free from a breath of doubt, must be demanded of all office-holders in the Islands and that not the slightest easing down of any outward form and observance of loyalty shall be anywhere permitted. And he quotes from Section 6, continuing in force existing law, the following:

An indispensable qualification for all offices and positions of trust and authority in the Islands must be absolute and unconditional loyalty to the United States, and absolute and unhampered authority and power to remove and punish any officer deviating from that standard must at all times be retained in the hands of the central authority of the Islands.

Mr. Baker then speaks, and with the gravest force, of the duty of the American Governor-General to safeguard to the utmost the Insular Auditor's office. *The Insular Auditor's office must not and shall not be weakened*, either by withholding appropriations for its proper staff, or by attacks upon the civil service. If any such attempt is made, says the Democratic Secretary of War, it will be the duty of the Governor-General to see to it that the Philippine Legislature clearly understands that the act will be regarded in the United States as a betrayal of confidence.

Finally, any betrayal of the confidence implied in the new law so doubtfully enacted by the American Congress can only result in the withdrawal by Congress of the powers therein granted, and in the justification of the many who believe that the Jones Law itself is unwarranted, premature and unwise.

This document, which obviously came from an anxious mind, was as obviously intended as an index of the dangers of the new law.

"Here," it might have said, "is a map of the expansion cracks that we have doubtfully left to take up future growth in the Islands. Be warned of your own grave duty, as American Executive, to see to it that no unwise or premature or unscrupulous use is made of those cracks, and be prompt to forestall vicious strategy."

Secretary Baker's letter was intended for the private guidance of its recipient. Mr. Harrison, however—so it is affirmed—without delay and without reserve spread that letter wide open before some of the chief Filipino politicians. Its contents were soon bandied about in political Manila. And, with the great advantage of that carefully-thought-out document as a guide, neatly reversing its "dos" and its "don'ts" the politicians proceeded to open the barrel according to the directions on the head.

The history of the next five years is a history of destruction, decay and loot.

A steady output of legislation began—legislation to eat away the powers of the Governor-General—to undermine the authority of the United States, to create ever new jobs, new salaries and new appropriations and to do away with the old safeguards. Mr. Baker's official directions in hand, the politicians carefully did to the Jones Law—the Organic Act, as it was called—each and every thing that the directions forbade. And then they went on to inventions of their own.

These things, in themselves, were all or almost all unlawful. But the Organic Act ordains (sec. 19)



that the President of the United States shall approve or disapprove an act submitted to him . . . within six months from and after its enactment and submission for his approval; and if not approved within such time it shall become a law the same as if it had been specifically approved.

But the World War was on, filling all minds. None of the legislation just described elicited Washington's notice. And Governor-General Harrison, in the whole course of his administration, used his veto power but five times—and then in minor cases.

Thus, without let or hindrance, every department but the Supreme Court was cast into the hands of the cacique politico, lock, stock and barrel. And in every one, the work so carefully, soundly, economically built up during our first fourteen years, went glimmering.

The court dockets, at the beginning of Mr. Harrison's régime, were practically clear. At the end more than 50,000 cases clogged the lists, hopelessly awaiting trial.

Medical, health and sanitation work fell off to a catastrophic degree. The death rate showed this:

1913.....19.10 per thousand

1918.....40.79 per thousand

Nor is the terrible discrepancy to be accounted for by the fact that 1918 was the year of the influenza.

Rinderpest and anthrax, two deadly epidemics, raged among the cattle, killing off hundreds of thousands annually and ruining thousands of farmers whose livelihood lay with their draft-stock; and the quarantines that should have saved them were never enforced—for the experienced American veterinarians and cattle-inspectors had all been dropped out of the service, leaving ignorant and venal local caciques to dictate at pleasure. Pests threatened the rice and hemp, vital crops both, and the Filipinized Bureau of Agriculture slept on. The Legislature slashed the appropriation for the Bureau of Science—maker of vaccines, serums, analyses, etc.—the bureau that perhaps

contributed more to the Islands' prosperity than any other one instrument.

The University, even when American-controlled, had of necessity maintained a standard lower than those of America because of the condition of the country. It had aimed, however, by gradual development of the whole educational system to raise that standard. With Filipinization hope died, and requirements dropped far and hard.

Meantime, while quality everywhere went tumbling, expenses soared. During the administration of Governor-General Cameron Forbes, who preceded Mr. Harrison in office, the budget of the Government did not exceed \$14,000,000. Out of that sum, Governor-General Forbes not only kept up every department in administration and performance, but built fine highways into practically every part of the Islands, thereby releasing and increasing the country's wealth. His tightly wound machine continued to run on for a time by original impetus. But while new mileage was built, much of that already constructed now rapidly decayed, leaving sad wreckage to masquerade on paper records as "first-class highways."

During Mr. Harrison's administration the budget shot up from \$14,000,000 to \$50,000,000, the country went almost bankrupt, and at the close of the period it was necessary to create an additional bonded indebtedness of \$48,000,000.

A great increase appeared in the country's revenue. This, however, was due not to increased production but to war inflation of the values of sugar and cocoanut oil. The country's almost bankruptcy came, first, from general maladministration, which included a flood of loose expenditure that rose far above the mark set by war prices; and second, from mad governmental ventures into banking, railway management and general "business," so-called.

With eyes wide open, with our President's warning in our ears, we rushed down the well-marked road to "Fail and Fail Miserably . . . to Fail Ridiculously and Belie Ourselves."

## *Chapter IX*

### “I MEANT WHAT I SAID”

ON March 5, 1921, the day after the inauguration of President Harding, Mr. Harrison quitted his Governor-Generalship and the Islands.

Up to to-day, America has sent seven Governors to the Philippine Islands—four Republicans and three Democrats—of which latter, by the way, the first two were appointed by President Roosevelt. Of these seven, Francis Burton Harrison is the sole and only one not accused, condemned and reviled for his works, during his time in office, by the Filipino politico.

Meantime, from half the world away, the smell of the thing had reached America, and the incoming administration could not but see that something must quickly be done to redeem our name in the Orient. The journey from Washington to Manila uses up one month. On May 4th, 1921—just sixty days after Mr. Harding took office—his Special Mission to the Philippines entered Manila harbour.

It consisted of two men logically equipped to form and to render an intelligent opinion on the subject in hand.

One, Major-General Leonard Wood, had twice served in the Islands, first as Governor of the Moro Province (1903-1906), again as commanding the Philippine Division of the U. S. Army (1906-8) and was therefore personally familiar with place and people; besides which he had behind him, in his two and one-half years' service as Governor-General of Cuba, a record of accomplishment in the only in-any-way-similar problem that had ever confronted America.

The other Commissioner, Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, had

been a member of the old Philippines Commission as secretary of Commerce and Police from 1904 to 1908; had served as Vice-Governor of the Philippines from 1908 to 1909; and had served as Governor-General from 1909 to 1913. As financial and engineering expert, Mr. Forbes's rating in America is high. His administration in the Philippines had been eminently distinguished by accomplishment, economy and generous devotion. Further, as that administration lay but eight years back, itself constituting Mr. Harrison's point of departure, the whole nature and history of recent events needed no interpreter to Mr. Forbes's eye.

Both men commanded the Spanish language.

The Mission set promptly to work. And the very first thing that it found, staring it in the face like a ghost on the threshold, was this fact:—The affairs of the Philippine Islands were in a condition of absolute chaos. Only money could retrieve them from ruin. And the Philippine Islands of themselves could by no means and by no possibility raise money. For their credit was killed.

Therefore Major-General Wood and Mr. W. Cameron Forbes, as their first basic act, sent to the Congress of the United States an appeal for immediate rescue for the Philippine Islands.

And the Congress of the United States was so impressed by the urgency of that appeal that it stopped other affairs in the midst of a busy session to pass an act increasing the authority of the Philippine Islands to borrow money.

This life-or-death emergency measure having first been rushed through, the Wood-Forbes Commission settled down to the details of its task.

It visited practically every part of the archipelago and took pains to see, listen to and consult with, every element of the entire population. It displayed an amazing and sometimes rather a disconcerting energy and ubiquity, and it found out a great deal.

These findings, checked, re-checked, co-ordinated, boiled

down to the irreducible and softened to the verge of complaisance, it presented to President Harding in what is commonly called "The Wood-Forbes Report."

Printed as a Congressional Document, this report is yet easily available. Behind this report stands a great mass of documentation in support, filed in our Federal archives.

The errand of the Wood-Forbes Mission, as defined by President Harding at the start, was to determine whether President Wilson had been well-informed when he told Congress<sup>1</sup> that the Filipino people were ready and fit to receive complete independence.

The Wood-Forbes Mission's conclusions read, in part:

. . . the experience of the past eight years, during which they [the Filipinos] have had practical autonomy, has not been such as to justify the people of the United States relinquishing supervision of the Government of the Philippine Islands. . . .

Its recommendations were few and brief. They are:

1. We recommend that the present general status of the Philippine Islands continue until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already in their hands.

2. We recommend that the responsible representative of the United States, the Governor-General, have authority commensurate with the responsibilities of his position. In case of failure to secure the necessary corrective action by the Philippine Legislature, we recommend that Congress declare null and void legislation which has been enacted diminishing, limiting or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General under act of Congress No. 240 of the Sixty-fourth Congress, known as the Jones Bill.

3. We recommend that in case of a deadlock between the Governor-General and the Philippine Senate in the confirmation of appointments, the President of the United States be authorized to make and render the final decision.

4. We recommend that under no circumstance should the American Government permit to be established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.

<sup>1</sup> Message of December 7, 1920.

Mr. Harrison, in quitting the Islands, is alleged frankly to have celebrated the fact that he was "leaving the Governor-Generalship impossible for any Republican." He did more than that—he left it "impossible," in his sense, for any American citizen.

The Wood-Forbes Report summed up its exposition of the matter in the second and fourth paragraph of the recommendations just quoted.

Having received the Wood-Forbes Report, President Harding turned to its joint author, Major-General Leonard Wood, and asked him to undertake the actual rescue of the Philippines.

Now, Major-General Wood had but recently accepted the office of President and Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, practically a life position, offering him among his own young countrymen at home a field of labour peculiarly dear to his heart. And the service that President Harding now required of him meant indefinite years of exile in a distant land at a heavy and uphill task. But the General's own findings as to the needs of the Islands and as to the policy demanded of America thereby, were the grounds upon which Mr. Harding stood in making the request.

What followed may be taken from the lips of one of the few who really knew—Dr. Victor G. Heiser, Director of the East, International Health Board, Rockefeller Foundation.

Dr. Heiser, as Chief Quarantine Officer of the Philippines from 1903 to 1905, as Director of Health for the Philippines from 1903 to 1915, and as a frequent visiting inspector on the Foundation's behalf since the latter date, knows insular conditions, history and personnel from inside out. He also knows General Wood. And he thus describes what took place on the evening before General Wood made known his final answer to the President of the United States and to the University of Pennsylvania.

"We were sitting there after dinner, on the verandah of

Malacañan,<sup>2</sup> with the mosquitoes biting our ankles, the little breeze stirring the palm-leaves, and the muddy river pushing along in the darkness beneath. We had been silent a long time, smoking—just we two. And my thoughts had peered into the future until I could stand it no more.—So, out of sheer unhappiness, I intruded into another man's most private affair.

"‘General,’ I said, ‘I’m going to give you my advice unasked; *I don’t see how you can accept this position.*

"‘If you do the job one hundred per cent perfectly it will add nothing to your reputation, while anything short of that will be seized upon by your opponents and will be used to your hurt.

"‘The presidency of the University of Pennsylvania carries a comparatively large income—a furnished house and other perquisites—against which there will be no charges. Whereas, the salary of the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands is only \$18,000, of which you will have to spend so much to meet the necessary expenses of Government House that you will be literally working for nothing. You know, I know, every old-timer here knows, that when you come to the Philippines you bury yourself alive. The good you do is never realized at home. Daily lies will be told against you. Your every act will be twisted to appear actuated by ulterior motives. And you are too far away ever to answer the slanders of those who vilify you. You will seriously jeopardize your reputation without the possibility of gain to yourself in name or fortune.’

"The General sat quiet for a few moments, looking off into the dark. Then, knocking the ash from his cigar, he answered me in words that burned themselves into my memory:

"‘That is all true, Heiser. But I can’t help recognizing, and I hope I can say it without any egotism, that there are

<sup>2</sup> The name of the official residence of the Governors-General of the Philippines.

very few of us Americans who have had experience in governing dependencies. It so happens that I am one of those men. I have been Governor-General of Cuba, Civil Governor of the Moro Province, and Commanding General of the Philippine Division. And I have travelled very extensively in British Colonies, where I have studied the problems of administration.

“If this Philippine experiment fails, although the Filipinos are directly in charge of it, it will nevertheless go down in history, and properly so, as an *American failure*.

“Now, throughout my many years of public life, I have always preached the duty of service to our country. I have preached it both by the printed page and from the platform.

“Well, then, I feel that right here I have an opportunity to demonstrate to my fellow citizens that I meant what I said. As the President is giving me the opportunity, I am going to accept the position, regardless of what it costs me. And, come what may, I shall stick to it to the end.

“I am a poor man. Yes. That is true. But this is a contribution to my country that I want to make.”

So, on October 15, 1921, he started in—on as thankless a job as ever a man undertook—started in with his eyes wide open to the cost of it, knowing what lay ahead.

At that moment, it is said, a child might have played with the lions of the Islands. They were not disposed to roar. In fact, they were scared—so badly scared that even the fiercest among them talked of retiring to the jungle as weary of public life.

The obvious thing for the new Executive to do would indeed have been the thing they were all expecting—to make a clean sweep of the installed machine and start afresh. But such was not the purpose of the new Governor-General. His theory was that, since he must handle these people anyway, in or out, it might as well be in—that he would best work upon the material in hand with the tools that lay readiest.



"Weakling!" cried the American old-timers in the Islands, only half-seeing what he was at.

"Milk-sop!" cried they. "Granny! Why doesn't he get after the rascals and make them hunt their holes! Why doesn't he swing the battle-axe?"

But those who called for the battle-axe forgot just what Mr. Harrison had chosen to forget—that the Governor-General of the Philippines is bound to govern *under the law*—under the Organic Act. The men whom they would have beheaded were elective officers of an elected body.

"Well, anyway, the Council of State<sup>3</sup> is a mischievous excrescence," our old-timers pursued,—“The idea of tying the Governor-General up to what may be a gang of conspirators against the public weal! That is ridiculous! Let him begin by abolishing the Council of State.”

Now, the Council of State is indeed an extra-legal body without authority for existence by the Organic Act. The Governor-General probably could abolish it at will. Yet the fact remains that all the mass of laws put through the Philippine Legislature in Mr. Harrison's day is so thoroughly entangled with the Council of State, the whole routine of administrative procedure so wound up in it, as to be inextricable except by means of a major operation performed by the United States Congress.

The heat of the Americans, however, was natural. They were not all paragons, but they had done, as a whole, excellent work in the Islands, extending trade and credit, opening the country, bettering conditions everywhere, through many weary years. They had never been rewarded by large profit. Not one of them had “made a fortune” in any modern sense of the term. Yet they had continued steady, enlightened labour. They had observed order under many provocations. As Secre-

<sup>3</sup> The Council of State under the Governor-General consisted of the Vice-Governor-General, the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House and the Secretaries of the several Departments. It was created by executive order of Mr. Harrison and was, whatever its other qualities, one of the conspicuous examples of encroachment upon the prerogatives of the United States Government, as defined in the Organic Act.

tary Baker had so wisely foreseen, they had nevertheless become the object of much unfair discrimination. And they had never received, from any Insular administration, as much consideration as they probably felt that their record deserved.

And yet, the one thing first incumbent upon the new Executive was not to jump in and clean the political stables, but to stop the crevasse in the Treasury dyke—and to stop it quick. For the eleventh hour was past and the twelfth far spent.

When General Wood took office the Government was bankrupt, with a deficit of about \$20,000,000 and no credit. And the peso stood at 17 per cent discount. There was no reserve fund and no confidence. Business was dead. The bottom of all things was just about to drop out.

But the peso, immediately on General Wood's appointment, began to rise. His name plus the several financial measures that he pushed through the Legislature made it possible to get from America a new rescue loan of \$22,500,000. And his two successive annual budgets—those of 1922 and 1923—at last raised things to the zero point, just as by skill and patience, by strength and labour, a sunken ship is raised to the surface of the sea.

The money that had been lost was Filipino money, lost by Filipinos. The rescue money was American money; for it may be taken as an enduring fact that no Filipino buys his own, or any other government's bonds—not while he can loan out his surplus at fantastic rates of usury. And the man who now administered that American rescue money was determined to stand watch over it and see it do its rescue work.

"The lid is down on the Treasury-box," said the new Governor-General. "It still can be opened by the lever of sound investment and legal enterprise. But free and unsecured circulation of public funds among political friends *is finished*."

"This man lacks polish," murmured the politicians, one to the other. "This is a rough and tactless type. Militaristic. Brusque. How much more agreeable was Mr. Harrison's smile!"

Nevertheless, they did as they were bid. For, as has been said, they were seriously, personally scared. They acquiesced in a radical lopping of overgrown personnel throughout the departments; in a reduction of the swarm of motor cars that everybody had voted to everybody else; in the number and expenses of the insular ships; in a considerable variety of other things until the sum of their acquiescing amounted to a total reduction of 37 per cent in the annual expense of the Islands.

And all this necessary work was helped—or so the Governor-General hoped—by his conciliatory policy of retaining the old cabinet that he had found in office upon his arrival; of retaining the Council of State; and of labouring diligently to maintain peaceful relations with the Legislature.

In the midst of which the curtain flew up on that amazing *divertissement* entitled "The Philippine National Bank."

## *Chapter X*

### FOR THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN

THE Philippine National Bank was created in 1916, in the joyous days of Harrison. The Philippine Legislature, in giving it birth, endowed it with the right to issue notes, to do commercial business and to invest not more than 50 per cent of its capital in agricultural loans.

The Legislature then ordered into the coffers of its new creation all municipal and provincial funds throughout the archipelago, as well as all funds of the Insular Government, withdrawing from other banks for the purpose.

Next, it imported from America Dr. H. Parker Willis, Secretary of the U. S. Federal Reserve Board, and made him President of the bank. Dr. Willis remained in office for nearly a year, gave much good advice which was consistently ignored, and so departed. They then put in, as President, Mr. Samuel Ferguson, American, a man whose qualifications are said to have been that he had been clerical secretary in Mr. Harrison's office, without one day's experience in banking. He died a year later. His ignorance of banking was inclusive.

Mr. Ferguson having passed on, General Venancio Concepcion succeeded to the vacant chair. General Concepcion was a small Filipino politician with a shady record. General Concepcion's further equipment for the post equalled that of his predecessor, excepting for the facts that he had had no clerkship in the Executive office and that he was understood to be sober.

Dr. H. Parker Willis, in his brief day, had been able to insert a few Americans into the bank personnel, but to these

General Concepcion soon made a final end, leaving but one lone survivor and he a subordinate.

This presently came to mean that an organization containing not a single trained banker, not one single man familiar with bank detail, was handling and investing \$150,000,000 of values. And, there being no bank examiners, no one was keeping check.

What happened, this vantage-ground once reached, has been summarized as follows:

"They (the Filipino politicians) were like a child with a new toy. They laughed and cried over it, hugged it and kissed it, fondled it, rocked it to sleep and then woke it up and jumped on it, banged it with a club, ripped it open and pulled the stuffing out."<sup>1</sup>

By the summer of 1919, rumours of this process reaching faraway Washington led Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, to authorize a bank examination. He named for the task Mr. Francis Coates, Jr., Clearing-House examiner of Cleveland, Ohio, and despatched him to Manila. Mr. Coates began his work on November 30, 1919, continued it for four months and then fell ill. His report did not reach Washington until September, 1920, and was then incomplete. It did not cover, for example, the assets of agencies and branches amounting to about \$13,292,500.

As far as he had got, however, his findings were interesting. He said, in part:

The surplus and profits of the bank, aggregating ₱6,196,428, are entirely wiped out by estimated losses aggregating ₱10,697,166. . . . The paid and subscribed capital of the bank is ₱12,980,000, leaving a margin of capital unimpaired of ₱8,479,262, against which is scheduled: slow, non-liquid and questionable values, ₱8,550,107, slow, non-liquid and problematical values ₱6,926,530, and undetermined values of ₱8,728,353—a total of ₱24,204,990.

In addition to this we have to consider that class of assets that is scheduled as "slow and non-liquid but ultimately solvent values"

<sup>1</sup> Editorial in *The Far Eastern Review*, Shanghai, September, 1923, p. 583.

aggregating ₱25,311,119, and also non-liquidity represented by the depletion of (and the necessary future restoration of) the cash reserve fund amounting to ₱30,000,000, and the certificate reserve fund (of the insular treasurer) amounting to ₱80,000,000.

Mr. Coates's report also showed that the bank's earning accounts of surplus, reserve and undivided profit had been heavily padded with sums of interest money that never had been collected and that in all likelihood never could be collected. Regarding this practice he said:

The increasing of the assets by charging into them accounts that are known to be worthless or . . . non-liquid, . . . can spell but only one result—disaster.

Mr. Coates's entire finding is one unbroken tale of inefficiency, carelessness and mismanagement. The head office in Manila, he discovered, knew little and cared less about the doings of agencies and branches, of which there were forty-five in the Islands. No proper statement of the affairs of the bank as a whole had ever been made. Credit was extended in one department in entire ignorance of what other departments knew or were doing. Loans were made by branches the proceeds of which were used to pay loans due at the head office. No scheme existed for any central knowledge and control of the bank's business. As to the currency reserve, this is what had happened:

For twelve years the carefully worked-out Philippine currency system established in 1903 by the Congress of the United States had worked well, and the trust funds behind it, —some \$40,000,000 gold, had been duly maintained in New York. Scarcely had the Philippine National Bank opened its doors, however, when a steady raid upon that gold reserve started. Defying the basic rules of currency law, the trust funds in New York were now juggled into the grasp of the bank, which immediately transferred them to Manila and proceeded to pour them out into the hands of its friends.

"The stupidity of the transaction is almost unequalled in the annals of finance," says a later investigator. But it cannot in justice be overlooked that while this wholesale raid upon the people's funds was being committed by a handful of excited Malays, too untaught to be deeply blamed, an American Governor-General charged with responsibility for the entire Islands' welfare sat by and watched, inactive. Or that Washington, whose business it was, by silence gave assent.

As a result, the currency system later broke down completely and the Government, in a vain attempt to supply gold in New York against which exchange might be sold, diverted other trust funds from their legal usage, and, besides, borrowed large sums from the United States treasury. Herein lies largely the explanation for the necessity of increasing the indebtedness of the Islands by some \$45,000,000.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Coates, in his Report, paused in sorrow to recall the high ideals that Dr. Willis had set before the bank at its birth,—and then pointed out the spectacle afforded by that institution—an institution of a size demanding the acme of skill in handling—now under a president "inexperienced in banking and in the financial world of the white man—unsupported by a single officer or director who had the necessary experience and contact, and manned with a crew of natives—neophytes in the details of the game."

Loans, Mr. Coates found, had been freely granted in complete disregard of credit considerations. Politics and private friendships, the only keys to the vaults, had amply sufficed to open them wide—or to seal them tight. Assets, once acquired, had been looked after and protected with extreme carelessness and procrastination. And the examiner's search revealed loans in the sum of \$4,139,176.50 as to whose solvency the bank's records contained no information.

One characteristic incident was the approval by Vicente Singson Encarnacion and his fellow-directors of the Philippine

<sup>2</sup> Wright-Martin *Report*, rendered November 20, 1922.

National Bank of loans from the bank aggregating \$514,252, made in favour of the Compania Naviera de Filipinas. Of this company Bank Director Vicente Singson Encarnacion was both President and substantial stockholder. The loans were asked for the purchase of three boats. Interest on the amount increased the company's debt to \$674,159.78. To liquidate, the boats were sold for \$197,416.44—the best price they would bring—and the bank lost the difference.

Article 35 of the Bank Act reads:

The National Bank shall not, directly or indirectly, grant loans to any of the members of the Board of Directors of the National Bank. . . .

Nevertheless, many of the Directors of the bank were found to be, themselves, among the heaviest debtors.

It was not, however, until the summer of 1924 that Governor-General Wood's urgency was able to break through the dead-line of political resistance and secure filing of actions against Directors of the Bank, among whom was Mr. Archibald Harrison, the late Governor-General's brother. These actions were brought to recover losses suffered by the Government through the Directors' malfeasance or through their failure or neglect to comply with the law.

In defiance of the law, about \$3,625,000 had been loaned to interests owned and controlled entirely or in part of directors of the bank, of which loan over a third at least was dead loss.

Thus Messrs. Singson Encarnacion, Vicente Madrigal and Ramon J. Fernandez,<sup>3</sup> in their capacity of Directors of the Philippine National Bank, lent to themselves in their capacity of stockholders in three several companies, the sum of \$2,150,000; after which operation the companies went insolvent. In two other corporations that borrowed heavily from the National Bank to the bank's disastrous loss, not only Directors

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Fernandez—it is said on the insistence of Mr. Quezon—subsequently was sent to the Senate, in the 1923 election and is now senator.



Madrigal and Fernandez, but also the President of the bank himself, General Venancio Concepcion, were stockholders. And in February and March, 1919, the firm of Fernandez Brothers, of which Director Ramon J. Fernandez is senior partner, with Director Vicente Madrigal, took from the bank \$1,105,420.64, giving as security 39,000 bales of hemp valued at \$32 per bale. The price of hemp fell, and the bank lost about \$850,000 on that one transaction.

Of this last affair, Governor-General Harrison is quoted as saying, when the record was spread before him:

"It is the most pitiful story I ever heard."

Mr. Harrison, however, was about to slip out forever from under the ruin whose burden the innocent millions of the Filipino people must bear these many years to come. His successor pro tem, Acting-Governor Yeater, was then free to cable the Secretary of War:

In my judgment, the National Bank may be summarized as drifting with an undisciplined crew, without rudder, compass or captain. The last American leaves this month. The bank needs a manager and heads of departments with bank experience and financial instincts. Stock has declined to 40. Believe bank solvent, but merely on faith, without seeing or knowing.

Meantime, in view of the report of Mr. Coates, Washington had taken matters into its own hands to the extent of sending out to the bank an experienced manager, Mr. E. W. Wilson of San Francisco, who arrived early in January, 1921, and assumed the task assigned him.

Then, in March, 1921, came the change of Administration in Washington and Mr. Harding's inauguration, closely followed by the despatch of the Wood-Forbes Commission to diagnose affairs in the Philippines.

And one of the earlier features of that Commission's work was the tackling of the mysteries of the Philippine National Bank by the well-known New York firm of Haskins and Sells, certified public accountants.

Messrs. Haskins and Sells's preliminary report, first fruit of an examination lasting over a year, showed that "the investment made by the Philippine Government in the capital stock of the Philippine National Bank has been completely lost . . . [and] that the bank has operated . . . in violation of every principle which prudence, intelligence or even honesty could dictate."

This final report, rendered May 19, 1921, set the principal losses at a total of \$37,544,500.

The details, aside from private "accommodations," included such features as the setting up of the Manila Railroad Company, the Manila Hotel Company, the National Development Company as financial feeder to the National Coal Company, the Cebu Portland Cement Company, etc., etc. To Cocoanut Oil Companies alone, among the varied crop sprung up under the bank's genial influence like mushrooms on an autumn night, had been granted loans aggregating \$25,905,000 against \$10,500,000 assets.

On these latter industries Haskins and Sells commented:

The manufacturing costs submitted for the year 1920 indicate that at the present price for oil and copra most of these companies cannot earn sufficient to pay the interest on the bank loans . . . unless radical improvements are effected.

Yet copra, in 1920, reached the peak price of its history—\$15, gold, per picul, as against about \$4.87 in 1914, \$6.25 in 1921 and \$6 in 1922.

The seven sugar centrals newly built and financed by the bank showed a similar record.

Among other details, Messrs. Haskins and Sells reported:

The foreign department operated under the supervision of the Vice-President (M. S. Concepcion, son of the President) was found to be conducted very inefficiently and dishonestly, necessitating criminal action against the heads of the department. The collection department records were also in bad shape. Many overdue bills had accumulated, and, as a result of the laxity in the department,

considerable losses have accrued to the bank. The accounting of the bank generally has been extremely bad. Even where proper records had been devised they were generally carelessly and inaccurately kept. There was no record to show the total liability of any customer. . . .

As to the exchange losses of the Shanghai branch:

These losses were the result of entirely unnecessary and purely speculative operations in exchange by the manager, Mr. J. W. Miller, a man with no banking experience who, very ill advisedly, was placed in charge of the branch in Shanghai, where other foreign banks place their most experienced exchange bankers.

The settlement of these operations involved a loss of about \$13,000,000. . . . Details of these transactions were placed in the hands of the United States district attorney for appropriate action, but no prosecution resulted because of the inability to get Mr. Miller within the jurisdiction of the court.

Thus an institution whose assets had actually made it one of the biggest banks in the world showed, after five years' operation by home talent, first, the loss of the entire capital stock, or \$17,650,000, of which the Government owned \$16,000,000; second, the loss of over half its total insular deposits; third, the tying up in frozen loans of all its assets over and above its losses; and, fourth, hopeless insolvency.

In a word, having hugged their toy and kissed it and rocked it to sleep, the children had indeed banged it with a club, ripped it open and finally pulled the stuffing out.

Their only embarrassment, indeed, had lain in the question of finding sufficient pretexts for laying hands upon the vaults.

But, fertile ever in curious expedients, they had hit upon the plan of sending forth emissaries into highways and byways to drum up more borrowers.

Said one of these who had penetrated to the manager of a business concern in a distant province:

"I represent the National Bank, and we wonder if you wouldn't like to borrow some money from us."

"I don't need anything now," replied the manager, as one might speak to a wandering lightning-rod man or a book-agent.

"But listen—we could let you have 500,000 pesos just as well as not," urged the applicant.

Twenty million dollars were thus loaned by the bank to private individuals wherewith to do business on taxpayers' money in competition with men working on normal business lines and financing themselves.

And it is an interesting fact that \$20,000,000 is, according to the figures of the American Chamber of Commerce, just about half the amount annually taken from the pockets of the people of the United States and presented as a free gift to the people of the Philippine Islands in the form of remission of customs dues on Philippine goods entering American markets.

It is understood that one loan of about \$50,000 made direct to Mr. Quezon without security, on being uncovered by the examiner, was very quickly paid up by certain of the directors. But indirection, rather than straight personal "loans" to themselves, appears to have been the more usual means by which the Big Caciques and their henchmen made private profits.

Haskins and Sells's final report, as of May 19, 1921, reached Manila about mid-June, 1922, when General Wood had already been nine months Governor-General of the Philippines. And the Governor-General, in view of the startling nature of the document, deemed it advisable to have its findings checked.

He accordingly appointed Special Bank Examiner Benjamin F. Wright and National Bank Examiner L. H. Martin, both men of mature experience and training, to go back once more over the ground and make a thorough revaluation of the bank's assets.

The Wright-Martin report, as of June 30, 1922, covered a period of a year and a half in which Secretary Baker's envoy, Mr. E. W. Wilson, had been the Bank's Manager.

The administration had been re-organized. The President and General Manager, the Vice-president and Assistant General Manager, the Manager of the Foreign Department, the Assistant Chief of the Note-Teller Department, the Manager of the Iloilo Branch, the Manager of the Aparri Branch, as well as various subordinates, had all been prosecuted and convicted of embezzlement and other criminal offences. Four Americans of banking experience had been introduced into the concern. The bank's securities, where possible, had been put into better shape. But the bank, under Mr. Wilson's management, was still running as a feeder to the Government-owned businesses. And, as the new report put it:

In order to meet the demands of the Government for the return of the deposits and in order . . . [to] advance large sums to the sugar centrals, sugar planters and oil interests, the liquid loans of the bank have been collected, its United States bonds largely sold, its cash holdings reduced to an unsafe minimum, balances due from other banks called in . . . practically no reserves are held for its ₱32,000,000 circulation and ₱81,500,000 deposits, while the assets remaining are . . . frozen. . . .

Government necessity, and the policy of the management in re-investing proceeds of liquidation in the hope of "working out" its frozen assets, together with its tremendous losses, have brought about a condition under which the bank is now operating at a loss in doing practically nothing but financing the affairs of debtors . . . in various states of insolvency. . . .

. . . These debtors . . . are largely responsible for such feeling as exists, that the bank must be kept indefinitely in business. . . . It was only through sheer ignorance of banking principles that they were set up in business in the first place . . . and it is little less than criminal to continue them in business with government funds. . . .

The Wright-Martin report points out the scandal of a bank practically owned by the Government hopelessly insolvent; operating at a loss; operating, therefore, in open and flagrant violation of the law that the Government compels private banks to observe.

It continues:

. . . The bank has been legally and morally dead for at least two years, though it has been necessary to inject into its palsied body a semblance of life, on account of its and the Government's inability to repay the immense loan from the people in the form of its outstanding circulation . . . [and] to restore individual . . . provincial and municipal deposits. . . .

And among its conclusions stands this statement with which it quotes the agreement of Mr. Robert F. Herrick, of Massachusetts, who has also examined the Insular finances:

. . . Nothing is to be gained by keeping up a false pretence. . . . The bank at the present time is not functioning as a bank. . . . There is nothing which cannot be gained by closing it to the public and converting it into a special corporation for the gradual liquidation of its frozen assets.

Meantime, the Philippine Legislature had not remained entirely quiescent as to the affairs of its offspring. As far back as December 7, 1920, Representative Claro M. Recto, minority leader of the house, rose to attack a majority bill providing for raising the bank's capital. Mr. Recto stated that he and five other members of the House Committee on Banks and Corporations had joined in a request to the President of the National Bank for a copy of the Coates report, but were refused so much as a sight thereof.

"I thought it useless," said Mr. Recto, "to call upon the Governor-General [Harrison] and the Secretary of Finance . . . because these officers would shield themselves, as did the president of the bank, behind legal pretexts."<sup>4</sup>

Mr. Recto complains that he and his associates are asked to vote to raise the bank's capitalization from twenty million pesos to fifty million pesos, appropriating the sum from Insular funds, in order to maintain Government control of the institution; and yet they are flatly refused any knowledge of that institution's status. He goes on:

<sup>4</sup> *Philippines Free Press*, September 1, 1923.

Criticism of the bank must have gone beyond the borders of the archipelago and must have produced alarm in high places . . . to induce the War Department to send here a special commissioner to make a thorough investigation. . . . When this gentleman [Mr. Coates] left the Islands . . . without disclosing his conclusions, a storm of conjecture was aroused . . . [but] to-day his report is a mystery to all but two or three men. . . .

And Mr. Recto further indicates his observation that the bank exists to serve as a political campaign tool for the Big Caciques; that the immediate result of its operations has been the piling up of a few big fortunes impossible of honest explanation; that, as to its services to agriculture, it has helped no farmer save only district caciques controlling votes; and that, as to commerce, it has aided only such business men as repay favours.

Neither eloquence nor accusation, however, sufficed to produce the document. The control of the Big Caciques was supreme.

Mr. E. W. Wilson, it will be remembered, arrived from America to take over the bank's managership in January, 1921—some two months before Mr. Harrison's departure. It is credibly alleged that he came out under instructions from Washington to "keep the lid on." And, whatever the main purpose of such instructions, if such he had, it is obvious that their observance would operate powerfully to "save face" for the Big Caciques.

It is a gauge, then, of their capacity to realize the nature of their own deeds and condition, that they should now permit a movement in House and Senate to pull open Mr. Wilson's stewardship of the bank, and thus with one hand to expose the very thing over which the other held the veil.

This movement, based on "alleged abuses, irregularities and injustices committed in the employment of experts . . . with fabulous and exorbitant salaries" was, in fact, merely an attack on the re-installment of Americans in the bank's staff.

Mr. Wilson, in a letter addressed to several members of the

Legislature, met the demonstration with a perfectly human outburst of downright speech. He said:

I came here under contract. . . . This contract is definite and plain. I have put no one in the bank that was not originally contemplated and specified by this contract and duly approved by the board of directors of the bank.

If you desire to investigate the bank, let me suggest that there is no information that you cannot get by calling here. . . . Coates's Report and Haskins and Sells's Report are the most astonishing documents that have been presented concerning any bank in any part of the world during the last generation. The less publicity they get, the better for the bank, the Philippine Government and the Philippine Islands. . . . It is not necessary to hunt quail with a brass band. . . .

The letter appeared in the Manila *Bulletin* on November 14, 1922. Six days later Mr. Benjamin F. Wright placed the Wright-Martin report in the hands of the Governor-General.

Governor-General Wood now desired to send the Wright-Martin report, in a Special Message, to the Legislature. This in order that the widest discussion and study might be brought to it and that its lesson might be learned by the greatest possible number of the people.

Before doing so, however, he sent for Mr. Quezon, President of the Senate, and Mr. Roxas, Speaker of the House, showed them his covering message and asked them if they could suggest any alterations that would make their medicine easier to take.

"I don't want to hurt you any more than I must," he said.

Both men read the General's message through, having done which, they said that they could take no exceptions to any part of it.

Then they went back to their respective seats as President of the Senate and Speaker of the House, as such received the message in due form, and instantly locked it away in their desks.

Locked it away so completely that until, late in August,





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1923, a species of accident enabled the Governor-General to release the message to the press, the majority of the members of the Legislature remained unaware of its very existence.

The immediate result of the release was significant. The leading Filipino dailies burst forth in blasts of fury—but at what?

At the heavy financial blow to the country? At the national loss of credit before the world? At the reflection upon Filipino capacity? At the criminals who did the deed? At the self-helpful directors? At the Big Caciques who had engineered the whole scheme? At the American Executive who consented to their banditry?—No and no. Their wrath was for none of these, but all for one single man whom they accused of black spite and of an autocratic design to destroy the life of the country. Their wrath—the whole of it—was poured out upon the present Governor-General of the Islands.

And the bank's Board of Directors themselves hastened solemnly to record their condemnation of General Wood's action as "showing ignorance of the principles which govern commercial practices in the civilized world."

The Governor-General's Special Message on the Bank, containing the Wright-Martin report with its summary of those of Messrs. Coates and Haskins and Sells, was now given all the publicity that any document can attain in a country 63 per cent illiterate. And it is not without significance as to the moral development of the people, that the standing and power of the Big Caciques was in no wise thereby stained or weakened.

In the words already so often repeated:—There is no public opinion in the Philippine Islands. The United States of America has bank-looters and public thieves in high places. But the people of the United States, once informed of the offence, pull down the offender. In the stage as yet attained by the Filipino no offence is felt.

As to the gauge of business intelligence afforded by the event:

Even to this day the Filipino is rare indeed who can descry any connection between, on the one hand, the bank's operations, and, on the other, the Government's depleted treasury and the lack of means for public work. Few, indeed, are the Filipinos who recognize wisdom or justice in the Governor-General's continued pressure thus expressed in his Message to the Legislature of 1923:

I recommend, as the Government owns 92 per cent of the stock, that the Legislature take the necessary steps to put the bank in the position which the law requires and that it finally assume responsibility for the bank, its assets and liabilities.

The Philippine National Bank to-day operates insolvent, steadily increasing its deficit, without legal reserves and with no way of acquiring them, still under political control, still running as a solvent bank upon the proceeds of liquidation.

And under these very conditions, as late as March 8, 1924, a bill was passed by both houses of the Legislature again appropriating to the ordinary uses of the Philippine National Bank the sum of \$12,428,000, practically the whole reserve fund of the Government.

Governor-General Wood vetoed the bill.

The Filipino press thereupon raised an outcry against the American Executive's malice toward the great national institution.

Mr. Quezon, in a public address delivered at Silay, Occidental Negros, June, 1923, put volumes in one phrase when he said:

The Governor-General, in the use of his executive powers, may order the closing of the bank, but I can assure you that while there is money in the treasury the Philippine Legislature will open another bank.

There you have it.

## *Chapter XI*

### THE ROTTENEST THING

WHEN Major-General Leonard Wood was commissioned by the United States of America to assume the government of the Philippine Islands, explicit instructions went with the job.

Among these instructions stood orders to get the Philippine Government out of business just as quickly as was possible without unnecessary sacrifice.

That is, the new Executive was directed to make all haste to clean up the Insular Government's wild-cat investments, working them as nearly as might be into presentable shape; and then to arrange sales of the properties—or else to arrange leases until sales could be effected.

Meantime, and all the time he was "to prevent their being interfered with by the political element."

"In other words," said Mr. Weeks, Secretary of War, writing on September 19, 1921, "the management of the several investments should be made as independent of political control as it is possible to make them."

These instructions are clear and definite. They sound sufficient and seem to warrant a demand for results.

As a matter of fact, what happened?

By way of beginning somewhere, take the case of the Manila Railroad Company.

The Manila Railroad, 645 miles of trackage, had been purchased from private owners by the Philippine Government in the days of Harrison.

During the last two years of Mr. Quezon's presidency of this Railroad Company—an office that Governor-General Wood induced him to resign—one hundred and fifty thousand free passes were issued, each pass valid for travel anywhere on

the road throughout the year whose date it bore and good not only for the recipient himself, but also for all his family and all his dependents.

Another useful feature was the presidential perquisite of issuing railway contracts, as for coaling, to rich and good personal friends—of pushing them across the table, like bread cast upon the waters, without the formality of preliminary bids.

With these things in mind as indications of the general policy pursued, it will be found not unnatural that the Manila Railroad Company has yearly lost money—money which the insular treasury must yearly supply.

Its annual reports, in their balance sheets, show net profits, to be sure.

But the road has never yet paid a dividend on the stock, has put away scarcely any reserve, has written off practically nothing for depreciation, and has never been able to pay so much as the interest on its own government-guaranteed bonds.

Meantime, the Insular Government, by yearly renewed special legislation, has been waiving the company's taxes in order to help it make a political display.

This, in brief, is still the status of the Manila Railroad Company. And the ablest of the Filipino economists have written statements for the American press to prove it a status of financial success.

Now, as to the sugar centrals:

The sugar centrals had cost the people of the Philippines, through their National Bank, from twenty-three to twenty-four million dollars. By the time of General Wood's inauguration the plants had greatly deteriorated in value, through mis-handling and neglect, and the business itself was kept alive only by advance crop loans of the people's money, each year renewed and each year more hopeless of recovery.

This in spite of high sugar prices and of the fact that Philippine sugar enjoys a practical subsidy from the United States of America, where almost the entire crop is sold.

The sugar exported to the United States in the year 1922, if duties had been levied upon it in accordance with the rates of the United States Tariff Act of 1922, would have paid about eleven million, eight hundred and sixteen thousand dollars into the United States Treasury.

The other Government enterprises showed practically identical conditions. Senators and representatives composed their directorates. And these directorates, interlocking till none could find head or tail among them, formed busy bucket-lines to the money-tap in the National Bank. One single copra mill drew a "loan" of \$11,500,000 in a single year.

While the war lasted everybody splashed. When the war stopped, *tableau!*

Such, roughly, was the state of affairs that Governor-General Wood stepped in upon with explicit orders from Washington to "get the Government out of business."

And the new Executive, confronting his problem, saw that all these grisly skeletons—railway, sugar centrals and the rest, represented honest opportunities to fill honest needs; and that, by honest and capable operators, they could still be made rich assets to the people of the Islands.

So he fell to work and presently was able to secure from first-class American operating companies a most gratifying response in the form of proposals to handle the railroad and the sugar centrals and to turn them from continuous losers into good money makers for the Philippine Government. To give the details of the proposals would be too burdensome here, particularly as an intelligent statement would necessitate a mass of statistics showing local conditions as affecting the practical significance of the figures. Suffice it, then, to say that in each case the terms, as far as the businesses themselves were concerned, gave occasion for sincere congratulation to the Philippine Government.

Now perhaps you suppose that at this juncture the Big Caciques felt like men starving on an iceberg in the Polar Sea who should suddenly sight the *Mauretania* heaving around the

corner. But the truth appears to be that even the wisest among them had no real understanding of the condition to which they had reduced their country. All they could see was their slipping grip on their own toy.

For the conditions of the proposed contracts included one point that ruined all the rest. It absolutely precluded any and all outside interference with the running of the concerns, whether in "hiring and firing" or in other operating procedures.

A mass of patronage, with all its political possibilities, to lie lost in the hands of professional operators! Never!

These evil days would pass. This too active Governor-General would go home. Meantime, let not the curse of scientific management companies gain foothold in the land and acquire rights and backing from the United States Government.

What, then, should be done?

But lack of expedients is never the caciques' difficulty. They rushed to the house-tops.

"Our country's resources to be given away to foreigners!" they cried abroad. "Patriots, awake! Shall the wealth of our fair Philippines be abandoned to the exploitation of the American Trusts? This man—this Wood—this Autocrat—he is a creature of the Trusts. Do not believe him. He is trying to pay his own old political debts with the heritage of our children!"

Meantime, while the right popular atmosphere and background was thus being manufactured, they held in their hands a simple little tool prepared under Mr. Harrison's supervision for just such emergencies.

They held the Board of Control, whose power sufficed neatly and completely to cancel the Governor-General's entire labours toward reconstructing their country's fortune.

They refused the American proposals. And they left the railroad, the centrals and all the rest of the sorry lot to run as they run, until, perhaps, future events shall make their handling more interesting.



Meantime the Philippine National Government, in the matter of finance, and by dint of all the Governor-General's rigorous expense-cutting and leak-stopping, was just barely keeping its nose above water.

Now the Board of Control is a thing but little heard of outside the Islands. Propaganda books on the Philippines and on America's relation thereto have a way either of failing to describe it or else of gliding over the spot, omitting its name.

And yet, more than any other one thing, it demands the attention of the American people, if the American people seriously intend to discharge their duties toward the people of the Islands.

The Board of Control consists of three members only: The Governor-General as chairman, the President of the Senate, and the Speaker of the House, each with an equal vote. In the hands of the Board of Control lies the appointment of the boards of directors of all Government business enterprises. It controls the voting power and the policies of all Government corporations—bank, railroad, sugar centrals, all. It controls the allotment of all funds for public works and improvements. It controls the \$1,500,000 annual emergency fund, etc., etc., and finally, under present political conditions, its two native members absolutely control both Houses of Legislature, their attitude and their acts.

The Board of Control, therefore, having two votes to the Governor-General's one, can overrule him anywhere in the wide field of its jurisdiction. It is a purely political body and it wholly dominates the business affairs of the Insular Government.

These are the conditions under which our Secretary of War directed General Wood not only to "get the Government out of business," but also to keep Government business "independent of political control."

These are the conditions under which America asks her envoy to risk his personal honour in the desperate attempt to uphold her credit in the Orient.

To these conditions Mr. Roxas, Speaker of the House and member of the Board of Control, thus pointed in a public speech delivered in Manila on September 9, 1923:

[We] have encroached on the powers and prerogatives of the Governor-General. That is true. We have encroached upon the rights of the Governor-General because in that guise liberties are won.

And, finally, these are the conditions under which Mr. Quezon, President of the Senate and second member of the Board of Control, dared to say, on September 9, 1923, before four thousand students of the University of the Philippines:

I am betraying no secret if I tell you that our ultimate aim . . . is to make of the Governor-General of the Philippines a mere figure-head. It is unpatriotic for any Filipino to stand by Governor Wood. . . .

The Board of Control exists, not by authority of, but in defiance of, the Organic Act of the Islands. The Jones Law, as Secretary Baker, in transmitting it, took the utmost care to point out, was designed by Congress not to decrease the power of the Governor-General, but materially to increase that power, and, with it, the Governor-General's responsibility. As already quoted, it expressly provides

that all executive functions of the Government must be directly under the Governor-General or within one of the Executive departments under the supervision and control of the Governor-General

—a provision that, as Mr. Baker earnestly re-emphasized, was specifically made to prevent the encroachments of the past.

The creation of the Board of Control was a piece of pure outlawry. Its existence to-day is an affront to the dignity of America.

Why, then, does not a Governor-General of the Islands who is stopped in his sworn duty by this thing, just as any succeed-

ing Governor-General who shall endeavor to do his sworn duty will surely be stopped thereby—why does not he abolish the Board of Control?

This is why:

1. The Jones Bill is the Organic Law of the Islands.
2. Under the Jones Bill, the Governor-General may veto new legislation; but he has no power to annul laws already enacted.
3. That power—to annul laws already enacted—rests squarely with the Congress of the United States of America.
4. The Wood-Forbes Report, rendered December 31, 1921, explicitly recommended that Congress “declare null and void legislation which has been enacted diminishing, limiting or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General . . . [in] the Jones Bill.”
5. Presidents and Congresses have consistently ignored this recommendation and have taken no action in the matter.
6. Nothing that Filipino politicians may do in the way of lawlessness can entitle an American Governor-General to override the Act of the United States Congress under which he himself is commissioned by America to rule the Islands.

Yet in reviewing with Filipino politicians the history of the attempt to “get the Government out of business” I was repeatedly informed that the Governor-General would have accomplished that purpose had he more sympathetically handled the men with whom he had to deal.

“The Governor-General could have put it over,” said one of the most experienced of them all. “He could have got the Government concerns into American operating companies’ hands. But he went about it the wrong way. He would permit nothing to be done on the quiet—you understand? He even talked to the Press about his whole scheme and wanted

general discussion. That doesn't interest us at all. That isn't politics. That isn't our way."

Meantime, certain definite points exist that should not escape careful consideration in America.

First:—The people of the United States, it will be remembered, took up the entire issue of bonds authorized by Congress at the hurry call of the Wood-Forbes Commission to rescue the Philippine Government from actual ruin. Governor-General Wood, on the issue of these bonds, made a most earnest appeal to the Filipinos themselves to prove their patriotism by something more substantial than oratory. "Don't pay another country for the use of money you could and should put up yourselves," he urged. "Show your public spirit as other peoples do. Show yourself a nation. Take up your own Government loan."

But, whatever their reasons, they subscribed not one dollar.

Consequently, their government to-day is to a large extent sustained by the money of private citizens of the United States of America. As a result each year sees four million dollars<sup>1</sup> taken from a meagre exchequer and sent to the United States, in order to cover the service of loans, including interest payments and sinking funds.<sup>2</sup>

Second:—Civic responsibility is a sentiment yet to be born in the mestizo cacique breast. Mr. Chief Justice Taft, sixteen years ago, wrote of the Filipino of his day:

"The idea that a public office is a public trust had not been implanted in the Filipino mind by experience, and the conception that an officer who fails in his duty, by embezzlement or otherwise, was violating an obligation that he owed to each individual member of the public, he found it difficult to grasp."<sup>3</sup>

A cameo proof that sixteen years of education have not sufficed to alter that standard may be seen in the fact that General Venancio Concepcion, the first Filipino appointed by the

<sup>1</sup> Report of the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands for 1923.

<sup>2</sup> Statement by Bureau of Insular Affairs, War Department.

<sup>3</sup> Special Report on the Philippines to the President, by Wm. H. Taft, Secretary of War, January 23, 1908, p. 32.

Big Caciques to the presidency of the Philippine National Bank,<sup>4</sup> had already been convicted of fraud committed at an earlier opportunity.

Third:—Mr. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, was keenly alive to this characteristic when he wrote<sup>5</sup> to Governor-General Harrison, in his letter of caution against political piracies upon the Jones Bill, a particularly grave warning against attacks upon the auditor's office. Any move in this direction, on the part of the Philippine Legislature, will be regarded, says Mr. Baker, as a betrayal of trust. And he more than intimates that such a course would prove the highroad to nullification by the United States Congress, or even to the withdrawal of powers already in Filipino hands—either one of which steps would be a serious blow to Filipino standing.

Yet, using Secretary Baker's prohibition as their luminous guide to contrary action, the party leaders swept on to a wholesale attack upon the auditor's office. They did, to a T, the very things the friendly Secretary feared they would do. And their success is now nearly complete. To-day the Bureau of Audits personnel consists of some four hundred officials and employés, all of whom are Filipinos save one solitary figure. The Insular Auditor himself—Mr. Benjamin F. Wright—is an American. And the warfare upon the always inconvenient Mr. Wright sleeps not, neither does it lack in bitterness. Meantime the mere volume of business daily passing over this one man's desk would make it a physical impossibility for him to have knowledge of the workings of the Bureau commensurate with his responsibility.

Therefore, beyond any question whatever, the Insular Auditor should be given trained and competent American assistants, free from political control, appointed by United States authority. Nor should the additional expense implied, wherever levied, carry any weight. Not only because the solvency of the present Insular Government is involved, but also be-

<sup>4</sup> General Concepcion is now in prison for his conduct of that office.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 93, ante.

cause the United States Government stands morally responsible for some \$110,000,000 of Philippine Government and semi-government bonds floated in America—bonds whose sinking funds are credibly alleged, by the way, to contain a large amount of worthless securities.

## *Chapter XII*

### THE CONLEY CASE

GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD from the start has insisted on broad daylight upon all his proceedings. From the start, he has held that the one great need of the whole Filipino people is to acquire an educated, character-building public opinion; to develop civic courage in the minds of the mass as distinguished from the little handful on top.

With this in view he has sought out and utilized every opportunity to broadcast the explanation of his acts, to make known conditions and their causes, to talk things over publicly and generally to inform the people about their own affairs.

All that was materially to be accomplished could certainly have been accomplished far more effectively, more completely, more rapidly, by a direct exercise of executive power. But to make the gain a permanent gain to the people, it must be not merely a material gain, but a gain in character and capacity, in understanding and in the power of the will.

Such, our present executive has maintained, is the argument for the slow methods of democracy.

And, little by little,—exceedingly slowly because of the lack of the printed word, because of the illiteracy of the people, and above all because of their centuries of dumb submission to their cacique exploiters,—slowly, slowly, the new idea is beginning to work.

But the doctrine is not an Oriental doctrine. The method is not a cacique method. By no means can it harmonize with the cacique scheme.

“We do not desire to adopt an American ideal,” they re-

peated. "We desire to develop our own national genius, and to do it in our own way. We are impassioned Filipino patriots."

Meantime the one great hope that at first had sustained their courage was fading fast.

They really had believed, and had desperately clung to the belief, that the plague come upon them would soon pass away.

Why not? This Governor-General, unlike his predecessor, was a poor man. His pay as Governor-General would barely meet his expenses however quietly he might run his house. And they knew from their own sources that more than one tempting offer invited him elsewhere. Unlike his predecessor, again, he was a man of prominence in world affairs, and had much to lose and nothing to gain from the little dignity of governing their Islands. He had been sent out, so they believed, to remove him from the sight and thought of the American electorate. And he would remain only till his own political flair indicated return to the political field.

"Six months," they had guessed, "a year at most, and we shall be rid of him."

But six months had passed—the year of their utmost margin—and yet money and place, the two irresistibles, failed to do their work. Still he sat tight—this discomfiting presence—and showed no sign of quitting.

And he said such mannerless, heart-breaking things as:

"The lid is down on the Treasury Box. Free and unsecured circulation of public funds among political friends is *finished*."

"Tyrant! Iron-fisted militarist! We are a proud people, and he hurts our sensibilities," they complained—"we are idealistic. Our poets' souls cannot endure rough American manners."

And far away in Washington Representative Cooper of Wisconsin wept over their sorrows, while somebody else read yards of resolutions in the sacred name of the Spirit of '76.

Moreover, aside from his interference with the purse-strings,



they saw the foreign oppressor more and more going out into the provinces—out among the taos, whom no politico ever visits except to crack the whip—out among the masses of the people in their remotest places. They observed that each time he returned he brought some fresh annoyance, saying to the Director of the Bureau of Lands:

“Here. See what I have found.”

Or to the Secretary of Justice:

“Wake up! Get busy!”

And they saw that, with it all, and despite every obstacle they could put in his path, he was gradually reaching out for the reins—gradually resuming for the United States Government more and more of its self-elected duty to see that the Philippine Government was run, not for the benefit of a small oligarchy, but for the benefit of the whole people.

In brief, he was gaining too much ground, this present-day American Governor-General. And the time had come when they, the cacique leaders, must act. They must either turn to, follow the American's lead and work on the job with him, or else they must fight. And, to aid their realization of this fact, spurring words had come from America, whence their agents warned them that peace with the Governor-General was poor strategy, and that war must be openly proclaimed and shouted across the ocean if they wished to retain for themselves an American backing.

Thus Mr. Charles Edward Russell, in Washington, wrote Mr. Teodoro M. Kalaw, Executive Secretary of the Independence Commission in Manila, pointing out the dangers of quiet acquiescence.

“. . . It is the worst possible tactics,” he said. “. . . The inevitable conclusion is that Manila does not care much for independence. The belief that independence is not really desired in the Philippines is by far the greatest obstacle we have to encounter. . . . If independence is to be won it will have to be soon. . . . The [American] people alone can give you independence. It cannot be bestowed by presidents, Gover-

nors-General or even by Congress. The people alone will decide. . . . A few years from now they will wake up . . . and then you can whistle for independence.<sup>1</sup>

With such nervous warnings in their ears, with the Government businesses threatened, with the tap shut off in the bank, with the malady spreading to the provinces, and with the author of all these curses apparently a fixture in his seat—obviously the Big Caciques could sit no longer inactive. They must mount the red flag.

This decision made, all that was needed was a catchword—a Crisis. But a reasonable Crisis, to a Caucasian point of view, might have seemed at the moment somewhat hard to dig up.

The thing was done, however, and done with some cleverness. This is the story:—

Ray Conley, American, was an ex-soldier of the U. S. Army, "honourably discharged, character excellent." For many years, since the Spanish War, he had served on the Manila police force as chief of the vice squad. And he had developed a capacity amounting almost to genius in the pursuit of gamblers and dealers in opium.

Now, the Filipino is a gambler—a gambler down to his toes. And opium smuggling is a profitable business. Certain gestures may be made to save the face of the Law; but really to interfere in either gambling or opium smuggling interests is a serious matter in the Philippine Islands.

Conley, however, enjoyed his job. The double risks of it, and the matching of his Western wits against the wits of the massed Orientals, lured him. The life of his life was to catch some prominent politico red-handed. And, when he was about to launch a particularly difficult or spectacular raid, he was very likely to send a hint to the American newspaper men. Whereby, whatever the authorities might do and did do in hushing the matter up, certain unhushable witnesses to the facts were likely to remain available.

<sup>1</sup> Published in the *Philippines Herald*, February 5, 1923.

So Ray Conley, American, chief of the vice squad, became a well-known, much feared and much hated man. And, during many years, those whom his labours annoyed tried in concert to win free of him.

Then came a day, in the autumn of 1921, when Conley, in raiding a notorious Manila gambling house, found among his prisoners four Filipino ladies, wives of truly prominent citizens. The four gave fictitious names, and were immediately released from arrest by special order of the Acting Chief of Police, a Filipino. But their identity is a matter of knowledge.

From that moment attacks upon Conley in the native press became open and virulent. He was making gambling unprofitable. And so before long the man himself was arrested—on charge of taking bribes from a Chinaman.

The case against Conley was childishy invented. The Mayor of Manila—none other by the way than Director Ramon J. Fernandez of the National Bank—and the Secretary of the Interior, Filipinos both, appeared in court as chief witnesses against the accused. But their evidence on the stand was embarrassingly flimsy. And the other chief witnesses were members of the criminal class who had, themselves, been convicted of crimes and misdemeanours principally through the activities of Officer Conley.

The whole case, in fact, was so palpably a frame-up that the judge, a Filipino, threw it out of court.

Meantime, at the personal requests of Mayor Fernandez and of the Secretary of the Interior, Governor-General Wood had suspended Conley from duty. Now, on his acquittal, he was, of course, immediately reinstated. But hardly had he got to work when he was again arrested on similar charges similarly sustained. And again, on motion of the Prosecuting Attorney, a Filipino, the court threw out the case.

In fact, there was no case.

Now, while every native paper in the Islands furiously called for Conley's head, the Mayor of Manila and the Secretary of the Interior once more appeared before Governor-

General Wood demanding opportunity to lay hold upon Conley directly.

"No, Mr. Mayor. No, Mr. Secretary," said the Governor-General. "You have disqualified yourselves. You can't sit in judgment on a man whom you yourselves have already denounced in court as guilty. I will, however, order an administrative investigation by an unprejudiced board, and if Conley is convicted he shall be punished to the extent of the law. But if he is cleared, he will be restored to duty."

"Of course," said Mayor Fernandez. "Of course," said the Secretary of the Interior, "if the man is exonerated, we shall, as your Excellency says, promptly restore him to duty."

The Governor-General accordingly appointed an investigating board, consisting of the Director of Civil Service and the Under-Secretary of Justice, Filipinos both, plus an American Colonel of Constabulary. This board, after careful examination, also exonerated Conley and recommended his reinstatement.

But Mayor Fernandez and the Secretary of the Interior made no move to keep their pledge.

Then the Chief of Police rose up. "My man is being persecuted," he protested. "How can I run a police department if such things happen!" And he went to the Governor-General for relief.

On July 12th, the Governor-General, as a reminder of a pledge unfulfilled, sent to the Secretary of the Interior a copy of the Investigating Board's recommendation for Conley's restoration to duty. On July 13th, the Secretary of Interior endorsed the papers to the Mayor for action, resigned his office and left town.

Receiving the document, the Mayor of Manila also resigned his office and also left town—without, however, reinstating Officer Conley.

As a result of these two self-erasures, no official remained between the Governor-General and the Chief of Police. On

July 14th, therefore, upon order of the Governor-General, the Chief of Police reinstated his man.

Two days later Conley resigned and the Governor-General accepted his resignation.

But on July 15th, the day after Conley's reinstatement, the Filipino members of the Council of State—being the President of the Senate, Mr. Quezon; the Speaker of the House, Mr. Roxas, and the Departmental Heads—served His Excellency, the Governor-General, with an ultimatum:

If he accepted the resignations of the Secretary of the Interior and the Mayor of Manila, so they declared, they, the Council of State would all resign—every single one.

"Say to these gentlemen," replied His Excellency in effect, "that I should be very glad to have the Secretary of the Interior and Mayor Fernandez reconsider their stand, and will give them to that end twenty-four hours."

Indeed, he went farther than that. Tempering the wind to their sensitive self-esteem, he offered to permit the Mayor and the Secretary of the Interior to withdraw their resignations bare of comment, statement or apology. Calling in the members of the Council of State, without heat and with enduring patience he reasoned and explained to them, still deferring the hour of action. For in action itself he could have no choice. To permit them their point—to agree that an American Executive must never intervene in Departmental matters—would be to permit one more move in the game of jockeying America into a position of responsibility without authority.

But the Big Caciques had need of an impossible situation. For they had need of war. Therefore they stood firm on grounds that Judge Sumulong, "the brain of the opposition," did not hesitate to describe as "fictitious, artificial, ridiculous and frivolous." And late at night on the 17th of July—one day after Conley's resignation had been accepted—back they all filed into Malacañan to present their joint resignation.

The "crisis" had come at last.

"Your plans have been deliberately made," said His Excellency, "and your action is in the character of a challenge and a threat which I cannot ignore. I regret exceedingly this occurrence. . . . It means an abandonment of your posts and obligations at a time of great responsibility, on alleged issues unsupported by evidence and unworthy the attention of serious-minded men.

"I accept your resignations."

So then they all bowed themselves out and there was an end of it.

But next day the ex-secretaries began individually to lament. "We didn't want to resign," they assured their private friends who passed it on. "We never expected it to happen. Quezon told us again and again that there was no risk—that General Wood never would dare to accept our resignations—that he couldn't govern without us. We had 12,000 pesos a year and an automobile apiece—and good jobs. We have been getting on splendidly. The Governor-General never disapproved any of our acts or recommendations. He never even inspected our offices in person. He just showed us the general policy of what to do, and left us to study out our own way of doing it. What he asked was results. We were learning a great deal. He never sent a bill to the Legislature concerning any of our departments without working it well out first with the secretary concerned. We didn't want to resign, but Quezon was set on it for his own sake. He forced us to resign. He and Roxas didn't sacrifice one cent by their move. They only resigned as members of the Council of State, which office carries no remuneration, not as President of the Senate and Speaker of the House. We Secretaries are the ones that had to bite off our own noses to please him. But Quezon always thinks only of his own ambitions. And we have got to live here under him, maybe. If we rebelled and America went away, we should be doomed men."

All of the foregoing paragraph will be categorically denied by the ex-officials concerned, unless in most confidential state-

ment. From their standpoint, they say, they must deny it. Privately they admit it. Allowing for variance of words, not of sense, it is true of every single one of them.

And their dismay was none the less genuine when their disappearance made no hole except in their own fortunes. For the under-secretaries immediately stepped in as departmental heads and departmental work continued as smoothly as before. The Council of State remained unchanged, except in individual personnel and in the disappearance from the table of Messrs. Quezon and Roxas. Now a Council of Secretaries, it functions exactly as did the old Council of State, whose duties it has duly performed without interruption.

The Governor-General's entire action in the affair was taken with the full knowledge and adhesion of the Director of Civil Service—a Filipino.

The story above narrated gives the precise facts in the Conley case. In them the tale the politicians tell is not to be recognized.

And the matter is here detailed at length so great simply because it has been characterized in America, where it was never understood, as "a trifling incident concerning an obscure city detective in which General Wood officiously meddled."

On this it is fair to comment that no attempt to terrorize a police officer from the pursuit of duty will ever be rated as "trifling" by an honest Executive; and that no man's obscurity can diminish his claim to justice and to the protection of the law.

But, beyond the question of right and justice, another feature in the "Conley Case" forbade America's representative to pass it lightly by:

The Jones Bill, in Section 21, provides:

That the supreme executive power shall be vested in . . . the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands . . . [who] shall have general supervision and control of all the departments and bureaus of the Government . . .

Mr. Harrison acquiescing, the Philippine Legislature had later enacted measures directly defying the United States law just quoted. To these Mr. Quezon frankly pointed as "legislation meant by the Wood-Forbes Commission 'diminishing, limiting or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General' under the Jones Law, and which said Mission wanted to have Congress declare null and void."

But, Mr. Quezon continued, "that legislation was duly reported to the Congress of the United States, which failed or refused to exercise its power and authority to annul the same. It is, therefore, in our statute books with the implied sanction of Congress."<sup>2</sup>

And Senator Sergio Osmeña drew an undeniably logical conclusion when he wrote.<sup>3</sup>

"Although President Harding [by his inaction thereon] disapproved the recommendation of the Wood-Forbes Mission in regard to the Jones Law, yet he appointed General Wood to be governor-general" . . . pointing out the confusion that must arise from the assumed opposition of ideas between the President and his Administrator.

Launched from the ground just indicated, the Big Caciques now attacked, swinging their "Conley Case" as a weapon. It was "the culmination of a series of abuses" they declared. No American Governor-General had the right to review any action of any Filipino Department Secretary. Governor-General Wood had exceeded his authority—in fact, had no authority in any Department. The word of the Secretaries must be final, Jones Bill to the contrary notwithstanding. These things they laid flat down as charges preferred.

The policy of the Big Caciques was now reduced to one premise and one conclusion:

Governor-General Wood blocked the way of their personal ambitions, since they could make no farther inroads upon Amer-

<sup>2</sup> *The National Forum*, Manila, November, 1923, p. 64.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, October, 1923, p. 56.



ican sovereignty, no farther inroads upon public funds and resources, while he remained in office.

Therefore, Governor-General Wood must go.

And, to that end, from that hour, every act and every energy of the Big Caciques has been bent.

*"Wood must go!"* says Mr. Quezon—and has said it so hard and so often that his own words have become his master.

"It is knife to the hilt with him," comment his quiet compatriots from the side-line. "He has staked his all on this and cannot go back. He made the last Governor-General and ruled him. Now if he can unmake this one, his name will be great among us."

"Whereas, if he can't—he is finished."

## *Chapter XIII*

### THE LITTLE YACHT "APO"

So now the war was on—war on two fronts—the Philippines and America.

And it was a device called the Independence Fund that made both campaigns the more picturesque.

The Act creating the Independence Fund was one of the later fruits of Mr. Harrison's rule, drafted in view of the possibility that his successors in office might prove less shy of the veto than was he. This Act appropriated five hundred thousand dollars of public money "to defray the expenses of the Independence Commission including publicity and all other expenses in connection with the performance of its duties." And it provided that this credit continue automatically from year to year, "although the appropriation acts hereafter approved may not make any specific appropriation for said purpose."

In enjoyment of means so elastic, successive parties of politicians made excursions to Washington as special advocates of the independence of the Islands. They entertained a good deal. They were interested in a Philippine Press Bureau, which, under guidance of a well-paid American ex-Congressman, gathered and sent out to a free mailing list all sorts of attacks upon American administration and authority, all sorts of tales not too scrupulously exact as to events and opinions in the Islands. And they, the Independence Commissioners, personally drew from the Independence Fund such sums on account of salary, entertainment and travelling expenses as would have made their stay-at-home brothers sit up and stare had the figures been published in their cognizance.

But their expenditures were jealously guarded from home inquiry.

And so, naturally enough, Manila saw an annual stampede for appointment to that commission. To be able to pocket, like Commissioner Roxas, \$112.50, gold, a day, clear; to be able to set down \$560, gold, for one dinner—and not be asked for the names of one's guests; to be able to turn in any expense figures, sure of reimbursement without parley—are such things to be scoffed at?

Men did not scoff. They scrambled.

The Independence Commissioner to Washington, you see, drew very considerably more than twice the pay of the Governor-General of the Islands.

Also, in Washington they had all the fun of delivering a rear attack upon the Governor-General's reputation; in which movement they were supported, in Congress and out, by American politicians of available quality.

Every bit of venom afloat, every scrap of rumour or gossip, from whatever obscure corner, every snarl of party backbiters, their American ex-congressman's "bulletin" set forth in striking dress, ready to be clipped and inserted in American country papers looking for copy. And then, from the *Gluetown Goblet* or the *Smith City Smudge* these were gleaned again, redressed, and sent back to Manila as indices of American public opinion.

And ever out of the fund, trickling easily, came any sort of persuader, any sort of inducement, that any delicate matters might need, to further accomplishment in any delicate direction on either side of the Pacific Ocean. The terms of the Appropriating Act were, as has been said, most discreet. You could invite anybody "to dinner."

Meantime, some of the Americans in the Islands began to discuss the matter somewhat as follows:

"Where does this 'Independence Fund' come from?"

"Appropriation from the revenues of the Insular Government."

"Where do the revenues of the Insular Government come from?"

"Taxes on business for the most part."

"Who pays these taxes?"

"In view of the way in which Insular Government accounts are kept since Filipinization, it is almost impossible to get real figures on any subject. But no one disputes that, at the lowest estimate, between 70 and 80 per cent of the taxes are paid by 'Americans and other foreigners'; or that at least 90 per cent of all retail and semi-retail trade is done by the Chinese."

"Do these 'Americans and other foreigners' here doing business want to see these Islands push off from America and set up an Independent Government?"

"They say not. They want peace."

"Well, anyway, it is illegal and seditious to lay hands on public funds, built up from everybody's taxes, and to use them as a weapon against existing government. Or, if it isn't illegal then something's wrong with the law."

The politicians' campaign in the Islands took the form of blockading tactics in the Legislature, and of destructive attempts upon American prestige everywhere. Of constructive legislation, as involving major policies of government, little if any lies to the credit of the Legislatures following the "crisis." On the other hand, more than a few measures were introduced simply for the purpose of drawing a veto, in order to accumulate grounds for pointing to the Governor-General's "autocratic" methods.

To describe these in detail would be burdensome. To choose among them is difficult. So one may as well start anywhere.

Take, then, the appropriation bill of 1923, as an example.

With curious frankness, the politicians spoke of their intent to pass that bill in exact accord with the Governor-General's budget, excepting one thing:—They would curtail the support of his own office. Among other impossible losses, he would be

deprived of his cable clerk and of the use of the Executive yacht, the *Apo*.

Thus he would be forced into the awkward necessity of approving the body of the bill, while vetoing that which struck at him personally.

Meantime, they carried on, in the press, the necessary accompaniment of talk about "Wood's Fishing Parties," and the reckless squandering of taxpayers' money upon luxury afloat, until the *Apo* seemed a sort of golden barge on which a tyrant sybarite was wont to flee the duties of his place.

Now the responsible Executive of an archipelago numbering twenty-seven hundred inhabited islands, scattered over a sea area above a thousand by six hundred and fifty miles square has real need of transportation at his personal command—has real need of some craft not already committed to schedule service.

Such a craft is the modest little *Apo*. Fitted up with an office into which the desk-work of the day is bodily transferred, the *Apo* often puts to sea on a half-hour's notice. And the Governor-General, at his desk in his cabin, pursuing his tasks with scarcely a break, will have put a mass of finished work behind him before the first anchorage. Rarely or never does he go on such trips without taking Filipino officials as guests. And it is precisely in this manner that some of them have first learned the geography of their own islands, or have first seen any soil other than that of their own particular island of Luzon.

It was in the period of "the Crisis," however, that the Big Caciques themselves began to voyage about a bit among the Islands, showing themselves, talking anti-America, and explaining to the rural masses that if once they could be rid of the foreign heel upon their necks, they would never have to work any more, but would all bask tax-free, rich and happy. "That," they said, "is the meaning of Independence! Who is for Independence?"

Everybody.

"Get rid of America!" they declaimed. "Get rid of Wood! Our Philippines for the Filipinos! Follow *us*, your leaders."

And then, as a sort of rainbow pledge of joys to come—a sort of celebration of their visit—declared on their own authority that the Philippine Legislature would remit the penalty on unpaid land taxes, would vote a largess for immediate distribution; would vote a Calamity Fund, let it be called, since, even by the feeblest imagination, suitable calamities can always be discovered.

So therefore, "An Act to appropriate the Sum of \$50,000 for the Relief of Indigent Sufferers from Public Calamities" <sup>1</sup> was introduced in the Assembly, while the Senate brought forth "An Act Remitting the Penalty of the Land Tax in the Philippine Islands for the Year 1923." <sup>2</sup>

Meantime, speakers in both houses, together with the politico press, played proper instrumental accompaniments on the theme of catastrophic typhoons and other alleged visitations of Providence that had "prostrated the people," leaving no recourse from starvation save to a parental Government's purse.

And it was exactly illustrative of the annoying habits of the *Apo* that, late one night, the little white yacht slid out from her place in Manila Bay, carrying the Governor-General on an unheralded trip to inspect the "calamitous" provinces.

For the Jones Law—in this instance again mocked by the politicians—rules concerning America's representative in the Islands, that

he is hereby vested with the exclusive power . . . to remit fines and forfeitures and may veto any legislation enacted . . . <sup>3</sup>

Again and again has the present Governor-General exerted that power, extending time of payment without penalty wherever conditions have warranted it. But, to be by law the "exclusive" authority, implies a duty to know conditions before acting.

<sup>1</sup> House Bill, No. 875.    <sup>2</sup> Senate Bill, No. 216.    <sup>3</sup> *Jones Bill*, section 21.

The conditions of the provinces, as the *Apo* visited them, left no room for doubt. Typhoons? Yes, there had been typhoons. Each year brings typhoons. Typhoons are what weather is made of. But not a sign could be found of special necessity.

The sole new feature, anywhere, was taos bowed in sorrow over the fact that they had paid their 1923 taxes. They had done it, of course, because otherwise they would be dispossessed of their lands by the local caciques. But now, it seemed, no one who had not already paid need bother his head about penalties for non-payment. Why had they paid, then, since the money wasn't needed! Was it a mistake?

The whole thing, in brief, was a farce—the kind of farce that the Islands are full of. The "calamities," such as they were, had occurred only in the course of nature and within a very small area. And yet they were to serve as excuse for postponing payment of the land taxes of the entire archipelago.

As if, a late frost having damaged the gooseberry crop in Genesee County, all tax penalties should, therefore, be remitted in the State of New York.

Again, over all the archipelago, in whatever direction, such taxes as remained unpaid were the taxes, not of the poor people, but of the caciques.

"For Heaven's sake, *don't* remit!" said one provincial governor. "They've all paid here but the rich men. It's hard enough to get our people to pay taxes, at best. Don't go spoil what little habit is forming!"

"The only delinquent taxpayers here," said the treasurer of another province, "are the chief politicians—the large land owners."

"America is a joke," this thing told the country. "We, the Big Caciques, tie her laws into bow-knots and make and break her Governor-Generals as suits us. The *purse-strings are ours*, please observe. Pick your winners."

The bill remitting penalties for non-payments of the land tax, as passed by the Philippine Legislature and presented for

Executive signature, carried no reason, set forth no justifying cause. Unashamed and brief, it baldly said, "remit."

The Governor-General vetoed it; vetoed the Calamity bill as well.

And then, first doubling the amount of the Calamity fund, the Legislature passed both bills over his veto.

Again, the Jones Law rules that any act of the Philippine Legislature re-passed over a Governor-General's veto shall go to the President of the United States, who may either annul or approve it; and that if the President, for six months thereafter, does nothing, the act automatically becomes law, "the same as if it had been specially approved."

Meanwhile the little yacht *Apo*, in spite of the budget that cut off her provender, kept moving. For the Jones Law, provides that:

"The Governor-General shall have the power to veto any particular item or items of an appropriation bill, but the veto shall not effect the item or items to which he does not object." And further provides that, when, at the end of a fiscal year, an appropriation necessary for Government support for the year to come has not been made, the sum named for that purpose in the preceding appropriation bill shall be deemed re-appropriated.

These two provisions saved the *Apo* to the people's use, and, incidentally, produced many a curious picture. For example:

It was one day late in March, 1924, that the *Apo* slid up the little-known coast of Palawan Island and dropped anchor at Puerto Princesa, the capital of the province, a place of less than 6,000 inhabitants.

Now it is Governor-General Wood's custom, on such inspection trips, to open proceedings by a rapid survey of the presidencia, the schools, the hospital, if any, and the jail, these points presenting some index of local conditions. And it was in the presidencia of Puerto Princesa that he came, this



March morning, upon something that excited his interest. Looking over the mortality records he saw that "a pagan" had recently been killed, in Puerto Princesa itself, by a fall from a tree.

"What," His Excellency desired to know, "was a pagan—a wild, shy, inland man—doing up a tree in this coast-town of Puerto Princesa? And, granted the pagan up the tree, how did that pagan—a creature as much at home in trees as a monkey—how did that pagan manage to fall? And fall so hard as to kill himself? Kindly explain."

"Oh"—ran the explanation—"the tree was a cocoanut tree. The pagan was sent up to gather cocoanuts. He fell, and so hard, because he had chains on his legs."

*"Chains on his legs! Why?"*

"Because he was a prisoner."

"So you send men in irons up trees to work? Why was he imprisoned?"

Then came forth the tale—a headless, footless tale—a typical tale of some sort of loss or accusation of loss—some violence of which no one had any clear idea either as to aggression or as to aggressors, in connection with which forty pagans had been dragged down out of the hinterland and imprisoned in Puerto Princesa jail.

A provincial jail, by the way, is a good place to park cheap labour.

The Governor-General proceeded to the jail and to business. Nor did he stop till the thirty-nine pagans stood before him. All wore heavy chains. All were as helplessly ignorant of the cause and meaning of their fate as so many paroquets. And all had been prisoners, in chains, "awaiting trial" since the sixteenth of the preceding November. Court would not sit until the middle of the following April.

Certain radical changes, as may easily be believed, started on the spot. Certain simple elucidations of points of decency, law, and human rights, all news to Puerto Princesa. Also, a

criminal investigation was ordered, to determine just who, in terms of brass tacks, was responsible for condemning a shackled prisoner to death by a fall from a cocoanut tree.

Beyond reasonable doubt things are this moment afoot in Palawan, in Puerto Princesa, as in hundreds of towns in the islands, every whit the equal of the tale just told. Its main significance, after all, is as a symptom. But if that day's brusque awakening made succeeding slumber one hair's breadth less profound, much was accomplished.

In another provincial capital the Governor-General, unexpectedly appearing one day in the midst of a torrential rain, betook himself straight to the hospital. As he was about to enter the building, he noticed a little heap of something that moaned, lying in a pool of water in the open yard. A ragged blanket covered it over. The General, stooping, lifted the blanket and looked beneath.

Straightening again, with an unmoved face, he said to the dapper little hospital chief then scurrying forward to greet him.

"Doctor, why is this poor old woman lying here in the wet?"

"Because, Your Excellency," the Filipino explained, not too happily, "she has an unpleasant disease, so that it is not agreeable to have her in the wards, and we have no other place to put her."

"But you have a single room for women here," rejoined the visitor. "Why did you not use that?"

"Ah—to be sure, yes. Your Excellency's memory is remarkable indeed! But that room is not in order at present. It is quite unusable—unsanitary—out of repair."

"I think it must be better than bare ground, in the wind and the rain, any way. Let's go have a look." And without waiting to be led, off strode the General, into the hospital building, and straight away to the door of that single room that he remembered from his last visit, a year before.

Inside, amidst conditions of special ease, a sleek young mestizo cacique sprawled upon a comfortable bed, while a friend

sat by his side, rolling cigarettes. The youth on the bed was a provincial official supposed to be in jail awaiting trial for mis-handling public funds.

It was again as an incident of an inspection voyage among the Islands that Governor-General Wood, giving no intimation of his intention, no chance for preparations to be made, walked in upon a roomful of lepers, male and female, herded together for future disposition. The room was small, and packed full. And the condition of its occupants told its own awful tale. For a moment General Wood stood in the doorway in silent pity looking at them, while they, uncomprehending, stared dully back. Then, with a shriek, a young girl, pushing forward from among the mass, threw herself at his feet, pouring out a stream of Spanish, imploring, sobbing—then springing erect to stand with arms cast wide.

"Look, sir," she cried, "I am no leper. In the name of our merciful God, Who sent you, *look!*"

The child in very truth was clean and whole—a pretty, delicate creature. Yet for weeks she had been shut up in closest contact with these huddled victims of the Terror of the Ages, awaiting permanent consignment to their fate.

Her father, you see, had dared to oppose the head politico of the town. This was the revenge of the cacique. It will help to an understanding of the fact that under a Filipinized Government few men dare give their names to any protest against things as they are.

But it is precisely surprises like these—inconvenient, unconventional, widely spread, very often repeated—that have given General Wood the reputation of "militaristic imperialism." Not long ago the provincial officials in a certain place through which he was passing gave a banquet in the second story of the presidencia. It was a fine banquet, with much food and many speeches, mostly about Immediate Independence, Abraham Lincoln, and Philippines for the Filipinos. At the end the Governor-General gave another exhibition of "lack of tact."

As the party descended the stairway, he stopped and said: "Gentlemen, I do not know how many of you know what is beneath this stair, but I looked in, on my arrival, and now I should like you to do the same. It is part of the more immediate business of your province."

Underneath that stair, in a small stone cell, chained each to the floor, were a middle-aged woman and a young man. Both were naked, or nearly so. The one was melancholy-mad, the other merry-frantic. The floor lay deep in human excrement.

Such, a few years ago, was the general condition of the insane in the Philippines. Such it widely remained, when Governor-General Wood took office. In the very capital city itself, in the hospital of San Lazaro, conditions were very closely comparable to those in that same cell beneath the presidencia stairs.

A disgrace to twenty-one years of American government?

Ah—but remember that the first five American Governors had all the customs, all the inertia of the age-long past with which to battle in every field. Remember, too, that the sixth American Governor put his seven years of opportunity into undoing his predecessors' accomplishments. And it is slower work dragging things up hill than pushing them down.

## Chapter XIV

“UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!”

THE Filipinos are probably more seriously afflicted with leprosy than are any other people in the world. Official records show approximately one leper to every 2,000 of the population. Given such a basis of proportion, we in America would have half a million lepers. Whereas, for all our accessions from beyond seas, we have fewer than one thousand victims of this horror of all time.

Before America came to the Islands, no systematic plan existed there for attempting eradication of the disease. Under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, a number of leper hospitals had been started, notably in Manila and in Cebu, but these at best could only feed the hungry, as a charity, and rather spread the malady than controlled it.

So the great bulk of the sick—some ten thousand in number—went at large all over the Islands.

Some lay hidden in the houses of their relatives. Some roamed the village streets, wailing their woes and mingling with the common life at the wells, in the food-markets, in the fiesta crowds. Some, stoned by the people and driven out from their barrios, gathered in ghastly companies on barren sandbars in the sea. Some haunted forests on the skirts of habitations, fed, if they were fed at all, by uncertain doles of rice and rotten fish left within their reach by givers who fled with averted face once they had set their burdens down.

This was as America found it. And our first or military Government, recognizing the necessity of attacking the job, selected the Island of Culion as the site of a future leper colony. But the Augean Stables were not cleaned with one

sweep of the shovel, and some years passed before this particular task met its turn.

To-day Culion is the largest leper colony in the world. And to one man—Dr. Victor G. Heiser—belongs the full credit of its upbuilding.

As Commissioner of Public Health for the Philippines, Dr. Heiser appointed himself to this appalling task. Himself he executed it—and as long as it remained in his control it challenged the world's admiration.

As a first step, he bought out the property rights of such residents as were found on Culion, removing the people to the neighbouring island of Busuanga. Then he laid out and built a fine-looking modern town, suitable to the comfort of a people who must live long lives and die slow deaths within its boundaries. He installed a sanitary sewage scheme, a proper water supply, a lighting system, built a commodious hospital, churches, a community centre, plazas, a post office, and even made a currency peculiar to the colony, not to circulate elsewhere.

Then, when the place neared readiness, he photographed its many pleasant aspects, showing what it was—a light in the darkness of native town-building—and sent doctors abroad in the land to lecture to the people, with the pictures to prove their words. This was in 1906-7.

At that time no one knew how many lepers the Islands contained, but only that the curse, open or secret, was interwoven throughout the body social, with filaments everywhere.

So the doctors travelled and talked, showing their assuring pictures and explaining to the people the terrible dangers to themselves of living with the sick, the advantage to the communities of isolating the sufferers, the advantage to the sufferers themselves of living in such conditions as Culion offered. And then, when interest had to some degree been aroused—when some promise of co-operation had been obtained from local authorities, and when the devoted French

nuns who immediately volunteered for service were installed—Dr. Heiser sent out a boat to collect his patients.

But on the first trip, the seamen in a body—Americans and Filipinos alike—deserted ship. The sights they met were too grim, the dangers they ran too great. Used though they were to seeing the thing in their daily lives, this concentration of horror passed their strength. In a bunch they quit, and not one man of them could be coaxed or bribed to return to his berth.

"All right, I'll go myself," said Dr. Heiser, "but I can't run the boat single-handed. Who's got the grit to help?"

Then up spoke Captain Hillgrove, Maine Yankee, good old sailorman. "Doc, I'll see you through," said he.

"Me too," said Sawyer, Hillgrove's American engineer.

So three good men with their teeth set worked the job—till a few gained courage to follow them.

From port to port they steamed, the leader persuading, explaining, gradually filling the little craft with the boldest or the most rebellious against a fearful fate.

To quote Dr. Heiser's own words, as he wrote five years later: <sup>1</sup>

By 1908 at least one collection of lepers had been made all over the archipelago, and in many provinces a number of collections had been made; but there were necessarily quite a number [of the sick] who escaped the early collections and went into hiding, and also a considerable number who were in the incubation period of the disease, from infection which they had probably received through their association with cases of leprosy. So that cases still come to notice, and these, as soon as discovered, are isolated, and, at frequent intervals each year, are transferred to Culion. . . . It is roughly estimated that there were formerly at least 1200 new cases of leprosy contracted each year, and it is believed that now, with the lessened opportunities of infection, . . . at least 600 persons are being saved annually from contracting this most loathsome disease; that this number remain as useful members of society instead of being a burden upon the public during the remainder of their existence.

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Victor G. Heiser, "Sanitation in the Philippines," *Journal of Race Development*, Vol. III, No. 2, October, 1912.

Dr. Heiser omitted to say, however, that he himself made all these collecting trips, in person gathering his patients. He was giving a life term, you see, to every man, woman and child whom he took, and the possibilities of trouble in the wrenching apart of families and friends, the possibility of mistakes in diagnosis, and the possibilities of attempts at false commitments through ill-will were great.

So, quite simply, he shouldered the whole work.

And, in handling these pitiful people in the painstaking way he did, he exposed himself to the sickness to an extent that might easily have meant the ultimate sacrifice.

Or, were further testimony needed as to the spirit and manner of Dr. Heiser's service, it would be found in the fact that never in all his journeys of collecting did the people resist him. Not once did he need to use force or to ask the Constabulary's aid.

As to the life that he had devised for them in the town that he had built for their occupation, the like of it had never been seen. A corps of doctors and nurses was constantly on duty there, and the study of the ailment as well as the care of the patients went steadily forward. But aside from that, the people enjoyed a degree of freedom and well-being unheard-of before.

For their friend made them self-ruling. He set over them no guards of any kind. He gave them the government of their own town. They elected their own officials, and they made, themselves, the laws under which they lived. Thus while, on the one hand, Culion relieved the whole people of the archipelago from the danger of contact with the sick, on the other it gave to the leper a real home. In Culion he was no longer an outcast, but a welcome and competent citizen, busy about natural and productive pursuits or congenial pleasures. He planted his garden, studied music, kept a shop, taught school, made useful articles to sell to his neighbours. He lived the life of a normal man.

Meantime, the abysmal ignorance of the general populace



of the Islands together with their childlike superstition, presented to such salvage work the same resistance that such elements always oppose to any upward change. It is as if some inexorable process of evolution would refuse to be set aside by any act of the genius of man.

And so, while Americans at home played bridge or golf or the stockmarket, while Americans from yachts and liners visited the spotless temples of Japan, or Hongkong's lovely avenues, or sat in the Manila Hotel talking theory with Filipino ladies with American college educations and butterfly sleeves, the actual life of this our American dependency ran along beside it all—beside, and yet two thousand years apart.

Countless tales—tales from each house, in each barrio, each hour of each day, each year, might illustrate the fact. Take one:

From a certain town great news came forth.

The Christ had appeared. In His Very Person had been seen, first of few and then of many.

So that no man, woman or child in all those parts took thought of any other thing, but all, in wide and wider circles, as word passed from mouth to mouth, dropped their concerns, hastening to the spot where the Blessed Presence might be witnessed.

The whole countryside was moving. Its whole people was stirred to the depths.

To one man alone the miracle had first been revealed—a hunter, afoot in the forest before the dawn. He, silent, crouching, hidden in the undergrowth, the better to watch a water-hole—for it was dry time, and the animals travelled far to drink—he, the hunter, first saw the Vision of the Lord.

It came in that grey dimness that foreruns the light—the hour of cold and stillness, when seconds are numbered till the whole of nature stirs. The hunter, from his hiding, watched the leaden surface of the pool—watched rather the reeds and big-leaved plants that hung above it faintly lifting in the wind.

Suddenly he raised his gun—softly, softly—for meat was scarce—he could not miss his shot—and the big leaves were stirring now with something more persistent than the wind. He half rose from his haunches, while his finger twitched the trigger back—and then, just in time to be saved the Unimaginable Sin, his eyes were opened, and he saw.

Saw a figure as of a man—yet not a man, but shadowy, semi-translucent, as of ethereal stuff—saw it part the big leaves, come out through the bowing reeds—descend into the little pool and bathe. And then, just as the first ray of the sun shot through the forest, the witness saw it arise again from the water, and, lo—no longer shadowy, but shining white—all glistening.

And so, all glistening, did it disappear, in silence, as it had come.

The hunter, as soon as his limbs would carry him, ran back to his barrio with the story. That night five neighbours returned with him to the forest, and, from as far away as they could see the water-hole, awaited the hour.

Their reward was great. For they, too, saw the Vision, exactly as their companion had done.

"It is the Christ!" they whispered, and, having prayed, themselves descended to the sacred pool and bathed.

Then they went home and told their world. Thereafter each night some chosen few lay awaiting the vision that always came with dawn. And each day, all day, hundreds bathed in that little pool, stirring the water till it was thick, crowding it full—while the fame of it spread on and on.

On till it reached the ears of a young American constabulary lieutenant of the sort that made the name of the Force. And this young person conceived it to be his duty to look into the case.

So, taking a man or two from his detachment, he repaired to the forest. There, duly hidden, but close beside the spot at which the Vision was wont to descend, he, too, lay still and

watched, though the people, in their far concealment, knew nothing of his presence.

The hour came—and the miracle. Truly enough, in all things as had been told, a shadowy, silent figure, parting the big-leaved plants and the bowing reeds, stepped forth and down, into the pool, and bathed. Then, with the sun, did it rise again, all shining, glistening white, and vanish into the bush.

Yet not this time in silence—for silence fled before a boy's clear ringing laugh and a frightened cry. He had made a dash for the Vision—had that American officer boy—and it had shrieked in fear.

For the Vision was naught but a poor out-cast leper, a brown man like the rest, whose sick flesh, being wet, shone white in the level sun.

With such material had our health officers to deal. Under such dangers from themselves did the people of the Philippines live. Nor has either condition materially changed since our occupation. Twenty-five years of public schools cannot wipe out the inheritance of all time. Yet, measured by the microscope—the clock of ages—there is an advance.

Dr. Heiser, at Culion, built up a great preventive and palliative work. His colony, started with 600 members, grew rapidly, and although the sick still hid and were hidden, to the menace of all the world, yet more and more of them gave themselves up, lured by the comforts of Culion and by the hope of cure.

But there was no cure.

“I have never felt so ashamed and humiliated,” says Dr. Heiser, “as I used to feel when going through that huge leper hospital, unable to give any real hope. I found no record, anywhere, of leprosy cured, not any record of great scientific effort made. The care of lepers, since history began, had always been left to charity. It was high time to set science to work.

“It was then that I heard of chaulmoogra oil, with its sur-

misable possibilities. But the nature of the stuff, as we soon proved, made it practically unassimilable. And, hypodermically given, it would not absorb. So, we called upon a great German firm for aid. They suggested adding ether, or camphor. We added ether. The mixture did absorb—and then, for the first time in the world's ken, came progress."

"But the great difficulty so far," Dr. Heiser continued, "was that it took six months to get results. About this time—1915—I joined the Rockefeller Foundation and went to India. There I found a great Englishman, Sir Leonard Rogers, knighted for his work in dysentery, and asked him to take up our leprosy question.

"'We have found the first rung in the ladder of cure,' I said, 'but we can't, grope as we will, find the second. Help!'

"So Sir Leonard fell to work. And his gift was a cut of the period from six months to three.

"Soon afterward Doctors Hollman and Dean, who were working on leprosy in Honolulu under a Congressional appropriation, made further progress.

"They isolated the ethyl esters and successfully used them in the treatment of leprosy.

"And this is the medicament that is actually curing lepers to-day—one of the most satisfactory achievements in medical discovery.

"I have visited most leper colonies in the world. They used to be heartbreaking. Now, having introduced the treatment in a given place, I come back a few months later to find faces all alight with hope and patients eager and anxious to tell all about it—about when they are getting out of hospital, about what they are going to do with their lives in the world that has been given back to them.

"Of those who contract leprosy henceforth it is reasonable to hope that over 20 per cent may be cured; in over 60 per cent the malady will be so arrested as to disappear clinically; and in the remainder it will go no farther—if it is taken up within the first three or four years of its onset."

## Chapter XV

### THE PRAYER OF THE LIVING DEAD

BUT while these glorious things were shining forth in the broad wide world, down upon the Philippine Islands thick darkness had settled. Harrison had come. Filipinization, sweeping through every branch of public work, was rapidly destroying all that America's science and service had accomplished. And the defenceless victims in Culion must share the doom of the rest. The simple truth of this may be sufficiently illustrated by the case of the Culion children.

It is established, then, that children born of leprous parents not only are born clean, but also grow up clean, if removed from the parents and protected from exposure. In Honolulu, during the entire thirty years of American control, not one child of leprous parentage has developed the disease.

In Culion, as in Honolulu, our practice was to isolate all children so born. And in Culion as in Honolulu, of those so protected not a single child contracted the malady.

Then came Mr. Harrison's régime, general Filipinization, Dr. Heiser's departure and, in Culion as elsewhere, the consequent disregarding or discarding of modern standards. *During this period over three hundred children born in Culion fell victim to the curse.*

All scientific work, whether pathological or alleviative, died down or out, and the legislature that voted "money to burn" into the Philippine National Bank—and freely burned it there—had little indeed to spare to the prisoners of death. In 1918, when Dr. Denny, last American superintendent, gave up his hopeless struggle and left, two physicians constituted

Culion's medical corps, charged with the study and care of nearly 4,000 sick.

Then, March 5, 1921, came the disappearance of Harrison. Two months later the Wood-Forbes Commission, landing in Manila, turned its searchlight on the Islands. And its rays swept the chill of fear into the souls of the caciques, seven fat years care-free. So they actually appropriated \$50,000 for Culion, and sent four of their doctors down to administer the cure.

But service that serves is wont to spring from roots other than fear.

Now, if you stop to look over the main elements in the matter, you get something like this:

Leprosy, from the day that Moses commanded the stricken to cry out "unclean!" has been the loathing and the terror of the world.

Leprosy, for reasons as yet undetermined, spreads more rapidly in some places than in others, and spreads in the Philippines with extreme speed; so that the Filipinos, as has already been stated, suffer more generally from its ravages than do many other recorded people.

Leprosy, so science holds, is transmitted only by contact, and can be utterly stamped out by segregation of the afflicted.

Leprosy can lie dormant and hidden for fifteen years or more after the infection, and, during all that period, can be carried about and transmitted to others by the infected person.

America, at home, receives Filipinos into her schools and colleges, into her domestic service, into many close contacts—receives them freely, and desires so to do. Filipinos and Filipino goods travel freely in all countries by all conveniences. The Philippines are visited by the ships of the world. And the American Government, as holding supreme authority in the Philippines, is responsible to its own American people and to all mankind for safety in these personal contacts and business dealings—for due observance of laws of common weal.

Finally, to American science and devotion, brilliantly aided

by British and by German skill, is due the honour of finding a leprosy cure.

Having then, the authority, the responsibility and the cure, had America a choice but to spring to her task?

Governor-General Wood thought not. When he took office, in the autumn of 1921, fresh pictures lived in his memory, close knowledge in his mind, that forbade a day's delay in going to the rescue of these most friendless of earth's lost. The journeys of the Wood-Forbes Commission had laid bare before him a world of secret pities and of secret threats.

So, he threw himself into the rescue.

Things, then, began to happen fast. By the end of 1921 ethyl esters were being administered to 1,000 Culion patients. Then a Legislature as yet on good behaviour increased the appropriation. In addition the Governor-General levied on the emergency fund. In 1922 Culion's staff rose to eighteen physicians, twenty-one trained nurses besides the always devoted nuns, and several minor members, with over 4,000 cases under the new treatment.

Once a month, at least, the *Apo* carried the Governor-General himself to Culion—a night's journey by sea. There his scientific knowledge, as physician bred, enabled him to give the most intelligent stimulus and support to the pathological and medical work, and his active sympathy with the patients themselves produced a bettering of conditions such as surpassed their experience in a lifetime.

For the first time in years, so they themselves affirm, they slept warm at night, had sufficient clothing to wear, had food enough to keep their hunger down, had real nurses and doctors to look to their pains. For the first time after years during which, they say, they "were forgotten by God and man."

Interesting things—too intimate or too involving, for the most part, to be set down in print—are to be learned of all these matters by conversation with Culion's folk. It was one of the rare saints of the earth—one of those who find happi-

ness in close continuous service of a sort that only divine love could endure, who added this:

"You hear it said that lepers' minds are dulled—that they neither suffer nor are grateful and glad like other people. It is not true. You have only to see their touching greetings to the Governor-General to realize that. They exhaust their powers of expression before him when he comes. They go out to meet him with banners. Again and again they have come to me begging: 'Show us what we can do to make sure that he really knows how much we love and pray him never to go away.'"

And when, in November, 1922, a rumour reached Culion that General Wood was really about to leave the Islands to become head of the University of Pennsylvania, they hurried together their knowledge of English in a long petition of which the following is a part:

We, the undersigned, unfortunate inmates of the Culion Leper Colony, desire to express . . . our endless gratitude for the many helps you have already bestowed upon us, both in your personal and official capacity. . . .

We humbly beg and petition your Excellency not to abandon us without the assurance that the great and noble work you have undertaken for the despised lepers shall be continued. . . . Not a ray of hope shone across our dark and gloomy pathway until you became interested in our terrible misfortune. With your coming, a new star shone above our narrow horizon—*The Star of Hope*. For the first time in our desolate lives an active interest has been taken in our welfare. . . . Hope has become the very essence of our lives. Through your vivid interest, the new treatment has been extended to us, and if same is continued we hope and look forward to the day when we shall be able to depart from this prison . . . to take up once more the . . . life we left behind us when this terrible malady marked us as its victims, and thus be able to contribute our grain of sand and do our bit for the prosperity and welfare of our dear County. A new trail, thanks to your interest in our behalf, has been blazed for us across the vale of despondency and despair, leading to a new and wonderful existence. . . .

. . . The world can never deny that before you came our newly risen *Star of Hope* was not known then, the world cared very little



for our sufferings and miserable existence; and we were left only to eke out our misfortune, the gaping jaws of an open grave claiming us as its prey.

However conditions have now changed considerably, thanks to the timely arrival of your Excellency, the acclaimed *Saviour of we Lepers*. When you leave our shores, please be assured that you shall carry with you the everlasting gratitude and fond memories of unfortunates who have found in your Excellency the angel and conductor of their alleviation and hope for better days to come. . . .

This document bore the signatures of well over thirteen hundred of Culion's sick. ✓

The Governor-General early named an able American scientist, Dr. H. Windsor Wade, to be chief pathologist of the Colony, and requested him to act as chief physician until some well-trained specialist could be found for the job.

This specialist, unfortunately, was not forthcoming, a fact resulting in the deflection of the chief pathologist's labour, to a considerable extent, from the most important feature of the work. For even above the succour of the individual must rank the search for the keys to the safety of the world.

Nevertheless, splendid progress was made—although figures on actual accomplishment are only by degrees available. For the malady is slow—slow in developing, slow in killing, slow in improvement under treatment.

Meantime the reports of betterment, of probable cures, spread through the Islands like dawn after night. Hundreds of lepers who had still remained in hiding came forward and begged to be taken to the Island. Rarely, if ever, was it necessary to invoke police power to bring in any victim, however ignorant or timorous—the good news itself was enough. And every possible step was taken by the Governor-General to spread that news and to aid and popularize the movement.

In spite of again increased appropriations, however, the money available did not suffice to carry on the work in the best way. Only about one-third of the sum total could be spared to the curative treatment, the rest being necessary for the bare maintenance, shelter and clothing of the sick. And

trained help was lacking for the proper keeping of records essential to farther development of the cure.

But the number of "negatives" was steadily rising and the work, as a whole, was such as to focus upon Culion the attention of the pathologists of the world.

Then came "the Crisis"—the politicians' declaration of war on Governor-General Wood. And to one curious in the psychology of the educated Filipino few things could be found more illuminating than the relation of that "Crisis" to the fate of the Philippines' helpless sick.

The Governor-General, by word and deed, had made his own keen interest in the victims of leprosy, in their rescue, and in the protection of the well, a constantly conspicuous fact.

Therefore, true to form, the Big Caciques, to hurt him, struck hard at the lepers, struck hard at Culion. And all their followers followed on.

The Filipino medical staff on the Island accordingly raised its voice in protest against the Executive's visits, as "interference." Dr. Wade became the object of fantastic accusations and criticism. Every imaginable obstacle, petty or great, was placed in the way of his work. By word of mouth and through the native press tales were sedulously spread abroad of misery and unhappiness at Culion and of ill-treatment endured by the patients, who, it was alleged, were made the subject of frivolous and useless experiments, while the money that should have fed and clothed them was consumed in laboratorial tricks.

The death rate was said to be soaring.

Finally, after a long barrage of words, the Caciques showed the seriousness of their attack by an extreme measure. Taking a leaf from Washington's own book, they announced a "Probe"—a "Senate Investigating Committee" which would voyage to Culion itself and determine the truth.

When the hour came, however, senatorial courage had somehow oozed away. Just one Senator, plus one Representative, reported at the gangplank as still for the trip, the rest of the

party consisting of Filipino doctors, with a pair of American "observers only."

Their investigation began on the afternoon of January 4, 1924. Twenty-four hours later they had already shaken Culion's dust from their feet and were steaming back to Manila. But even in those few hours they had got their "facts." Upon which it was solemnly announced, among other wisdoms, that Culion represents a useless dissipation of funds; that "segregation of lepers, as a measure of control, is a failure," that laboratory equipment appropriations should be cut off forthwith; that Dr. Wade lacked thorough knowledge of the peculiarities of the disease; that the first essential to improvement was the appointment of a "competent Filipino doctor as chief physician."

Publicity was also given to the idea that "the isolation of non-leprous children of the patients is of secondary importance," and Director De Jesus, of the Health Service, was quoted as saying that "the lepers resent the present system of treatment, stating that the results are fatal."<sup>1</sup>

Meantime, the function of the political Filipino with regard to Filipino lepers had become and definitely remained that of hostility. Under cover of a solicitude entirely new, he actually began to give thought to the leper's case. But the whole trend of that thought was, in effect, carefully to see to it that nothing of any moment was done for the benefit of the sick.

In the new cure, the patient, from the moment he is first declared "negative," should be re-examined every week, over a period of two years. At the end of the two years, if no reappearance of disease has occurred, he is free. Now, in the beginning of 1924, negative cases were already becoming satisfactorily numerous. And the Governor-General's strong desire was to make a separate colony for these cases near, but apart from, the Culion settlement; a colony where negatives could live in safety from re-infection, yet enjoy the regular service and supervision of Culion's experts.

<sup>1</sup> Culion despatch, January 5, 1924, in *Philippines Herald*, January 6, 1924.

But this, like his desire to save the little untainted babies, was doomed. Doomed simply because it was America's representative that desired it. "It is unpatriotic," Quezon had declared, "for any Filipino to stand by Governor-General Wood in his policies." And a definite and persistent effort set in, not only to block progress in discovery, but to break up Culion itself and disperse the patients.

"We don't see," Filipino physicians declared, "why any American surgeon should be allowed to come here and make himself famous by getting data at Culion and writing books about our lepers. That is unjust exploitation of our resources. It should be saved until there are Filipino scientists and we can get the credit of it ourselves."

Yet, lest it be supposed that all native medical men will be found in one class, here is a statement transcribed from the lips of a first-class Manila physician not in the politico field:

"Professionally, I consider that there was and is no need of any 'investigation' of Culion. Dr. Wade was appointed as the best man available. He is a very good pathologist. A lot of money has been spent in Culion, it is true, but time has not been permitted it to demonstrate its value. Dr. Wade will probably now resign. They will force him out, through his own natural pride."

For comparison, and again from my notes, take the exact words of a Filipino politico to whom no one would deny a place among the half-dozen best.

"This Culion matter is a serious grievance. A very great deal of money has been allotted to Culion, and all because of Governor-General Wood. Before his coming, I assure you, no such attention was ever devoted by us to people like lepers. Oh, yes. No doubt it would be a fine thing for the world if a cure for leprosy were discovered. But we do not feel that it is incumbent upon us to make that contribution."

It is a continual regret and a heavy handicap to be unable to give the names of witnesses. The Filipino public man who

made the following statement has been taken entirely seriously in America in his several visits there.

"In the Culion matter," I said to him—this was in January, 1924—"it would seem that your Government is actuated by a desire to make a personal attack upon Governor-General Wood."

"That is partly true," he replied. "But the proportion of the appropriation for health work allotted to Culion is terrible. I do not know just what it is, but it is terrible. It is more economic to help in other things. Malaria, for example. I am always having to send medicine down to my labourers on my plantation, who have malaria. I can't get Government money to buy that medicine. No. I have to pay for it myself out of my own pocket! This is not economic.

"But the main point is just here:

"We know that in America you think a great deal of what you call welfare work and admire a man who excels in it. Very well. We consider that, in Culion, General Wood is simply making a spectacular demonstration of welfare work, to gain popularity in America, and we are determined he shall not succeed. He is overdoing this Culion stunt [sic] and we are going to stop him."

But it may be that a still more deeply significant testimony is born in the words of another confidential speaker—a rare type of Filipino professional man—one to be respected as an honest and well-meaning citizen whose whole intent is to steer clear of political bonds and to do what he may for his people.

"Before the Governor-General came, Culion was," he said. "Its troubles are simply lack of money. And there would be very much more money for that and for schools and for every good work if only our politicians had not so thoroughly plundered the National Bank. But as to leprosy—you know we are not as afraid of that as you are. We are always, at bottom, opposed to segregation. Family ties with us are strong. We do not consider the disease very horrible and we want to keep our lepers in our own households at home."

## *Chapter XVI*

### A GREAT PHYSICIAN

THE history of our health work in the Islands, from 1900 on, is a matter of first-rate significance not to be overlooked or minimized in any intelligent consideration of the status of the Filipino people and of America's relations thereto.

When we took over the Philippines, the task of sanitation confronting us was so enormous as to seem impossible. Small-pox was carrying off a regular annual toll of 40,000 persons. Asiatic cholera came in frequent and devastating waves. Infantile mortality—due chiefly to beriberi, which meant malnutrition, and to tetanus, which meant dirty handling at birth, reached 773.4 per thousand. Beriberi among adults killed its multitudes each year. The city water of Manila was poisonously contaminated and nowhere else in all the Islands was there a reservoir, a pipe-line or an artesian well. In the city cemeteries, four or five bodies were often crowded into a single grave, only to be tossed out a few months later to lie exposed in heaps in the open air. The city of Manila, with a population of over 200,000 persons, had no sewage system, whatever and lay encircled by a moat among a network of canals, all of which were filled with half-stagnant house sewage constantly stirred about by cargo craft in passage.

No food law obtained and the vilest sort of food products were shipped into the country and consumed there. Dysentery carried off its annual thousands. Leprosy existed everywhere and spread unchecked. For some million wild people living in a primitive state no effective attempt had ever been made to furnish medical relief.

In all the archipelago not one modernly equipped hospital existed. Countless deaths occurred, as well as countless

shocking deformities resulting from injuries or sores, all of which could easily have been escaped through ordinary skilled attention. The prisons throughout the Islands were filthy and neglected beyond permissible description here. To quote Dr. Heiser<sup>1</sup> on that first period:

In the days prior to American control, the maritime quarantine was conducted upon a basis of graft, with the inevitable result that an outbreak of any dangerous communicable disease, like plague, cholera or smallpox, in the nearby foreign countries, meant the early introduction of the disease into the Philippines. There was no proper inspection of animals before slaughter and suitable slaughter-houses where this work could have been done were conspicuous by their absence. Malaria prevailed in hundreds of towns, without quinine being available to combat it. It was no infrequent experience to find imitation quinine pills being sold at fabulous prices in the stricken districts, and the poor populace had no one to whom to apply with the hope of receiving relief. . . .

Sections of Manila having a population of from 5,000 to 25,000, were built up with houses so closely crowded together that there was no room for streets or alleys, and egress from these sections had in many instances to be made by the residents crawling under one another's houses. Manila is located on a tidal flat, and . . . at high tide about half the city was inundated. As this flat land consisted of soft oozy mud [and as provisions for human waste were of the rudest if they existed at all] the conditions can be better imagined than described.

There was no governmental provision for the insane, and it was no uncommon sight to see these unfortunates tied to a stake under a house or in a yard, with a dog-chain, and it often happened that during fires, which are so frequent in towns built of nipa [palm-leaves] they were burned because no one thought to release them. Foods and perishable provisions were sold under most filthy conditions. . . . Tuberculosis was responsible each year for perhaps 50,000 deaths through the archipelago. No effort whatsoever was made to teach the people how to deal with this scourge.

No effort, indeed, had been made to deal with anything. The entire population, from bottom to top, was content with

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Victor G. Heiser, "Sanitation in the Philippines," *Journal of Race Development*, October, 1912.

things as they were; entirely indisposed to agree that any part of their taxes should be used for sanitary purposes; and entirely determined to resist and resent any attempt to induce them to alter either their personal habits or their surrounding conditions.

"It is impossible to reform the Oriental. Your effort would be wasted. Let him live as he likes. He will do that anyway. Spend your strength in safeguarding the health of your own people who come out to govern. That is our policy and you will find it the only wise and practical one," said other foreign medical officers, from their observation points in the various surrounding colonies.

Add to this professional discouragement the fact that whatever was to be done must be done by allotment from Philippine insular revenues only, and you have some suggestion of the task that faced our health officers at the start. And, as if to support the prophets of woe, hardly had the work begun when the Islands were attacked by one of the worst outbreaks of cholera of modern times.

In the struggle that followed our men learned that "the passive resistance of the Oriental"—as one of them wrote—"is a very much more subtle and difficult force to overcome than is the active opposition so frequently encountered in the temperate zone. It was soon learned that there was nothing to be gained by using actual force."

Next, an outbreak of bubonic plague, involving the Chinese population as well as the Filipinos, still farther demonstrated the fact that nothing could be accomplished without considerable deference to local superstition and prejudices, and without such compromises as would gain the adherence of Filipinos influential among the mass.

For even the most intelligent of the people believed in their hearts that the purpose of our new-fangled health measures was merely to make miserable, unhappy and uncomfortable the native denizen of the soil. To combat this idea we organized three hundred boards of health throughout the Islands, put-



ting Filipinos in charge, and bringing the Filipinos to Manila for a course of instruction in modern sanitation and hygiene. As soon as these began to understand, they were interested. And when they tried our anti-disease rules and found virtue therein, they inclined considerably to influence their fellow countrymen.

It should be added that our best ally, in all this labour, was the Roman Catholic priesthood.

Meantime, tackling the smallpox curse, we planned to vaccinate the entire archipelago. Our first idea was to give our new Filipino health boards charge of the vaccination of their several districts. But this proved impracticable. For the Filipino health officer quickly developed the characteristic of excusing from vaccination not only his own friends, but also all other persons possessing any sort of influence that might somehow, somewhere, some day be used to his disadvantage.

Dr. Heiser, our Director of Health, therefore invented a new plan. This was to have an American physician, with a staff of twenty or thirty vaccinators, begin at one boundary of a province and literally march across it, making as he advanced a carefully checked, clean and inclusive sweep of every human creature.

Up to this time, in the six provinces immediately surrounding Manila, some six thousand deaths from smallpox had occurred each year since the memory of man. In the year following the complete vaccination campaign not one death from smallpox occurred. Nor did the disease recur while this régime lasted.

In 1913, after ten years of work, Dr. Heiser was able to report an enormous progress. Not only the six provinces, but every part of the archipelago to which it was possible to convey vaccine in a potent condition had been almost entirely freed from smallpox. Over ten million vaccinations had been performed. Five thousand lepers had been segregated—a thing new in the Orient—and the spread of leprosy had been brought under control. Plague had been completely extirpated.

Cholera had lost its terrors. Amœbic dysentery had been greatly reduced, partly by educational work, partly by the introduction of better drinking water.

Manila had been given a clean and modern water supply and a modern sewer system—the first in the Orient—on which her death-rate dropped more than 1800 annually. Her horrible moat and canals had been cleaned of their centuries' accumulation of sewage. Her streets, that had been channels of filth, were swept daily and her garbage nightly removed, so that she was now one of the clean towns of the world. Crematories had been built and decent cemeteries provided, where the dead, singly interred, might lie in peace till Doomsday.

Wide streets and alleys had been cut through the congested districts, affording light, air and a means of approach, so that garbage carts could get in; and so that, on the appearance of a dangerous communicable disease, the case could be quickly reached and quickly removed to a modern hospital built for that purpose. This detail alone—this making of entrance-ways—effected an inestimable improvement in the health of the city.

A modern insane hospital had been erected in Manila. We had also built a large General Hospital—the best-equipped in the Eastern hemisphere, comparable with the best in Europe or America. Here were treated 80,000 persons a year in the out-patient clinic alone—persons to whom no sort of relief had before been available.

A nursing school, with over 300 young Filipino men and women as students, by 1913 had already graduated two classes. A medical school, under high-class American specialists, was graduating local doctors from sound, stiff courses. A modern hospital had been constructed in the very heart of the wild man's country, where it was doing excellent work.

An anti-tuberculosis campaign had been organized with well-scattered dispensaries; with treatment camps and a mountain hospital for incipient cases; with a hospital in Manila for

chronic patients; and with an active educational section that did all that is done in the most enlightened American community.

The jails throughout the Islands had been cleaned, and the loathsome skin diseases of the prisoners cured. Beriberi's cause and cure had been discovered and its huge death-rate cut low.

Food laws had been framed and enforced. Model sanitary markets had been built and the sale of all perishable food-stuffs severely restricted thereto—a provision that gives the purchaser the maximum choice for the minimum effort, that gives the dealer the advantage of close contact with his competitors and that gives the Health Service the advantage of being able economically to control the public food supply with a small inspection force.

And in Manila, first of all the world, was invoked the control of "carriers" in hotels and restaurants—a rule whereby no servant may work in any place where food is sold without a health certificate showing that he is free from germs likely to convey disease.

These few points just enumerated are far from covering the ground of actual accomplishment. But they will show why it was that, during the last four years of the period in question—the period from 1900 to 1913—representatives from Japan, China, Great Britain, France, Holland, Spain—from practically every nation concerned in the Far East—came to the Philippines to study the new methods that had brought about such amazing results. The effect, in many countries, was great. The experiment that their medical experts had laughed to naught, as the dream of an altruist, had been put to the test of practice on a large scale, had stood the trial of years and now wore the crown of indisputable and brilliant success. The medical literature resulting was proving of unequalled scientific value. The example, altogether, was of the sort that enforces a following.

And not the smallest of the results was an indirect one—the drawing together in hitherto unknown friendly council and

co-operation of the medical men of all the Far East, to the great saving, everywhere, of life, effort and human values.

This giant American achievement in the Far East is largely due to the genius, devotion and great administrative ability of one man, Dr. Victor G. Heiser. Dr. Heiser, in the beginning of his Philippine work, set himself the task of saving 50,000 lives a year. When he laid his office down he had bettered that number by an annual 25,000.

This he did over an area of about 100,000 square miles, working under a civil government, and by persuasion only, never resorting to force.

In estimating the meaning of figures, the fairest comparison will be found in our health campaign in the Panama Canal Zone, for whose effectiveness we justly expect praise. There our land area embraced only 357.1 square miles, which, in reality meant only a few square miles for the sanitarian to handle.

Briefly, the funds for the sanitation of the Canal Zone came without stint from a generous United States Congress. And they could be spent without hindrance—without waiting to educate public opinion—in directly advancing the construction of the Canal. In the Philippines, on the other hand, every dollar had to be wrung from a Filipino legislature and progress could be made only as public opinion was gradually educated to accept improvement in health conditions. What that means, in a backward, suspicious, passively resisting Oriental population can with difficulty be imagined by the Occidental mind. Finally, for the sanitation of Panama, there was available, annually, \$3.65 per capita. In the Philippines the work was done at a per capita cost of a little more than ten cents.

Such was the status of our health work in the Philippines in 1913—in which year Governor-General Harrison allowed the Filipino politicians to assume control.

The result was: first, the payment, by the Filipinos themselves, of a fearful toll levied in coin of human lives; and,

second, a mortal threat not only to America, but to the whole world of humanity.

One single item in the record is 100,000 deaths by small-pox, 92 per cent of which occurred among children born since 1914 and never properly vaccinated; for vaccination under Filipinized control rapidly relapsed into a farce.

Typhoid, dysentery, tuberculosis, beriberi quickly increased. Cholera, for many years absent, now reappeared in menacing form, got quickly out of hand and seized its victims by the mounting thousands. Malaria became again a sweeping pestilence, in two years carrying off over 90,000 souls. And Dr. Heiser's provision, by which pure quinine was dispensed at a nominal price in every post-office in the islands, rapidly sank into oblivion and disuse. By the coming of the Wood-Forbes Commission, in 1921, not a trace of the practice remained and pure quinine was again beyond the reach of the common people, while the sale of bogus quinine at exorbitant rates had become an industry.

As an early and direct exercise of greater autonomy, the Filipino Legislature reduced the already meagre Health appropriation by one-third. But Dr. Heiser, whom public opinion in America sustained in office while other heads fell—Dr. Heiser met that move in a characteristic way.

"Gentlemen," said he, "you are cutting my funds. Very well. Then, naturally, I must cut my expenditures. You have many thousands of insane in these Islands. But in the asylums, which, as you know, are as yet very inadequate, we have only a few hundred of the worst and most violent cases. These I can now no longer maintain. In letting them out upon the community, however, I must offer some explanation.

"I shall therefore, as I release them into Manila streets, attach to the person of each a notice, reading:

" 'Dangerous Lunatic. Likely to Kill. At Large Because the Philippine Legislature Refuses to Provide for His Care.' "

"As to the lepers:—I must now, of course, reduce the ac-

commodation at Culion. And those thousands of helpless sick people cannot be abandoned on that distant island; therefore, I shall use some of the remaining money in my hands to hire ships and bring them to Manila. My money will then be exhausted.

"So, I shall liberate them on this town, directly on their arrival.

"Some of them are rather terrible to see, and all are extremely dangerous to have about. Therefore that, too, will need an explanation, which I shall provide, on a large official notice attached to the body of each leper. The notice will read:

" 'Released, and at Large Because the Legislature Refuses to Appropriate Funds for His Care.' "

Nor were these idle threats. The American Director of Health meant every word he said. This his hearers knew—knew also that he would carry out his promise to the last detail.

They therefore reconsidered forcing his action and made the appropriations required.

In the long run, however, victory remained with the politicians. Gradually they sapped, mined and destroyed the great work of the preceding decade. And Dr. Heiser, seeing the inevitable outcome, dropped a useless struggle, to take up in its stead the Directorship of the East of the International Health Board of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Attacking the people's health defence at its roots, politics now almost completely dominated the University of the Philippines. The University Medical School had never actually applied for official rating in America. Had it done so at any time previous to Filipinization, it would undoubtedly have been accorded Class A standard. But after seven years of Mr. Harrison's régime it was generally conceded that the University of the Philippines Medical School could not attain C Class by American rating.

Further, it was commonly observed in Manila that any medical student having a friend on the Board of Control was

assured, whatever his other qualifications or lack of them, of being awarded marks sufficient to secure his medical degree.

And when a degenerating influence of that kind can reach to expression in a National University, it is not difficult to imagine the poison infused through other governmental activities from the same source.

The Philippine General Hospital, so excellently designed and built by Dr. Heiser and Mr. Dean C. Worcester, gradually dropped to its present unpleasant state, wherein scarcely an American, physician or patient, is able to use it, choosing instead the very inferiorly housed and equipped private hospitals—and responsible care.

And, as a final example of the effect of the change, the Bureau of Science, that great right arm of health administration and scientific control, was crippled throughout, or, in some branches entirely annihilated. This was accomplished, first, by debasing the institution to the level of a political perquisite; and, second, by a wholesale fund-slashing whose object was to crowd American scientists out of faculty and staff positions. The work done in the biological laboratory, until then of the most distinguished quality and of world-wide importance, now no longer enjoyed the confidence of Manila's medical profession. And the Bureau's publication, the *Journal of Science*, whose standing had been eminent throughout the world, soon fell to the point where it yet remains—valueless and discredited.

When the Wood-Forbes Commission arrived only a few poor skeletons, mouldering here and there, remained to show what and where had been the great health work of America.

This, and some quarter of a million needless deaths, makes one of the prices that the innocent Filipino people continue to pay for their Big Caciques' seven years' indulgence in practically complete "autonomy."

In making the above statements, as well as some others in this book, the fact has not been forgotten that the Wood-Forbes report and Governor-General Wood's annual messages may in

part be adduced in refutation thereof. But the Wood-Forbes report, with possibly questionable judgment as events suggest, strained many a point to favour the picture, and on many a statement let its hope for the future development of the people colour its view of their present status. And General Wood in particular has again and again been guilty of leaning far over backward in the endeavour to encourage the Filipino leaders to set themselves higher standards by helping them "save face," and putting forward the most charitable view of their record. In return, the Filipino political leader has not hesitated to make use of unbridled mendacity in attacking America and her administrators. It therefore seems likely that a plain statement of fact will render better service both to America and to the Islands than will any further flattery.



## *Chapter XVII*

### CHILDREN IN THE DARK

BRIGADIER-GENERAL PALMER E. PIERCE, U.S.A., recalls from personal experiences with our Philippine Expeditionary Forces an incident thoroughly illustrative of life in the Islands.

It was late in the fall of 1899. General Pierce, then, of course a junior officer, was stationed in the town of Dagupan, Province of Pangasinan. The United States Army's task, there as elsewhere, was to bring order into the country and to keep watch, ward and a regulating hand over the people.

Therefore when, some fifteen miles back in the mountains, a perfectly new town turned up—a town without a record, the army was interested.

The first detail sent out to investigate reported a body of at least 20,000 natives, living in an obviously brand new "grass" community most unreasonably planted in poor, wild land and so removed from sight and access as by that fact alone to arouse question. But the question carried no visible answer.

So again a detail was despatched—again and yet again, at irregular times, by different approaches, to make surprise visits.

The surprise, however, never came off. On each and every occasion, as our men neared the place, the town band rose up in its way, made profound respects, and then, marching first up the leafy trail, played the surprise party into bounds with loud triumphant music.

Each succeeding expedition of enquiry returned to camp with the same blank report as far as essentials were concerned. The town was an uncommonly good town, they said. Too new to have gathered as yet much dirt. Uncommonly well

laid out, in twelve streets radiating from a central plaza. Everybody seemed comfortable and happy and, yes, particularly lazy.

As to why this multitude should so suddenly have appeared in the spot, as to what kept it there, our officers, after all their sudden inspections, remained as wise as before.

At last a detachment was sent to live in the place. But even this, after weeks of observation, added to the information on hand thus scantily:

The townsfolk seemed to be doing little or no productive work of any kind, and yet to have food and supplies sufficient for their comfort.

The head man claimed to be Jesus Christ, and, under that title, ruled over a populace now grown to 25,000.

The radiating streets divided the town into twelve sections, over each of which ruled a lieutenant of the head man, each bearing the name of one or another of the Twelve Apostles.

"Jesus Christ" appeared to be a Spanish mestizo. He was a very dapper, dandified little chap dressed like a young peacock and wore always the most splendid top-boots as an essential to his toilette.

"These people seem thriving," the resident officer's report repeated, "but their means of support is invisible. And the town is continually and rapidly growing. Families keep arriving from beyond the boundaries of the Province—even from Ilocano towns far to the north. The organization, whatever it is, works perfectly."

Meantime a curious succession of murders was occurring, scattered widely over the district. For example, in one village a party of eight or ten strange men turned up one day, went straight to a shack selected apparently at random, plucked out the inhabitants of the shack, a family of nine people ranging from grandparents to babies, led the nine to the town plaza and there summoned all the villagers to assemble.

Then the strangers commanded the villagers to dig a trench in the middle of the plaza. They dug. When the trench was deep, the strangers produced rattan strips, bound the legs and arms of their nine prisoners, flung them bodily into the hole—grandfather, babies and all, and ordered the villagers to shovel back the earth on top and to pack it soundly down.

This done, and the incident finished, the strangers said to the villagers:

"Now we will have four carabao and certain other supplies from you. And hereafter, from time to time, we shall want more. If, when we ask, you do not always promptly comply, we shall merely come back and bury more families."

Our officers, hearing of this and other such cases, more than suspected complicity on the part of the mysterious town. But proof was wholly lacking.

For the populace at large had grovelled and cringed too long to lift its head now. The people's timidity and utter ignorance inclined them to endure forever, even as they had endured, rather than risk, by complaints, more punishments, new terrors. Could or would these strange white soldiers protect them from vengeance if they were to dare to answer questions and tell the identity of their tormentors? They did not know. Silence—their refuge of ages—was their safest course.

And yet, even among that driven mass, an occasional spirit may rise. As happened when one solitary tao tramped from his barrio in to Dagupan to report to young Captain Palmer E. Pierce, U.S.A., provost judge. A party of four, said the tao—three men and a woman—had appeared at his shack demanding his pigs and chickens.

"Those are for my own family," the tao had replied.

"Very well," said the visitors, "we won't bother with you now, but you will shortly have a call from our soldiers, who will give you the lesson you need."

Then they had left, at leisure; and the tao, slinking out

under cover of green, had started at top speed for the *Americano* post at Dagupan.

The party, he added, came from the Mysterious Town.

After that the thing closed swiftly. In a few hours' time the tao's visitors stood before Captain Pierce's tribunal, solemnly giving their names as Saint John, Saint Matthew, Saint Thomas and the Virgin Mary.

Captain Pierce sentenced the men to jail terms. The Virgin Mary—a peculiarly grim and black old scarecrow who unshakenly and unsmilingly re-asserted her divine character—he sent for a sojourn in the guard house.

The news of this action spread abroad, carrying with it a new confidence in our ability and desire to protect the people. Day by day they responded by venturing to speak. Presently enough evidence had accumulated to warrant the arrest of all the leading men of the Mysterious Town.

In their trial before a military commission, it was now proved that "Jesus Christ" and four of his Apostles were directly guilty of many murders and had commanded many more. This they had done, not because any one had dreamed of resisting their demands for tribute, but merely to establish and maintain such an atmosphere of terror as would assure quick service and save them the trouble of arguing their case.

Messengers sent into more and more distant regions had raised recruits with the same promise that, in essence, anti-American politico campaigners use among the masses to-day:

"Come over to us, and the Lord will provide you, freely, with all that you need. You need never work again. Only sell all that you have and bring your cash to us."

The head man and four apostles were hanged. A selection of minor prophets went to jail. The town was ordered to break up. In a few weeks twenty-five thousand idle innocents had trudged back over the hills—little or no wiser than they came, to return to life in their original barrios.

One quiet morning years later a fisherman came rushing in from his work in Manila Bay with a great tale to tell. As

he bent over his net, he had seen bubbles rising in a steady column from the depths. Looking farther, he perceived that the bubbles, like a crown of pearls, marked the centre of a shadowy cross stretched upon the surface of the sea. Greatly amazed, he had dipped his cocoanut drinking cup into the bubbling stream, tasted it and found it sweet. Sweet water provided in the midst of the ocean! On that, he had sped ashore, aflame with his news. A priest, accompanying the fisherman back to the spot, found the stream and forthwith blessed it, proclaiming a miracle. Then the whole district of Tondo flung itself into small boats. And from that moment no one needed to lead the way, for, day and night, the spot was crowded with human cargoes, awaiting their turn to drink.

Two days later one of the liveliest epidemics of cholera on record broke out in the district of Tondo. Dr. Heiser, grappling with it, quickly discovered the history just narrated. Then he, also, made a little voyage—resulting in the discovery that the unsalted stream and the crown of pearls rose from a cracked city sewage pipe, whose poisonous contents the people in mounting thousands were eagerly drinking down. And so great already was the hold of the thing upon the whole city that Mr. Taft, then Governor, hesitated forty-eight hours before taking definite action, for fear lest an insurrection be provoked.

In these incidents, which could be multiplied by hundreds through all the years and to-day, lies nothing stranger than a repetition of history. The religion of the conquerors takes into its own fabric the religion of the conquered, making a composite of quality according to its parts. The Christianity of Spain, as taken on by the lowland tribesmen of the Philippines, became an absorbent of their original religious beliefs. And these were of a type to select and weld themselves with the apocryphal parts of the new faith. Thus evolved a childlike and darkling thing upon which the divine nomenclature stands out with something of a shock.

Dr. Manuel Xeres y Burgos, Filipino, testifying before the Philippine Commission in Manila, September 7, 1899, said:

. . . the lower class of civilized Filipinos have a very superficial knowledge of religion and although they practise the forms of the Catholic religion they still preserve a great many of their [former] beliefs and customs. . . . [The old creed] was a purely tribal and pagan religion. . . . In no two places did they have the same beliefs.

Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, in an address to the Teachers' Assembly, Baguio, April 23, 1920, speaking of the education of the Filipino people under the Spaniard up to the end of the Spanish régime, said:

The only literature accessible to the Filipinos . . . consisted of *Corridos* which constitute the profane literature, and the *Pasiones* and the *Novenas* which formed the religious reading. *Corridos*, *Pasiones* and *Novenas* were printed in abundance, in cheap editions, in Spanish as well as in the dialects of the country.

The *Corridos* are stories in verse about historic events, falsified and fanciful, and love tragedies full of wonderful events mixed with divine prodigies and diabolical magics.

And the *Novenas*, religious booklets dedicated to particular Saints, furnished, Dr. de Tavera affirms, the connecting bridge between the old faith and the new. He says:

The prodigies mentioned in these *Novenas* compare very well with the enchantments, magics and sorceries of the primitive Filipinos who invoked the propitiation of their divine spirits by means of ceremonies, sacrifices, charms, . . . performed by their *mangkukulam* (witch). . . .

All the fear of the mysterious as well as the belief of the Filipinos in unseen powers which took away life, attracted misfortunes, gave victory, or conduced to disaster was conserved, changing only the concepts that they had about the spirits that governed the affairs of life and the phenomena of nature.

Dr. de Tavera goes on to speak specifically of the ease with which a people in the stage of evolution of the simple Filipino

puts uncomprehended phrases of a new faith in the places of old incantations.

Taking his illustration from the *Novena a Jesús, María y José* (Manila, 1903) he writes:

A bad man walking in the middle of the night in front of the church of San Francisco in Cuzco, Peru, saw lights in the cemetery and knowing it to be a funeral, went to the place to witness it. Presently he noted that there was a throne where Jesus Christ was found seated between Mary and Joseph. Then several demons appeared, each one with a book in his hand. One of them began accusing a bad woman from Buenos Ayres. "Jesus," says the Novena, "pronounced a sentence against her of instant death and with it eternal perdition." The demon disappeared in order to execute the sentence. Another devil read from his book that in Chile there was another bad woman. "Jesus sentenced her to death and condemnation." The devil ran to carry out the sentence. Another one appeared accusing a bad man of Cuzco, and this man was precisely the same who tarried to witness the scene at the cemetery. "When the just judge was about to sentence him to death, . . . Blessed Mary and Joseph knelt before the divine Master, asking mercy on behalf of the accused, alleging that many times he invoked the holy names (Jesús, María y José). Jesus having denied pardon, his parents begged him anew . . ."

And so, in the end the bad man escapes punishment, because, says Dr. de Tavera, of "the invocation '*Jesús, María y José*' working as a magic formula. . . . The man in question had no other merit nor is he enjoined to have one."

Now "'sús-María-José," snapped out like a whiplash, is the commonest of oaths among the Filipino populace.

But the suggestion that a vague border region between new faith and old is beset with dangerous and bewildering fogs and mazes is conveyed as follows by Dr. Sixto de los Angeles: <sup>1</sup>

Easy credulity . . . has constituted from the beginning to this day one of the defects unfortunately so widespread still among the native inhabitants. . . . As is shown in our annals of the judiciary,

<sup>1</sup> *Antropologia Criminal en Filipinas*, p. 119.

superstition occupies a notable place among the factors of criminality in this country.

"*Secula seculorum*," the familiar but wholly uncomprehended terminal words of many a Latin prayer, are held to have supplied the name for a sect widely spread among the Islands. Self-styled "Colorums," they figure among the most numerous of many fantastic so-called religious bodies brought into being between gullibility and greed. And as their fame, in rather inaccurate shape, has crossed the water, they may the more properly be chosen to illustrate their class of the present day.

Claim has been made for the Colorums that they are devout practising Catholics, but so final an authority as Father Francis X. A. Byrne, S.J., the distinguished Director of the Jesuit College in Manila, is quoted as definitely denying that they are Roman Catholics in any sense at all.

For a considerable number of years the Colorum sect has been known in the Islands in various places. Mr. Worcester, writing in 1914,<sup>2</sup> speaks of its having a headquarters on Mt. San Cristobal, where persons paid large sums to get speech from an oracle whose voice, as later developed, was launched from a volcano through a large and carefully concealed megaphone against an echoing cañon-side.

The Colorums of Surigao, however, are the special lot whose doings were spread abroad, even to America, in the winter of 1923-4. And their creed, for all its whimsicality, gave rise to rather serious concern. Their immediate leaders seem to have been a handful of unknowns who appeared in the barrios some years back, making themselves conspicuous by frequent church-going and much profession of piety and spreading, the while, a curious fable.

War was coming, so ran their tale. War all over the Islands. Surigao itself would see the first outbreak. Thence it would sweep the archipelago. Up from the south the Moros would

<sup>2</sup> *Philippines Past and Present*, p. 944.





"TELL AMERICA"

M. M. Newell



swarm. Down from the mountains and over from Davao the wild men—the heathen Manobos and Bogobos—would rush full-armed. And all would join the Surigao Colorums in a general onslaught upon the Government. Together they must kill every government official—every “traitor” who refused to join their army.

Then, after four months of fighting, Dr. José Rizal<sup>3</sup> would arrive at the barrio of Socorro, on the Island of Bucos Grande off the coast of Surigao. He would appear in a large ship. In this ship he would embark all the faithful and would carry them triumphantly away to the Island of Cebu. There they would celebrate victory in company with the Holy Child.

During these festivities a plague would break out and sweep the earth clear of all who had survived the war yet who had refused to join the Colorum forces. The property of the dead would then be divided among the faithful and Dr. José Rizal would be crowned king. Every one would live happy forever after without paying taxes and without necessity for work.

And that was all—excepting one small detail: Before the war there would be necessity for money. The leaders would need money in order that all things might be prepared.

A Filipino of many aliases, whose name averages “Lantayag,” had for many years been locally operating this device. Often arrested and imprisoned as a swindler, he still returned to his chosen pursuit. And each reappearance counted, it seems, as a new recrudescence of Dr. José Rizal.

In his capacity of leader, Lantayag had many practical inspirations—as for example that of collecting money to build the very big ship that was to ferry the faithful from Socorro to Cebu. Or again, he received revelation that the world was lying aslant—was tipping over—inevitably must tip over and spill itself and all the faithful with it straight down into the sea unless something was done to prevent.

Happily, revelation showed not the danger alone but also the cure:

<sup>3</sup> Executed by Spain in 1896.

An immense amount of the very best hemp rope must be provided, to lash the world fast. And, naturally, it must be the task of the faithful to grow that hemp.

So all the Colorums grew hemp like mad. From dark to dark they worked, cultivating wide areas that had never known the plough. They produced such volumes of hemp—the very best hemp—as had not been seen before. And, as each crop was ready, they ran with it and pushed it into the hands of Dr. José Rizal and his lieutenants; then dashed back, breathless, to grow more hemp and yet more, and more.

And it is entirely characteristic not of the simple Colorums alone but of the Filipino people as a whole that, in all this business, they appear never to have inquired as to the literal disposition of their product—never to have asked where the rope was made, or just who was attending to the job of lashing down the world, or just what was his method of procedure.

The hemp-growing industry was but one among many money-making devices. Another was a revelation that, during or after the war, all streams would dry up and all “traitors” would be cut off from good water. Therefore, revelation continued, the faithful must build a great water-tank in the barrio of Socorro, on the Island of Bucos Grande. And, in order to expedite all things (the hour being at hand) they should go quickly and sell their houses and their lands, wherever such might be, and repair to Bucos Grande—to Socorro, *not forgetting to bring the sales-money with them.*

Obediently, the people uprooted themselves. Colorums all over Surigao sold out their belongings to their “traitor” neighbours at the best bargains they could drive and embarked for the place of tryst.

Lantayag—“Dr. José Rizal”—sat in Socorro already installed. Daily he added to his fame by the working of mysteries—such mysteries as are worked by the planting in the ante-room of an agent who carries the easily-won confidences of the waiting dupe to the seer behind the scene. Even the wild men—Bogobos, Manobos—began coming down from their

hills when Colorum agents stole among them spreading their news:

"If you go to Socorro, to Dr. José Rizal—and have enough money with you—*he'll make you see your dead!*"

Further, so Dr. José Rizal informed his people, entirely to their satisfaction, Socorro was the Eternal City, and would never be destroyed. To the rest of the world, however, Socorro seemed merely the usual little mess of twenty-odd grass shacks squatting on the beach between the two horns of a crescent of cocoanut palms.

Its normal population numbered about 250 souls, all told. But now, with the influx of the faithful, several hundred fighting men lay in the place. Already they had built the Great Tank, against the Great Draught. Already the Tank was filled with the Waters of Jordan, that cured all diseases of those who bathed therein and drank therefrom. Already they had planted sweet potatoes and fruits. Already, labouring rapidly, they had transported all their pigs and chickens and cattle to the scene.

In a word, from the point of view of their simple "traitor" compatriots, they were a formidable body formidably entrenched for siege or sortie.

And their existence in that shape worked much hardship in the whole Province.

On account of them the people everywhere, for mutual protection, had deserted their farms to huddle together in the little coast towns. Some, out of fear, actually became Colorums themselves—from no sort of conviction, but simply in order not to be objects of wrath when the War should begin. From the sea straight up to the hilltops not a shack remained occupied, while in the coast barrios dense overcrowding threatened pestilence. Terror reigned while the crops went waste. And day by day, spread by agents sent out from Socorro, the rumour grew that War was about to break.

It was under these circumstances that Captain Juan, of the Philippine Constabulary, felt it his duty to take a hand. Was

not "Dr. José Rizal" swindling the people, paralyzing the people, producing conditions that meant for the people certain famine and plague?

Therefore it appeared to Captain Juan that he should go to Socorro, find Dr. José Rizal, and pull him out of his snug nest, once more to give an account of himself before a magistrate as a prisoner in court.

So Captain Juan, with a detail of Constabulary officers and men, Filipinos all, set sail for Socorro.

But Lantayag's underground intelligence sped the news through in advance, and when Juan arrived the rascal was nowhere to be found.

Then Captain Juan, not to be entirely balked, conceived the idea of destroying the Great Tank and letting the Waters of Jordan leak away. This action recommended itself for three reasons: First, the tank's existence was one of the great inducements that led the people to leave their homes all over Surigao and to beggar themselves, giving their all to a cheat. Second, the water was a menace of pestilence—a compound of innumerable infections, to which more were constantly added by the bathings of the sick. And, third, the destruction of the Tank, divine appendage of the Indestructible City, might help bring reason to the land.

So Captain Juan destroyed the Great Tank.

At this—as afterward appeared—Dr. José Rizal slipped off from his jungle hiding place and sailed away to the island of Bohol, whence, in his wrath, he sent back secret messages that the day had come at last—the day of the Great War.

And—because government authorities in various parts of Surigao had several times sentenced him to terms in jail—he decreed that the War must begin with his revenge—must begin with the killing of all Governmental authorities.

In blind obedience, the Colorums prepared to make good. They possessed a few rifles and revolvers and—more important—were absolutely confident of their own invincibility and

invulnerability against the arms of others. For Dr. José Rizal had taught them how to fight.

First and most vital of all—so ran his rules—each man must be provided with an *anting-anting*, or amulet, consisting of a little bottle containing cocoanut oil and human bones—preferably a baby's kneecap. With this oil the faithful must cross themselves on forehead, chin and breast, keeping the bottle on their persons. Then, in Socorro, they were to dig trenches in a demi-lune, entirely enclosing their landing-beach in front of the village—trenches in which they could stand concealed up to their necks. The two ends should be held by bolo men. The centre by the men with guns. When Constabulary soldiers disembarked on the beach the gunmen were to open fire and retreat. As the constabulary pursued, the invisible bolo men at the two ends of the demi-lune were to unite and surround the enemy.

But the bolo men must attack with their knife-arms flung across their eyes and their eyes closed. And no one must shout or turn his head or cry out.

And above all no one must say “*'sús-María-José!*”

If all these things were properly done, then, said Dr. José Rizal, not a bullet could harm a Colorum. Each bullet, as it struck their bodies, would turn to water or to a paper wad.

But if any one shouted, or if any one yielded to impulse and called—even in a whisper—on “*'sús-María-José*” then the *anting-anting* would lose all its powers of protection.

The rest of the episode was sad enough. To try to tell it in space here available would be to reduce a most picturesque drama to a dry résumé. But it lasted for over a month, and had then reached only a dubious and temporary settlement. It cost the life of Captain Juan and a considerable number of the Philippine Constabulary, officers and men. It carried off a much more considerable number of the Colorums, who fought with fury—especially after they were told that the death that bullets seemed to inflict was, in their case, only an

illusion; and that, after some days, all the seeming dead would rise and go on living again.

Dr. José Rizal during all this unpleasantness kept himself safely out of the way, in the distant island of Samar. And the Holy Child, a wealthy middle-aged business man of Cebu, remained safe in his own home where, because of his riches and his many good houses, no one would declare against him. But poor old John the Baptist was killed in the fight at Socorro, and Simeon—he who helped bear the Cross up Calvary—was made prisoner in the same affray.

Incidentally, that Constabulary campaign, up to the time when Colonel Bowers, a very efficient officer of the old American stock, went down and took it in hand, once more illustrated this general fact:

The bravery of a Filipino officer may be and often is of a high order. But his judgment, coolness and nerve are not wholly to be depended upon in sudden emergencies when the full responsibility rests upon his head. And the action and morale of his men reflect this limitation.

As has earlier been said, no middle class exists among the Filipino people. For this reason the story of the Colorums is, in its way, representative. The sect is spread all over the Islands. And the great mass of the Christian Filipinos are of the mental character to accept such a belief, or any other fantastic belief that may be presented to them. Blessed Virgins, Popes and other holy personages spring up every year, here and there, announce their cures and cults and get their blind following. Nothing is incredible to the untaught child mind. And between this mind and the mind of the "ilustrado"—the person esteemed to be of high education—no medium exists.

The Protestants in the Islands are reckoned to number about 200,000. A schism from Catholicism known as the Aglipayan Church claims something over a million and a half members and appears to be growing. The great mass of the Christian Filipinos, however, still belong to the Church of Rome.



Of these it may be generalized that the women are devout, but that the men of the upper class, with notable exceptions, are wont to give voice to slight esteem for their church. But a feeling remains that the hour of danger or death might uncover in the scoffers another attitude.

Of American missions, the Evangelical representatives, as a rule, are pursuing their work in the Roman Catholic field. The Protestant Episcopal Church, on the contrary, has aimed to avoid that field, confining itself, aside from its own people in the American and British contingents, to the non-Christian elements—as, for example, the hill-tribes of Luzon, the pagans and the Mohammedans. Among the Mohammedans, however, it does no proselyting whatever, confining itself entirely to educational and social betterment.

The Y.M.C.A., finally, is doing an essential non-sectarian social work for Filipinos, for the Chinese, and for Americans and Europeans, all of whom appreciate its service.

The particular debt of the Filipinos to Elwood Brown, for years physical director of the Y.M.C.A. in the Islands, was warmly recognized on the occasion of Mr. Brown's sudden death in America in 1924. When the news came over, the Filipino press as a whole, without grudging and without qualification, put aside anti-Americanism for the moment to acknowledge and praise a true friend's great personal contribution to the whole people's welfare.

## Chapter XVIII

### HABITS THEY HAVE

✓ ONE of the most difficult, one of the most necessary, points in thinking of the Filipino is to remember quite clearly and all the time that, whatever his individual training and gifts, he is not a dark-skinned white man but a Malay; and to realize further, that the fact implies an historic and psychological background as different from those of the white man as this world can show. To fail in this realization is to become unjust.

A day or so before I left Manila an American came to see me bringing his soul in his eyes. "You are going to write about these people," he said. "Well, I have come to entreat you to look for their virtues and to dwell upon those. Your book will be far more useful if you take that course rather than one of criticism."

"Go on," said I—for the man is known for his years of devotion to the people's service—"give me, yourself, the virtues of the Filipino. I will write down your exact words."

With a rush he began: "He is very hospitable. He is courteous and well-mannered. He is good to his wife, indulgent to his children. He loves music. He does not drink to excess. He talks well. He has a fine memory. He . . ."

Silence. Continued silence.

I looked up, my pencil suspended over my book.

"Well?" I asked.

But the man was leaning forward in his chair, clutching its two arms so hard that his knuckles blanched, while he peered into space with the strained, incredulous look of one confronted with a ghost.

"My God!" he burst out at last in a sort of shrill whisper—"and *I've* got to *live* among these people! . . ."

But he was making the mistake, in that moment, of judging by the white man's code.

As one old-timer puts it, "To the Filipino an 'honourable man' may commit fifty-seven varieties of crime, as we see crime, without tarnishing his name. 'Honour,' 'Self-Control,' 'Liberty,' are words that to the Malay and the Anglo-Saxon mean entirely different things."

Le Bon, in his *Psychology of Peoples*,<sup>1</sup> says:

The character of a people and not its intelligence determines its historical evolution and governs its destiny. . . . The influence of character is sovereign in the life of peoples, whereas that of the intelligence is in truth very feeble. The Romans of the decadence possessed an intelligence far more refined than that of their rude ancestors, but they had lost the qualities of character of the latter; the perseverance, the energy, . . . the capacity to sacrifice to an ideal. . . .

On just these two points—character and idealism—I have before me the statement of a man whose deep sympathy for the people of the Philippines is proved by his whole active life. Himself of high character, idealism, humanity and intelligence—a distinguished citizen of the world, his one flaw as a witness lies in the fact that his name must be withheld. He says:

"These people have no character, and no consciousness of what truth and honour mean. Their old religion has been taken away. Nothing has been put in its place. They have nothing to build character on. And you cannot properly call them 'immoral,' for they have no moral idea at all. It is not in them. 'Idealism' is the quality that they, incessantly, in season and out of season, claim for themselves. What do they mean by 'idealism'?—If they mean having a head filled with idle clouds of half-formed ideas—shapeless, useless no-

<sup>1</sup> *The Psychology of Peoples*, Gustave Le Bon, London, 1898, pp. 33-4.

tions without vitality or real purpose—childish, high-sounding, but without thought or actual intention—then these people are idealistic, yes. But if idealism means a quality of mind through which a man will constructively labour toward the good, on principle, because it is good, and not for personal reward; if it means serving others unselfishly, then there is not one idealist among these people.”

It should be explained of this testimony that it was tacitly meant to concern the upper-class Filipino—the mestizo, cacique class—with whom the speaker’s special intimacy exists.

To it he added:

“Any man who sets out to help them help themselves, in whatever direction, will soon be driven to recognize two primary facts. First: that the one great fundamental is to build character. Second: that the sole motive that will influence the Filipino is vanity. Simply vanity. So surely vanity that the wise course is to recognize it and use it as a tool to beguile him to better things.

“And yet—they have some way of winding themselves around your heart. They are a most lovable people!”

*El Debate*, one of the best-known Manila newspapers, said editorially, early in January, 1924:

It is sad to confess that vanity among us occupies a pre-eminent place, especially if an occasion affords for “showing off.” For the few examples of generosity shown in the erection of school edifices and other public buildings, we have in exchange the glaring example of liberal contributions for the election of a queen, a goddess, or a star, in a carnival or other festival. Twelve thousand pesos were recently spent to have a beauty sit in a seat of momentary duration.

The educated Filipino—the “*ilustrado*”—continually says of himself that he is “sensitive” and “proud.”

If pride be described as man’s concern about his opinion of himself, while vanity is his concern about others’ opinion of him; if pride is based on actual possession of qualities desired

while vanity aches merely to be thought to possess them,—then it is vanity, not pride, that distinguishes the Filipino.

Many concrete misfortunes may befall him—many clippings of plumage and tyings of hands and yet the burden may be lightly carried if he has not been made to “lose face.”

He may be caught in depths of mendacity and double-dealing—may be discovered in situations that, to a white man, would mean the depths of shame;—yet, by his code, no shame lies in it unless the matter be so handled as to hurt his “*amor proprio*”—his self-love.

A judge of the Court says:

“A politico recently asked the Governor-General to appoint him to the Legislature, to one of the few seats filled by Executive choice. In making his request, he informed His Excellency that he, the applicant, was a friend of mine and had been under my orders for many years. The Governor-General referred the statement to me for confirmation.

“‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘This man was certainly under my orders when I made him return 440 pesos to a poor Igorot whom he had grossly defrauded. And again, twice again, he was under my orders, when I sentenced him to terms in Bilibid prison.’ ”

“Another politico came straight to me to ask me to recommend him to the Governor-General for a place of honour and trust. And yet I had sentenced him, also, twice over, to terms in Bilibid. I cite these incidents to show that their standard of honour is not ours; that from our point of view they have no sense of responsibility or of shame, nor any conception of what we mean by the terms. I do not blame them; it is in the logic of their history—I merely state the fact.”

Educators of all grades, up to the highest, state that Filipino students as a matter of course attempt to cheat in examinations. To make the attempt to cheat and to be caught in the act means no shame. The thing that counts is the securing of the diploma no matter by what method. But to see

the trait set down in print, from an American press, will certainly gall that *amor proprio*. Not because of pricking conscience, but simply because some hint of inferiority will be felt to be implied.

In the matter of B.A.'s, M.A.'s, Ph.D.'s and the rest, the stranger is often amazed and perplexed by the number and variety of such trophies claimed by a single very young Filipino, male or female, since among the white races only a prodigy of intelligence could have learned so much in so short a lifetime. Leaving Filipino-conferred degrees out of the question, American institutions of learning are not a little blamed in this matter by Americans long at work in the Islands. The ultimate interest of the student, they say, is poorly served by too liberal overseas friends.

On this point one of the first and most experienced of the educators gave the following opinion—an opinion the more valuable since many of his confrères expressed similar views.

"Our young Filipino 'pensionados,' sent to America by Government funds for their education, actually suffer in the long run from the American spirit of fair play that goes beyond fairness. Seeing them eagerly doing their best, and, in view of their background, admiring their effort, this spirit gives them credit beyond their deserts, puts half-earned rewards in their way, and sends them home with very serious cases of 'swelled head,' much crippled for usefulness to their own people.

"As students they actually are cleverer than the average Anglo-Saxon, in the sense that they grasp theories more quickly. The reason is that, as a race, our judgment is much more developed than theirs. There is nothing in their minds that requires to be convinced, but only an all-receptive blank, on which an eager, childlike memory prints formulæ and phrases. Thus with facility and speed they acquire a superficial appearance of capacity.

"But in subjects such as political economics—subjects where book-knowledge must be turned to the sound and accurate rea-

soning-out, in new fields, of cause and effect and to the making of original working deductions therefrom—the Filipino, however long the battery of letters after his name, manifests extreme incapacity.

“He will make a learned and facile speech. He will write a high-sounding treatise, deft in the use of technical terms and well-calculated to impress a reader unfamiliar with the facts. But the facts themselves he has but dimly perceived and has never understood in their broad and comparative meanings. Illustrations of this will be found in articles by Filipino authors on the subject of the Government business enterprises contributed from time to time to the American press.

“In an academic test the Filipino student may very probably carry off the highest honours in a class of many nationalities—as, indeed, he recently has done in Johns Hopkins. But thus far it has been exceedingly rare to find him successfully applying his theoretic knowledge to the solving of material problems not specifically described on the pages of his school text-book. As a field man, in practice, he comes to a standstill, a stranger to the tools in his hand, unless some competent director is over him to tell him in detail what to do, and, more particularly, to see that he does it. Field work of all sorts falters, dies and lies unburied, shrouded in documents embroidered in fine words, when its direction is left to native heads alone.”

To the Filipino public, a college degree is like an *anting-anting* to a Colorem. Its mere possession is expected to act as a push-button to the impossible.

In America, the highest degree from the best agricultural college wins for its owner no more than a trial at any farmer's hands. The cleverest graduate, unless his background be one of long practical experience, must serve his apprenticeship as common labourer, and be watched and tested therein before the farmer will risk him in any foreman's job in charge of stock or crops.

Among the Filipinos, however, the mere possession of a Cor-

nell or a Wisconsin diploma is held to qualify a man for departmental administration. And nothing in the result discredits our American caution.

At a Y.M.C.A. student conference, held in Baguio in the winter of 1923-1924, Governor-General Wood addressed the meeting. Toward the end of his speech he emphasized the need of filling all government places by the standard of merit alone. "We want, everywhere, the men best qualified to render the best public service," said he.

Then he made his adieux.

One of the most active politicians, Mr. Camilo Osias, president of a private political training camp called the National University,<sup>2</sup> escorted His Excellency from the room. It is reported that when, a few minutes later, Mr. Osias returned, he took the audience into his confidence as to what had happened without.

"You agree with me, Osias, don't you?" he quoted the General as saying. "You believe that we want the best men we can get, no matter who they are? The country's work comes first, before friendships or party."

"Yes."

"You agree that we don't want Ph.D.'s as such? We want the best men."

"Yes," said Mr. Osias. "Yes—and we don't want any American B.A. put over a Ph.D. Filipino."

From the audience great applause, Mr. Osias had, by his own implication, defended his country's honour against an enemy, and had come off triumphant, with the last word.

But, in the midst of the applause, another Filipino sprang to his feet demanding a hearing. His name was Roasa.

"You're not fair, Osias," he called out. "You tell your own story and stop where it suits you. You don't tell what the Governor-General said in reply. He answered you

<sup>2</sup> Not to be confused with the University of the Philippines.



squarely and considerately and kindly, and what he said was this:

"With a little care and diplomacy, Osias, that situation can be avoided."

"An incident like this," said its narrator, "gives the utmost comfort and encouragement to us who are working for the Filipinos. Many of them have courage enough to follow strong leaders anywhere. But very few have the moral courage to stand up and oppose their friends."

Moral standards of any sort are commonly the fruit of old inheritance borne up on supports of public opinion.

When their only sources of knowledge have been full of pictures of morals as primitive as those of Greek mythology, where should the people have learned another standard? The churches deplore moral breaches, but little actual loss of public credit appears to follow the most flagrant of these. Or, if notice be taken of them, it is rather for political convenience.

The facts on this general subject, as reached through authoritative channels, are scarcely printable in any book for general readers. One thing, however, must be given voice. It is the protest of a most devoted physician, now well on in a second decade of continuous medical and surgical service in the Islands. For obvious and imperative reasons this physician may not be named. To do so would be to end abruptly a career of the utmost usefulness. But the claim of almost a score of years of scientific life-saving service freely rendered to the Filipino people in the name of merciful America commands the most attentive and respectful hearing from the American public.

This physician has earnestly requested to be thus quoted to the people at home:

"We cannot build on a foundation of degradation and filth. We have done a costly wrong, both to ourselves and to the Filipino people, in telling them always how fine they are—in proclaiming always their remarkable advance in so short a

period as a quarter century—in uniting in a conspiracy of silence as to their faults. Making all allowances for natural differences in the nature of races, there are some things that we cannot condone if we accept any commitment from our own Christianity. One of these is the abuse of children. The youngest victim of rape for whom I have had to care—and she terribly torn and infected—was three weeks old. Those of six months or a year—of two, four, five years—are very common. Fathers and brothers are often the offenders. The children of girls of twelve or fourteen not seldom belong to their own brothers, fathers or uncles. The victimization of little school-girls by their school teachers as the price of passing examinations is, in the provinces, almost a matter of course. And in any of these cases little or no public interest is felt—no reprobation. Between the top and the bottom of the social ladder there is often little to choose. Of course honourable exceptions exist. But we, in our well-meant flattery, have made it a habit to talk only of those exceptions. To tell the plain, straightforward truth would be the truest kindness, and would undeceive Christian people at home who think America's duty to the Filipino is almost completed.”

The position of the Filipino woman is in many ways good. Except where poverty compels, she is rarely a drudge. Many women are practicing lawyers, doctors or dentists. Among the *ilustrados*, the married woman quite commonly holds some paying position, as librarian, teacher, secretary, which she pursues in addition to her household cares; yet not to the neglect thereof. She handles and sells the crops, where such are owned. She is the household business head, frugal and thrifty in management. She holds the household purse, disburses as she sees fit, and carries the keys. More than that, the husband rarely embarks upon any new enterprise, makes any important purchase or sale, or undertakes any sort of business without first asking his wife's opinion, by which he usually abides. The attitude of Diego Tecson, shown in an earlier chapter, furnishes an example true to form.

In a roomful of University-trained Filipino women of the cacique class, I once raised this point.

"Is it true," I asked, "that you are the business heads of the household—that you receive from your husbands their salaries or incomes and expend them according to your own judgment? That if, for example, a house is to be bought or rented or built or repaired, it is the wife who sees to it, not the husband?"

"Certainly it is true," they all replied.

"Do you mean it literally?" I pursued.

"Certainly," they repeated. And then, as if puzzled by the unsatisfied insistence of the question, one of them added:

"We should think it very undignified of our husbands if they engaged in such matters—mere business."

"What, then, are the proper pursuits for men?" I asked.

"Oh, *politics*," came the quick reply. To which all the room heartily assented.

The women, it is generally held, show, on an average, stronger moral natures, greater moral courage and more stability of character than the men, constituting the sounder element of the population. Their bearing is modest, refined, graceful and attractive. They have pretty social accomplishments. They are devoted mothers, and, although in the care of their young children they are perhaps more indulgent than discreet, they go to endless sacrifices to secure what they hold to be the proper education of those that survive to later years.

Governor-General Wood, who has taken every opportunity to express his admiration for the sterling qualities of the Filipino women, has never ceased to urge their men to grant them the suffrage. Every bill that has reached the Legislature, on this errand, has, however, been quietly tabled. In his Annual Message to the Philippine Legislature of 1922, General Wood gave the most telling place in the document to this paragraph:

There is one final recommendation to which I earnestly invite your favourable consideration, and that is the extension of the suffrage to the women of the Philippine Islands under the same

conditions and to the same extent that you have extended it to the men. Such action will tend to build up and greatly extend enlightened public opinion, to raise the standards of public and private morality, to increase interest in public affairs, and greatly to improve the efficiency of the Government; in a word it will tend to the advancement and betterment of the people of the Philippine Islands.

Again, in his Message of 1923, Governor-General Wood urgently repeated his plea for the women. And in his Report to the Secretary of War, dated December 31, 1922, he said:

One of the strongest influences for building up interest in proper municipal and provincial government comes from the numerous women's clubs. They have done excellent work, especially in behalf of child welfare, public health, public instruction, private and public morality and in the stimulating of interest in local government—municipal and provincial. . . . I am convinced that the extension of suffrage to women . . . will be to the advantage of the people of the Philippine Islands.

Governor-General Wood's subsequent annual messages have continued to advocate the measure which, however, elicits faint interest from the politicians.

The public work actually accomplished by Filipino women is notable in comparison to the past, however, rather than for its actual present volume. But it makes a hopeful beginning on a huge task waiting to be done.

## Chapter XIX

### THE DEVIL TAKES THE HINDMOST

"THE Filipino"—so says one of the wisest of them—"loves dress and luxuries. If he has not a Rolls-Royce it is only because he has not yet scraped together the price. Once he has it, then he wants extra nickel trimmings to spread money upon. He wants the dearest and the showiest always. He loves to entertain, and thinks it beneath his dignity to entertain frugally. More than that, he must do it handsomely, and he will not hesitate to plunge into debt for the purpose.

"If he is a landlord and has a season of bumper crops, he will bring his family to Manila, buy diamonds and strip his purse bare, long before next harvest season. Then, to get goods to tide him over the hungry space, he will go, not to a bank but to a commission house. And, once he is on those books, his own habits see to it that he plunges deeper and deeper and never goes free again."

Captain J. Y. Mason Blunt, writes: <sup>1</sup>

The Filipino . . . is quite as fond of money as any Caucasian, but has no appreciation of its value in the European or American sense of the word. His idea is that it should be used while he is able to enjoy it and not be hoarded until he is past the age of doing so, leaving it for some one else to spend. Consequently while young he will squander it. . . .

What Americans call "the dignity of labour" is meaningless to him. He can see nothing to admire or respect in it as an idea, because he considers work in itself merely an inconvenience, to be avoided if possible.

<sup>1</sup> *An Army Officer's Philippine Studies*, Manila, 1912, p. 9.

And it is this conception, nurtured by his Spanish inheritance, that leads him to aim at the law or even at a picayune Government clerkship, leaving agriculture, manufacture, engineering or any sort of productive occupation in a sort of tacit disrepute.

Law peculiarly suits him. He feels a comfortable dignity in it. In other directions he has little initiative, but in law his sinuous mind, quick in subterfuges, expedients and traps, finds a natural field. It is the inherited mind of the Oriental, Latin-mingled, Latin-trained.

The study of forestry is offered by the Government in most attractive form, but enjoys no popularity, although a good supply of trained foresters must long continue to be one of the vital needs of the Islands. Smacking of the soil, forestry lacks distinction.

To quote a practical local authority:

We had last year over three thousand young chaps who were studying to become lawyers and only 200 odd who were studying to become farmers. In other words the prospective parasites outnumber the producers 15 to 1. And yet agriculture is and must always be the one great mainstay of the Islands, with no second in sight. We have only eleven or twelve hundred educated doctors among eleven to twelve million people. But we have four times as many lawyers as we can use, and their proportion grows yearly. The point is, our people love to talk and argue. They love to orate.

Meantime, in many a provincial barrio home, the son, returned from the University, lounges idly in the front window all day long, his splendid presence there and his framed diploma on the wall being reward enough for the old parents who have sacrificed much for the honour of pointing to an "ilustrado" offspring.

A young Filipino official now working hard to help his people testifies:

"The majority of aspirant lawyers who are sent from the provinces to be educated are greeted with enthusiasm, when

they come back, by the people. They are given banquets and are looked upon with pride and hope, as saviours to be. But instead of helping the people of their home country and sharing with them what they gained in Manila, they quickly become caciques, join a political party and are exactly as bad as the old ones, preying on the poor. The prevailing idea concerning the tao is that he exists by divine Providence for the comfort of the city gambler. As far as we have yet developed, education only results in further oppression of the poor."

The man just quoted has exhibited much moral courage in his own work day by day. And yet perhaps the most appealing proof of his sincerity lies in the fact that when he sees a real rock ahead—a real show-down—when he must either solidly withstand some formidable politico or else fail utterly on his job, he is wont to go to his American superior for help. "Will you please handle this case?" he frankly begs. "I am afraid to attempt it, I can't count on myself, I might yield."

Another illustration of the quality last indicated may be found in the comparative influence of American and Filipino Health officials:—A rich man in the city keeps a filthy backyard in which wicked smells and mosquito breeding-holes abound. The Filipino sanitary inspector goes in, sees the condition and notifies the owner.

"What do you mean!" blusters the rich man. "Nonsense! My yard is perfectly clean."

"Why, of course it is!" rejoins the inspector. "But you see, here is this brute of an *Americano*, my chief. He will have these silly notions, and he forces us to carry them out. It is our common misfortune, as slaves to foreigners. And so, although your yard is beautifully neat, you will have to do the foreigner's will."

So the owner cleans up and one more malaria risk is gone.

But, if the chief of the Health Work is a Filipino, another answer meets the inspector's request.

"Curse your impudence!" shouts the cacique. "I'll see

whether such things can be said to me!" and off he goes to the Chief Health Officer's office.

"What do you mean by sending your whipper-snapper to tell *me* to 'clean up' my beautiful place?" he demands.

And the official, appalled and shocked at the unpleasantness of the situation, hastens to apologize and to smooth it down.

"Of course it was all a mistake!" he repeats. "The man was quite wrong. I know that your yard must be in perfect condition. . . ."

And so the smells and the mosquitoes remain undisturbed.

On general principles the Filipino dislikes the unsuave, and is ever inclined, regardless of his personal knowledge or opinion, to say the thing he thinks his interlocutor desires to hear.

The claim of kinship is very potent, often constituting a generously recognized title to share, at need, in all a man has. Obversely, it operates to becloud the sense of mine and thine in the trustee of public or private funds, when a kinsman calls.

Another Filipino virtue—respect for age and seniority—is so dominant as often to become a pitfall. A young doctor, for example, will throw to the four winds all his exact modern knowledge gained in some American medical school to conform without protest to the opinion of an old practitioner whom he knows to be fatally wrong. And this he does simply because the old fellow is an old fellow and has been wrong such a long time.

The Filipino daily, *El Debate*, laments the Filipino's complete "absence of the spirit of co-operation."<sup>2</sup>

The root of this trait lies apparent in the people's early history. The original settlement of the original emigrants permanently determined the general human type of a given locality and the boundaries thus established have in all things survived.

One of the most discerning of the University of the Philippines faculty speaks of his students thus:

"When they say 'Filipino' they are not thinking of all the

<sup>2</sup> January 8 or 9, 1924.



tribes that carry the name. They are thinking only of their own tribe. In the University, as in politics (and the University is riddled with politics) it is therefore difficult to keep out favouritism based on tribal affiliation. I have known an instructor in this University to give two-thirds of his class a failing grade because of their having said something in criticism of his, the instructor's, tribe.

"They were Tagalogs and Visayans. He was an Ilocano. They did not want an Ilocano instructor. So they mocked him and he flunked them.

"Tagalogs and Visayans are greatly in the majority in the University. Ordinarily they pull dead against each other, simply as such, in everything, even in electing class officers. Occasionally all the other tribes combined will amount to enough to force the Tagalogs and the Visayans to hang together to keep the others out. But the idea that they all could and should work as one, for the common good, is to-day a concept utterly beyond them."

This trait is not an undergraduate's tradition, like our own Freshman-Sophomore wars, but a definite characteristic of the people. Many thoughtful Filipinos not committed to politics state that in their opinion, tribal jealousies would prove too strong to permit any common government, but for the controlling hand of some foreign power.

This sense of individualism—of separateness—this lack of fellowship and of responsibility, exists as a fundamental down to the original unit. Patriotism, to the great majority of the Filipinos, means, therefore, an effort for personal profit. Though he will not admit the truth of this statement, and perhaps has not analyzed his own mind so far, his deeds furnish consistent proof. It is almost impossible for him to understand in his heart the possibility of any man's or any nation's acting on a disinterested motive. It is like trying to visualize a new primary colour; he has no grounds for a start.

Education, to him, has ever meant just this one thing: a means for escaping work—never a means to power for more

and better work. With this in view, it will be seen what curious confusions are invited to his mind when we ingenuously spread before him our own American school textbooks, without change and without preparation for his utterly different needs. Interpreting our national history by his own race experience, he innocently sets up parallels where none exist.

The models for which our books invite his admiration are Abraham Lincoln, Daniel Webster, Patrick Henry. In them he inevitably fixes his eyes upon the material end attained—not upon preliminary training. He looks, not upon the rail-splitter hewing a way through hardship; not upon the bare-foot boy determined by endless effort to wring his place from fate; not upon the patriot literally ready to give his all to his country, but simply upon the President, the orator, the public favourite. Simply upon the finished product, whose side he would reach at one step—by acquiring a college degree, no matter how.

Lincoln—Webster—Patrick Henry. Orators all. How all-sufficient, then, the calling of Orator!

The typical Filipino suffers cruelly under ridicule. Sarcasm means nothing to him, but ridicule kills. And yet his sense of the ridiculous is weak. The solemnity and persistence with which he commits himself to this practice and career of oratory—in which, by the way, he excels—the eagerness with which, from childhood's hour to ripe old age, he will listen to and admire the other man if only the other man will listen to and admire him—give proof enough of this.

And yet oratory, in the Philippines, is rather a sickness than a joke. Oratory is a menace to the future nation.

Behind the dazzling cloud of rhetoric and for all his borrowed robe of noble phrases—"slogans"—the man is untouched still.

In a sudden storm of bitter self-dissection—of bitter resentment against the nation whose blindness, as he said, had driven him so far, one mestizo official declared himself thus:

"You Americans do not know how to handle us. You take the position that we are all brothers—you and we together—

we your equals. Whereas every one of us knows in his heart that he is not. This puts us in a false position because you ask too much of us. You ask too much of me. More than I can fulfill. You talk about 'honour' and 'truth' and 'golden rule' and 'common decency.' I can see what you mean. But I feel no impulse responding in my own heart to those words as you mean them. They are not a part of my mentality and when you put me on my honour or leave things to what you call my good faith unchecked, you cruelly and stupidly doom me to failure and that is true of all of us. Remember, it is you, not we, who said in the beginning that we are your equals. You perhaps try to mean it, but we know it is not true. It is shallow self-righteous cant. You don't know how to handle us—and you are very hard on us, because of it."

The churches, though endeavouring to train native clergy, have all found need to bring out men from home. In the Roman Church young Jesuits of the best ability are now being imported from America, and it is everywhere apparent that the native type, with rare exceptions, cannot hold church work up. Oriental indifference to suffering, Oriental indifference to the welfare of the masses, Oriental lack of interest in or sense of responsibility for the poor, the sick, the helpless, Oriental lack of initiative and of self-control are the characteristics that produce this result.

Blunt cites a well-known double murder committed by the only painter of note that the Philippines have produced.<sup>3</sup> The artist, a member of the cacique class, killed his wife and her mother in their apartment in Paris. "While the tragedy was going on," says Blunt, "a son and brother of the victims was calmly walking up and down a courtyard below, although he knew his mother and sister were being killed. This displays the strangely impassive side of the Filipino character."

The French court that tried the case recognized extenuating circumstances in the racial status of the criminal.

<sup>3</sup> *An Army Officer's Philippine Studies*, p. 13. See also *La Gazette des Tribunaux*, Paris, February 9th, 1893.

"If a horse falls down in the street, you stand by and laugh. If any one helps him up, it is an American. Do we call ourselves a civilized people?" Dean Bocobo of the College of Law is quoted as saying to Manila audiences.

But not by a single exhortation, not by brief decades of influence, can ancient viewpoints be transformed.

Here is a story—a common little story of to-day:

Up near the north-east boundary of the Province of Nueva Ecija the new highway meets the mountains head-on. Meets and suddenly attacks them, zigzagging up and sharp up till it emerges on the "height of land" at Balete Pass. Gates bar the way at intervals, for the road is too narrow to permit the passing of vehicles in safety, and it takes good driving under the best of conditions to make those perilous turns. So Gustave goes not up till Alphonse is safely down.

One noonday, last March, I arrived at the top of Balete southward bound. And the gate was down. Of the several Filipinos who sat about the place one volunteered the information that an automobile was mounting and should soon appear.

Meantime, glad of a chance to look about on foot, I left my car and started to stroll down the zigzag. In two minutes the sharp swing of the road had shut me completely away from humanity into the unknown.

On the left the mountain rose almost straight, gloriously timbered, threaded with little streams. To the right it dropped as precipitously, where from the dizzy edge one looked down upon tiers on tiers of enormous treetops. On I strolled, and still on, lured always by the secret beyond the next grim shoulder of rock.

It was very still. The occasional fluting of a solitary bird stood out like a silver thread upon dark velvet. Still and soft and hot.

Yet not quite still.

From above on the mountain side, somewhere behind the forest screen, came at intervals a rhythmic sound as of beat-

ing upon a metallic instrument, mingled with chanting voices of men. Somewhere up there, as I knew, live certain of the head-hunting people. Only two months before, indeed—in January, 1924—a party of Ilongot tribesmen, coming down from these same mountains, had taken three heads in a place but a few miles distant from the spot where I now stood.

The Ilongots beat metallic instruments and chant. And when they take human heads it may be for mere purposes of record, without any personal rancour at all. So that almost anybody's head might do.

They have a special knife for the purpose, and they make no noise. In fact, if it is your head that they desire, you will probably never get knowledge of the fact unless the welcoming angels subsequently inform you.

All these things I thought of, being several corners removed from the gate at the top of the pass. And at first their consideration brought a little tingle of excitement.

There, certainly, were the capable Ilongots close at hand. Here, also, was I, with my head on. No witnesses about. And nothing more was necessary.

For a moment or two I rather enjoyed the full flavour of the thing. Then I climbed straight back up that zigzag very fast indeed, having been gone, as I now suddenly realized, two and three-quarters hours.

At the top my car still stood, of course. The gate was still down. The station keepers still idled about. Three of them.

"This gate has been down at least two and three quarters hours," I said.

"Yes," they answered, "longer."

They spoke fair English. Spruce young high-school Filipinos with government jobs.

"That," I pursued, "means that a car is in trouble somewhere between here and the next gate below."

"Undoubtedly such must be true," they agreed, pleased to converse.

"A car in trouble for over two hours, and no one has gone down to see what is wrong?" I asked.

"No. No one."

"They may be in some difficulty that they can't handle without help. They may stop the road forever, unless some one goes to their aid."

"Why, yes, that may be."

"Or," I went on, warming up to the subject, "the driver may be taken ill. Or the car may have gone over the side and every one in it may be hurt or killed."

Politely they listened to my speculations, gathering in their full numbers to do so. They were calm, and entirely detached. Not in any way did they see a personal bearing in the theme. A discourse on petrography would have stirred them as much.

Suddenly I turned from warm to very hot and boiled over in sincere and open wrath.

"How is it possible," I exclaimed, "that you—the whole lot of you, able-bodied educated young men—can stay here dozing half the afternoon when you say, yourselves, that people may lie bleeding and helpless just below. You know that, and yet you never stir yourselves to find out!"

I stopped for breath, glaring the rage I felt. Then one of them unlimbered his thought.

"Madam," he said, "it would be fine—very fine indeed—if one of us were paid to go down the road, at times like this, to see what is wrong. It would be very fine. But nobody, you see, has that job."

"No," chimed the others, brightly, "that's just it. Nobody has that job."

## *Chapter XX*

### WHAT THEY SAY OF US

AMERICA's history in the Philippine Islands from the beginning of the Civil Establishment until to-day naturally divides itself into three periods—the Constructive, from 1900 to 1913, the Destructive, from 1913 to 1921, and the Reconstructive, which, beginning as 1921 drew to its close, is still in progress.

Of all three the last has been immeasurably the most difficult—a condition largely bred by the thick cloud of ignorance that on every side enshrouds the scene of action.

Dense as it is, American ignorance of Philippine affairs scarcely, if at all, exceeds the ignorance of the Filipino people in the same direction. And such an atmosphere cannot but create the maximum of embarrassment to an American Executive in the Islands.

"I complain that America learns about Philippine affairs only from American politicians, who get their information from Filipino politicians. And politicians belong to no country, but are a curse common to all, concerned with nothing, anywhere, but their own personal advancement."

These are the words of a Filipino business man, a considerable wholesale merchant—spoken in February, 1924, in Manila.

Carrying out his thought, I later asked an eminent Filipino politician, a leader of the majority party:

"Why does your envoy in Washington talk as he does in testifying before our Congressional Committees? Those Committees are serious bodies whose time is valuable to America. They pay that young man the courtesy of respectful attention. And you and I agree, in reading the records of the hearings, that he abuses Congress's courtesy. His statements are often

distortions and worse, not of opinion but of fact. He will surely get caught one day. And that cannot but be costly to those who give him his head."

"Yes," said my caller. "I begin to fear so. The trouble is, he is too young."

To ask a Filipino for an opinion on the work of the present American Administration amounts to asking for an opinion on Governor-General Wood, since the whole trend of the last two régimes has hinged on the personalities of the two American Executives.

Mr. José Abad Santos is an able lawyer and an ex-member of the Cabinet—one of those who resigned at "the Crisis." Up to that time as Attorney General and Secretary of the Department of Justice he had been a useful and diligent member of the Government. His statement runs:

"Governor-General Wood, had he come in Mr. Taft's place, would have been acceptable and probably successful. Neither Mr. Taft nor any other American could succeed as Governor-General now. We have progressed too far. We want autonomy.

"The Jones Law is our Constitution. Governor Harrison's principle was that under that law the Governor-General's authority is confined to our foreign relations. In accordance with this interpretation we passed a considerable number of laws concerning our internal affairs.

"These laws the Wood-Forbes report pointed out to the President and Congress of the United States as laws that should be repealed. The final power lying with Washington, we waited for Washington's decision. Congress remained silent and has taken no action. Mr. Harding's personal response was: 'We shall take no backward step.'

"From these circumstances we have drawn the only deduction possible—namely that Congress disapproves the findings of the Wood-Forbes report and sustains our interpretation of the Jones Law; and, further, that Mr. Harding was of like opinion.



"Congress and the President are our court of last resort. The question has been put squarely up to them, and they by silence have rendered their negative decision on the recommendations of General Wood.

"The Jones Law, like most laws, is capable of more than one interpretation. We and Governor-General Harrison agreed on our interpretation. The United States Congress and the President, by silence, sided with us. Now comes a new Governor-General and gives us a new interpretation.

"We are now told by some Americans:

"'Ah, but this is a Republican Administration. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Wilson were Democrats. Under another party you must expect another policy.'

"Where does that leave us? Each time you in America change parties, are we in the Philippines to expect a change of the laws under which we live? Evidently this is literally the case. Is it reasonable to think that we can ever consent to live under a government that administers with so uncertain a hand?"

My notes record a large number of such opinions, very few of which may here be attributed to their sources by name. Each statement now to follow comes, however, from a mestizo Filipino in high standing in the cacique ranks, whether in public life or in other fields. And each is chosen for the reason that it represents the private expressions of a considerable class.

An eminent legal personage not in politics, a man of undoubted sincerity, said to me, in March, 1924:

"I consider the Jones Bill a measure for testing our ability to run our international affairs without interference from the Governor-General. The Wood-Forbes Commission went to the records and found we had gone astray—that we had not done as well as they hoped and expected. The Governor-General [Wood] has not exceeded his power. He has been careful. He is accused of abusing the veto:—We must remember that the veto power is given for a reason—to check

movement harmful either to the Filipinos or to the United States. It has been used by General Wood so often as to make the impression of arbitrariness. But many of the laws proposed in the present legislature are proposed solely to force the veto, so that the cry of tyranny may be raised.

"Again, our political leaders accuse General Wood of spite against the country in his action on the Bank and the Railroad. As to the Bank, the action of the Governor-General was just and considerate. As to the Manila Railroad, unfortunately the impression was set going that the Governor-General sympathizes with the great Interests in the United States and wants to further their wishes here. It must be considered that, when we bought that railway, it was not so much to make money as to control the property. We were told that the royalty of England had interest in the road and that England might therefore protest against our independence. Mr. Harrison personally gave much currency to this idea, and it was generally believed. I do not yet know the truth about it.

"The greatest trouble here is made by Americans themselves—people in the United States who continually demand investigations and removals. It may not hurt the object of the attack in the United States, but it certainly hurts your Governor-Generals here. And, far more than that, it very seriously damages the prestige of the United States in the eyes of our people.

"No one can get far into our political atmosphere without finding that we have lost our respect for the President of the United States, not as a man, but as an authority. Whoever he is, he is so soon gone that we always feel his weakness. Because his successor hastens to overturn all that he did his promises or his threats therefore mean little. Presidents seem not to dare to begin to handle us, knowing that they cannot make good whatever ground they take. And the same with Congress. At best we have lost our respect for Congress

too. American training does not produce the kind of man we need here.

"Your type does not want to waste time on the little courtesies that in the Orient go a long way. But even Mr. Taft would have been savagely attacked if he had come here instead of General Wood. You Americans ought to understand that no Governor-General coming here after Harrison could escape great trouble if he tried to govern according to the law.

"I was recently listening to two members of our Legislature while they discussed the best means of getting rid of General Wood. One advocated the method of nagging persecution, at present in use. The other said:

" 'We are making a stupid mistake. Let him rather have his own way and never interfere with him. In that way he will rapidly build up such a great name, here, by accomplished work, that he will be the obvious man for the presidency of the United States and will be called home for the campaign.'

"Governor-General Wood has made mistakes, but it would be a fatal mistake to remove him. First, the prestige of the whole American people in the Orient is involved. It will be very seriously damaged if, in answer to the noise and scheming of our politicians, you withdraw him. It would only invite more unrest. Our politicians would get the idea that all they have to do is to whistle and the head of any American falls.

"And then, General Wood has only just now worked this country's finances out of bankruptcy. It took great skill and knowledge to do it. From now on, if Washington supports him as it should, and if he continues his policy of non-aggressiveness, he will be able to make a success of his administration. The worst is past. After the Presidential election things will settle down so that he will be able to do his best for the Philippines.

"It is a very great mistake under any circumstances to change Governor-Generals as America does. The English system is the right one. Their men serve in a given country years

and years before they are entrusted with the governorship. They go into office knowing both the people and the language. And then, mark you, the British Government backs them.

"You Americans are not good business men. You don't understand that your Executive must be backed. You seem always half-hearted—always afraid of taking any stand and sticking to it. How can we respect you? Your weakness injures and revolts us.

"If you could only have the English way. They know how to handle us!"

The man who speaks next is a mestizo merchant of the best standing, of large means and of an unusual knowledge of the world beyond the archipelago.

"As to the Governor-General, I believe he came out in the best faith to do his best for the Filipinos. He may possibly have acted against the Jones Law, for the Jones Law is not clear. Where the law is clear, then Governor-General Wood has followed it. Where it is not clear he has chosen the interpretation best for the people's need. He may have been right or he may have been wrong, as far as the inward intention of the law is concerned. But, in any case, his interpretation of the law is for the good of the people. In his place I would do as he has done. He may have made mistakes, but I think his judgment has been sound and good. I think his purpose has always been so."

Now follows a prominent lawyer, an active member of the opposition, a man generally respected:

"I do not like it to be thought that the Filipinos are unappreciative of what the United States has done for them. They are not. But up to Harrison we had little or no political experience. Then came Harrison and, apparently by instruction, threw everything suddenly into Filipino hands. It was extremely unfair. We were entirely unprepared, and naturally disgraced ourselves. Then came Governor-General Wood, who has tried to steer a middle course, and who is, in consequence, decried by the Americans here as too soft, and by

the Filipinos—in public speech—as the opposite. The accusation that the Governor-General had abused the veto is very loud and wholly false. Every one of his vetoes has been necessary.”

One of the University faculty, a man prominent among the majority politicians, says of the present administration:

“We suffer, under it, from lack of consideration of our needs. The central Government should be fatherly. But General Wood vetoes relief measures. The Calamity Bill,<sup>1</sup> for example. And he pays undue attention to the desires of the Moros. We do not know his motives. They may be honest, but we think they are spite. He would have been better earlier in our history. Taft or Forbes would now fail. We consider that Canada and Australia are far better off than we. Their native governors treat on equal terms with the British Premier. We go to Washington as a small boy—as an inferior to a superior, petitioning.”

A successful mestizo commission merchant who hates politics and eschews them in the interest of his trade says:

“You are not good colonizers. I greatly prefer the British way of frankly colonizing, and then handling the colony with a firm hand for its own best good by a steady policy that never changes no matter what happens in the Mother Country. What America does is to keep us always in a ferment of uncertainty, making us a toy of her domestic politics. You have done a great deal for us materially, but that is because for a long time you sent us a set of first-class men.

“And yet I don’t know that we need to be very grateful to you. You don’t give us much real thought in Washington. If you did, you would not have let Harrison, a bad man, play mischief with us so long undisturbed, and you would now not leave a good man unsupported, while you seem to be as much afraid of our rascal caciques as we are. Or else are you charmed by their slick tongues? Or else—and this I think is the truth—you are not ‘minding your own business.’

<sup>1</sup> See pp. 146-8 ante.

"Without consulting us, you made us your business. Now I think the least you can do is to take the trouble to look into our affairs as they actually exist and use better judgment as to what these people are—both yours and ours—who blather-skite about us in Washington."

Having quoted so many anonymous speakers, it is a pleasure, now, to give the word of one who is never afraid to be quoted—Dr. Trinidad H. Pardo de Tavera, man of European cultivation and experience, citizen of the world, strong-hearted gentleman.

"The first of all this trouble was that President Roosevelt took Governor Taft away too soon. I told Mr. Roosevelt so.

"In America you like to say: 'No man is irreplaceable.' But that is not true.

"England knows. Look at Egypt. She kept Lord Cromer there for many years.

"It is like a general commanding a campaign. There is something very personal in the art of leading men—an individual, personal element. You cannot change leaders without upsetting and unsettling everything in the field.

"You should not change our Governors so often. You disturb all progress.

"The situation is now impossible. How it will come out I don't know. But I say this:

"The solution is in Washington."

## *Chapter XXI*

### NAMELESS AND AFRAID

THIS book's purpose is to furnish materials, not to draw conclusions. And if the material seems sometimes rather rough, it may be remembered that there is no kindness in glozing the patient's case to the physician.

No people in the world, as far as records exist to show, are affected with a larger number of inherent diseases than are the Filipinos. Over 90 per cent have intestinal parasites. Probably half have tuberculosis.

Thirty-eight thousand die annually of malaria. Five hundred thousand are always in chills. Research has proved that the diet of the masses—mainly polished rice—is entirely inadequate to human needs, and that beriberi, a fatal sickness due to insufficient nourishment, is steadily increasing in the Islands. This general state of malnutrition, coupled with the many definite maladies from which the people suffer, and with the fact that their common habits of eating might have been expressly designed to produce infection, makes physically poor bodies whose resistance to any and all disease is terribly low.

These circumstances constitute a purely biological viewpoint, bearing directly on the ability of the Filipinos to hold their own with other races less seriously handicapped.

"How," asked an eminent world-sanitarian, "can they stand the stress of modern civilization until they get their bodies into better shape?"

But to change the dietary and living habits of any people is no easy matter. Even with absolute authority it could not be done over night, especially when the general intelligence is low, and where every stratum of the social fabric has almost equally to be convinced and taught.

The question is also largely economic. The income of the average Filipino having a wife and three children to support is, as has already been said, not over \$6.00 a month. With that sum of money to live on, with conditions of agriculture, of financial recourse and usury, of land tenure and peonage, such as are to-day permitted or imposed by a Filipinized Government, the masses' power of self-help, like their hope of human mercy, is slight indeed.

Hookworm, with its tremendous hold upon the populace, is probably responsible for much of the lassitude of character—for the lack of continuity of effort, visible everywhere. Even at the top of the ladder the whole present-day history is a tale of grand beginnings,—of ambitious conceptions begun with a flourish, carried on for a brief day and then let fall, forgotten, as a child drops and forgets a toy.

It would be too much to attribute all this to a physical malady—and the malady is to-day being combated, after a fashion and in a measure, by the Filipinos themselves. But it is scarcely reasonable to expect a hookworm-sapped people to stand up straight and vigorously fight their master—that very same hookworm that has them down for the count.

One direct consequence of the Filipino's small bodily strength is seen in high costs of production. The experience of the Manila Electric Company illustrates this point. It shows that while Filipino and American may be exchanged, man for man, in the light jobs, as street-car operators, three to four Filipino track labourers are required to do the work that in America one white man does. Add to this figure the expense of the much greater supervision required in using Filipino hands, and you find track-work costing nearly as much in the Philippines as in the United States.

Carried into other fields and considered with the fact that the Filipino's wage greatly exceeds that of the labourer of Java, China or Japan, the physical factor gives an element not to be overlooked in weighing the chances of Filipino products in a competitive market where they must meet on equal



terms those of other tropical countries. And this condition will not be greatly affected by the direction in which markets are sought.

In hemp, the Philippines are in a measure safe—with a safety resting on nature's own gift of a fibre plant that makes the best rope in the world. But, judging by the insane flaccidity, the pottering idleness with which, in the winter of 1923-4, the Filipinized Agricultural Department and the entirely pre-occupied Legislature confronted a deadly hemp pest, the life of the Philippine hemp industry depends on its unaided star—and may at any moment flicker out for all time.

But in exports other than hemp, Filipino producers have the world to face if America's special favour is withdrawn.

The probable effect, in such an event, is thus forecast in the minutes of the yearly meeting of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation held on February 23, 1924.

In the Philippines trade has been prosperous owing to the high prices still obtainable for their principal exports—sugar and hemp. Should their political status remain as it is and their favoured position as regards the U. S. tariff be maintained, a few more years should see a complete rehabilitation of the finance of the Islands.

This favoured position is the mainstay of the export trade of the Islands and, should it be withdrawn for any reason, the outlook for merchants and agriculture would be extremely disquieting.

Nor was this opinion confined to foreign observers.

The uncertain mind of the American Congress as to granting Philippine independence reflected great general uneasiness among business men in Manila in the winter and spring of 1924. It is my personal experience to know three men of means—two of them merchants—who decided at that time to risk their fortunes no further.

"It will be too late to sell out at fair rates when America has announced that she is going," said one of these three, on a day late last March. "My interests are heavy. They cannot be quickly converted. I reckon that your country will

soon tire of the importunities of our politicians and will pledge them what they ask—at longest in ten years' time. I have weighed the chances and I have waited as long as I dare. Yesterday I started in on a final and definite scheme of getting gradually rid of all that I own here and of transferring my investments under another flag."

In addition to the three men above indicated I am informed of several others—Filipinos all—who are adopting the same course.

In listening to these merchants, one does not get, after the first formal stage is cut through, a very flattering reflection of America. Again it is impossible to use names, but I quote none but men of importance.

This speaker is a Spanish mestizo, an importer:

"We do not want this country to become a United States territory because we know that, if it were so, all its business would be assumed by the Trusts. They would know how to see to it that the laws here, as in America, favoured them. We have never had a right tariff here since the American occupation. You are still debating your own tariff. Right there at home you have never been able to decide what is good for yourselves. How, then, should you know how to make sound tariff regulations for a stranger country, thousands of miles away, living under conditions in every way different from yours?

"What we need here to quiet our troubles is a political definition—i.e., to be told by America exactly what she intends to do with us.

"But if you will let us make our own economic laws I don't care what you do with the Government.

"This talk about political independence is mere idleness until we first shall have established economic independence.

"It is as childish as the boy who declares himself 'independent' of his father and then goes back home for his pocket money or his keep.

"I am in favour of free entry of American goods into our

ports. America is sovereign here and has done much for us. She is therefore entitled to certain privileges. But America enjoys in the Philippines not only free trade but also tariff protection. The tariff she puts on British, Japanese and other goods is prohibitive. The result is that she has no competition in the Islands; <sup>1</sup> that the prices for American goods—which people here must buy or go without—are very high. Consequently our profits as importers are small. We don't want you to acquire any more control over our resources.

"As to Independence, I do not want Philippine Independence now. If you quote me in that, I shall have to say, publicly, that you are not speaking the truth, and even at that you will have done me a lot of harm. But neither I nor any other Filipino business man wants Philippine Independence. Only college students and politicians cry for it. The students simply because they have been taught the cry by the politicians. But not even the politicians—not one—really want Independence. I know them all—and I know what I am talking about. Yet, having started their noise as a means of making a living, they have to keep it up."

Here follows the statement of a professional man of conspicuous legal standing and ability—one whose life is lived in Manila among his brother mestizo *ilustrados*. He talked with great care and earnestness, anxious to make the most of what he called a unique opportunity—to express his view to the American people without sacrificing both position and peace by exposing his name:

"We are not ready for Independence. Independence without army or navy would be merely nominal, for we should fall into the power of another nation, as Japan or China. Our people believe, because our politicians tell them, that under Independence they would pay less taxes and would be freer in every way than they are now. All that is now obtained by our taxes is needed to maintain what we now have. Present financial conditions forbid the assumption of farther expense ✓

<sup>1</sup> Compare figures given on p. 7 ante.

on government account, such as the construction of defences.

"To show the prevalent ignorance on these matters, in a recent meeting of prominent Filipinos and Spaniards we spoke of means of defending ourselves as an independent state, whereupon one of the foremost men present said:

" 'That is a detail. We can fight with our teeth.' "

"We fought Spain with bolos, not teeth. But times have changed and we could not fight a modern force even with rifles.

"I have often thought that a good measure to sober us would be to conduct parties of our responsible men through Corregidor—to show them guns, ammunition, quantities, and to tell them the actual cost of these things. Then they might see that not all our government resources dedicated to that one object, the fortification at Corregidor, would suffice to maintain it.

"Not long ago I met a Major of the Reserve Corps, a well-known American, a flier, a man friendly with the Filipinos. He said, in a company of Filipinos:

" 'It would be easy to defend this country with twenty airplanes.' "

"At the time, I had no absolute knowledge to dispute him, but I know now that twenty airplanes would be no use whatever against, for example, a Japanese force. They also have airplanes and much else beside.

"As for the Major, his speech was a very harmful one, a very unfriendly one in fact, for he played upon the ignorance of my people.

✓ "The demand for Independence—that was to be expected from the first day of American occupation. We were told we were being prepared for independent government; and from time to time, ever since, individual Americans have encouraged the idea. Even the training in the American public schools here in the Philippines develops the natural wish for Independence. But the greatest handicap of all, for contentment and

peace, comes from the Americans among us. A great many Americans have come here really to do their best for the islanders. But many bring with them their race prejudice and make us feel it.

"If they were content to keep entirely away from Filipinos, socially, as the English do in India, it would be far happier for both sides, and the race feeling would not be so much noticed. But they make the mistake of mixing in some degree, and then their race feeling becomes evident. This gives the handle to the Spanish friars, who are eager to point out to us the difference between the American and the Spanish attitude toward us, to arouse thereby our hurt pride and to stimulate anti-American feeling.

"Many Americans here advocate fixing the future status of the islands—that they shall become a Territory, or that independence shall be granted on a fixed date.

"I regard both these things as impossible.

"Anything done now to fix our status as a Territory, or any promise to give us our independence in a term of years, would mean nothing to me because I know that no such promise could with certainty be fulfilled. Take the promise to make us a Territory in five or ten years' time: when that time had elapsed, the American people would realize that, being made a Territory, the Islands would inevitably next demand statehood. It would not be good for America to have in her Congress legislators from so great a distance, with interests that might well be foreign to the interests of the nation. And this fact would soon become conspicuous to the public mind.

"In the same way, I consider that no promise to give freedom ✓ twenty-five years hence could be binding. No one can see what conditions will obtain or what consideration will have to rule twenty-five years hence. This matter of Independence and of status cannot be settled now. It should be settled by our sons or our grandsons.

"Especially in a democratic country like America, political and social conditions can never be foretold. The preamble of

the Jones Law was a very great mistake.<sup>2</sup> Americans claim it is meaningless—a mere sop to the Filipinos. But I claim that it is a promise. Yet, even so, it is very vague. Who is to be the judge when our government is stable? Surely not we. No man can be judge in his own case.”

It is probable that no one who has not really worked in the Philippines, among the Filipinos, and on this general subject, can fully realize the value of the foregoing testimonies—the difficulty with which men’s confidences are obtained in a country where fear pulls always at the elbow, and where the consequence of betrayal is destruction. The words here quoted will sound commonplace enough in free America. In the Philippines, with the shadow of Independence always in the air—with the ever-present fear that America may withdraw and leave free vengeance in the saddle, they are as startling as public suicide.

Again I quote a distinguished Filipino lawyer:

“One question I would consider prior to Independence:

“We now shut out the Chinese and Japanese—or try to do so—not very effectively. If we were independent could we keep them out? If the Chinese came by the thousands and millions we could not survive. They are born and trained to a strenuous life. They can live where we would starve. We have so easy a climate that we are soft. We could not fight them off. We should have to let them come. Our people have taken none of these serious things into account. I don’t dare talk frankly to my Filipino friends. There is no use arguing where arguing won’t help. But I say, regarding the Chinese and Japanese, that apart from any military aggression, we would find them trying to dominate commercially and we should have to respect their wishes. Under our flag they would oust the English and Americans in a few years. If American products had to pay here the same duty as those of Japan, they could not compete

<sup>2</sup> The Jones Law itself contains no mention of the question of future independence for the Philippines. But the preamble, in its second clause, gave the text for much of the present argument. See Appendix I.

with Japan. I know the Japanese. As to the belief that they would fight the battle of the Orient against the West, they would as quickly fight Filipinos as Chinese or Russians. There is no racial solidarity in the Orient. We could combine with the Chinese, but not with the Japanese. Their idea of greatness is too big.

"As to exploitation of our resources by Americans, we fear it as a future danger, but none has as yet taken place. There is no big American business here now.

"It may fairly be said, with blame to America, that the shyness of American capital to come here prevents our development. Our own people are not investors, but, beside that, aside from a very few fortunes, we have very little wealth. ✓

"You may say capital is conservative and likes to be assured of the conditions of a country in which it is to invest. To that I answer: 'Yes, but that fact in no wise alters the real question nor does it remove your blame. For America *should know* what is going to happen here. She has the power to dictate. Therefore she has the responsibility. If our conditions are so uncertain that we cannot attract the capital we need to develop our resources, then that sad condition is the fault of the United States of America and of nobody else.' "

The following words are those of an outstanding mestizo merchant with interests all over the Islands:

"We are not ready for Independence. We lack the first two requisites—money, and good leaders—responsible, moral, Christian men educated in experience. In leaders we must have both honesty and experience. Either one without the other will fail and we have no such combination now visible in our political ranks. ✓

"We need a protector. Who shall it be? Japan? We don't know her. Why not America, who has already advanced us so greatly in material things? But has she yet advanced us so much in moral and spiritual things? You have done much for us, but you should do far more.

"At the bottom of the demand for Independence lies chiefly

*amor proprio*. So many Americans make light of us. Not your generals and colonels, but your little lieutenants and their wives. Not your principal business men, but their office clerks. We understand this quite well. And yet they sting our pride; and because we are stung we say, 'Give us Independence of these people. Get them out of our country, no matter at what cost!'

"This is particularly true among our young and radical element who go in more for talk and know nothing of the meaning of talk. They feel they would rather be poor and free than have the help of people who look down on them. I thought that myself before I had wealth. Poor people and young people always think so, for they have nothing to lose."

From another legal light comes this expression:

"If America goes, the first economic result will occur at once; it will be the fall of the peso to its metal value and the disappearance of all value in the currency of the Islands. The land taxes have never been gathered in full, and our people will never gather them—whether through favouritism or through slackness. The taxes at present, plus all other revenues, do not meet the expenses of the government, and the Insular Government has to borrow from the United States. From whom shall we borrow if America leaves entirely? America will then no longer lend at 4 or 5 per cent and bonds tax free. We should have to pay her what other countries pay. Or the American people might not then take up a loan on any terms. Who, then? Some other country? Japan? Perhaps, but on very profitable terms and with concessions granted. And if the terms were not met, she would not then give herself the trouble of conquest by arms. She would find an easier way effective.

"We could never, of ourselves, produce the means to run a modern government. Some other power, beyond dispute, would shortly take us. Our people, though lightly taxed now, will submit to no more."

None of the men quoted in this chapter is a politician. All



are either business or professional men in active life. But it is to be remembered that the politico, not the business or professional man, is speaking for the Philippines in Washington to-day; that the politico is training the minds of the young up-coming mestizo student class who will take the present political leaders' place.

To go into the political argument is remote from the purpose of this book—excepting in so far as it is tied into a study of the character and mentality of the people. Contributions to character study come, for example, from the response of the politico to certain definite questions.

"How do you propose to maintain your Government, with American markets no longer presenting free entry to your goods; with America no longer carrying your expenses for foreign representation in consulates and embassies all over the world; with the sums now spent in the Islands by the United States Army and Navy cut off; and with the necessity of floating your loans without backing in foreign money markets?"

This question, asked of dozens of professional Independentist politicians, produced always the same result. To choose the words of Senator Osmeña:

"Those are details to which we shall attend after Independence is granted."

The answer has been so uniform in effect that it is useless to burden the page by re quoting it in slightly different phraseology. It is understood that no more explicit statement has rewarded the inquiries of Washington.

A further obvious question, often put, is this:

"In view of the length of time in which you have been asking for Independence, it is fair to assume that you have a plan for meeting the costs of national defence out of your own resources. What is the plan?"

Here, again, a practically uniform answer is received. The following—one of the most detailed and perhaps the most intelligent—was given me by the principal Filipino political economist.

"Of course we realize that we must raise more state revenues by taxation. But that will be easily done. We can live on 50 per cent of what we spend on living now. Our climate is favourable. Our wants are simple. Given a few years' time we can find new markets, and become indifferent to those of America. Besides, if the United States should impose taxes on imports from the Philippines, we should retaliate by taxes on luxuries from the States, such as automobiles. But the effect on us of your taxing our exports would not be great. As to the direct question of defence, we have a citizenry willing to fight. We have no land boundaries.<sup>3</sup> We have small vulnerability.

"But we hold we shall not be attacked. We are so rich that the mutual jealousies of the Great Powers will defend us—the one against the other. Further, military experts say that in ten years time we could be rendered impregnable."

Q. "As independent? At your own cost? What money will supply your defences?"

A. "We can build submarines—and airplanes also."

Q. "Do you know what they cost?"

A. "No. I have not looked into that detail. But you must remember that in 1898, when America took the Islands, we had a strong arm able to defend the country. We therefore hold that the United States, in leaving the Islands, has a moral duty to leave us as well off relatively for self-defence, as we were then. In fact, we feel it the continuous moral duty of the United States to see to it that we are never attacked by any power at any time. We expect that."

This statement shows the chief political economist of the country looking to a 50 per cent reduction of living expenditures levied on the whole people to produce revenues sufficient for national defence. In connection herewith it is illuminating to recall:

First:—That seven years of practical autonomy reduced the country to bankruptcy.

Second:—That two years of very skilful work by a capable

<sup>3</sup> The coast line of the Islands, however, measures 10,850 statute miles.

American administrator, plus generous help by the United States Government, pitted, after the first fright, against the frenzied resistance of the political leaders, barely succeeded in restoring credit and balancing revenues and budget.

Third:—That the whole cacique class, to which our political economist belongs, does not exceed six or seven per cent of the population.

Fourth:—That the remaining 93 or 94 per cent whom he invites to reduce their living expenditures by 50 per cent to pay the price of a second experiment in autonomy, are now fighting for their lives against tuberculosis, beriberi and hookworm on an average sum of \$70 per family of five, per annum.

One final glance must now be given to the status of the "Independence Fund."

In preface it should be recalled that the Philippine Islands, in accordance with the provisions of the Jones Law, are continuously represented in the United States by two Resident Commissioners. These men are chosen by the Philippine Legislature and hold office for three years. Out of the United States Treasury they are paid mileage, salary and allowances identical with those of our Congressmen, and they are accorded, by law, official recognition in all Federal Departments. The Filipino politicians, however, saw use for further representation.

They therefore caused their Legislature to create a Commission of Independence, consisting of the presiding officers of both Houses of Legislature and of such other members as these two might select. The creative Act was adopted on November 7, 1918. The duties of the Commission, in brief, were to study and recommend as to the negotiation and organization of the independence of the Philippine Islands; as to securing external guarantees of the stability and permanence of independence and of territorial integrity; and as to organizing a new internal government. The Commission was given plenary power to act for the Legislature and to represent it during its recesses; to appoint and instruct agents and mis-

sions who should serve either at home or abroad; and to exercise "all other functions and powers that the presiding officers may deem necessary incidental to the carrying out of the purposes of the Commission" which Commission "shall continue to exist until the purpose for which it was created shall have been attained."

The newly created body immediately ordained "an extraordinary mission to the United States" to be presided over and directed by Mr. Quezon. This mission was to be composed of not over twenty-five Filipino citizens, as designated by the President of the Senate and the Speaker of the House. To the Legislative resolution approving the above arrangement was appended the following clause:

Be it further resolved, That, to defray the expenses incident to the fulfilment of the duties of the mission referred to in the preceding paragraph, any funds appropriated for the Philippine Legislature or for either of the Houses thereof, are hereby made available.

And a second resolution approved by Mr. Harrison helped out as follows:

Such per diems or additional compensation may be granted as the Commission may authorize, any provision of existing law to the contrary notwithstanding.

But the Commission was to receive more definite and special financial care. On December 15, 1920, Mr. Harrison approved Act No. 2933, providing a self-perpetuative million peso annual appropriation, payable out of the Insular Treasury "to defray the expenses of the Independence Commission, including publicity and all other expenses in connection with the performance of its duties" and no questions asked.

Yet, as has already been indicated,<sup>4</sup> grave doubt arose in other quarters as to the legality of such use of public funds—doubts that would have caused prompt action but for the

<sup>4</sup> See pp. 142-4 ante.

reluctance of Governor-General Wood to take any avoidable steps resembling repression of a national impulse toward freedom. Again and again, publicly and privately, he had said to the politicians:

"You accuse me of being the enemy of your independence. I am its best friend and worker. I show you the way to prove your case before the people of America. Show accomplishment in public works. Show care of your defectives, your helpless, your sick. Show care for the welfare of your women and children and in an honest desire to protect the rights of your masses and of foreigners. Show constructive legislation, a building up of your agriculture, commerce and finance and an intelligent co-operation with America's proven friendship. Let me be your lawyer, take my advice, and I will win your case."

Their answer had been barrenness and fresh cabals. And yet, hopeful always, and patient, the Governor-General spared the Independence Fund, for its name's sake, till the eleventh hour.

At last, on or about February 15, 1924, Mr. Benjamin F. Wright, the Insular Auditor, definitely questioning the constitutionality of the Act of the Philippine Legislature creating the standing million-peso Independence Fund, suspended further payments under that Act. In detail, he notified the Special Mission then in Washington that he would suspend payment of its per diem pending an investigation and decision on the question involved; that he would allow \$10,000 to settle its accounts in America up to March first; that he would allow another \$10,000 for home-coming expenses; and that, in lieu of the suspended per diem, he would approve vouchers for actual expenses and for all proper and legitimate expenditures. He informed the Mission, however, that the payments would be made, not through its Washington disbursing office, but through the U. S. Bureau of Insular Affairs in Washington.

This step aroused frantic denunciation from those directly affected and was followed by wild misrepresentation as to the

nature and consequences of the Insular Auditor's act. Mr. Wright meantime received the hearty private thanks and congratulations of many of the most important Filipinos in Manila, and even the native press was not without its favourable response. On March 5, 1924, *La Nación* (Filipino Independent), said:

The decision of Insular Auditor Wright . . . calls attention to the fact that campaigns for Independence should be maintained with private and not public funds, as is evident here, considering the sources of the taxes; out of every million pesos collected into the treasury eight hundred thousand come from foreigners. Although it is true that this money, upon entering the public coffers, becomes the property of the Government, yet it is a fact that these taxpayers will not pay a cent voluntarily to carry on such a campaign.

Upon the Insular Auditor's announcement of suspended payments, a movement was immediately started in the Philippines to demonstrate the strength of the Independence movement, by raising through popular subscription a new million-peso Independence Fund beyond the Insular Auditor's reach.

But the Filipino people are little used to public giving. Subscriptions accrued with difficulty. Some of the big gifts at first proclaimed turned out to be either the I. O. U.'s of insolvents, or else no gifts at all, but merely vague promises of loans or advances. Sinister reports came in of extortion inflicted upon the always victimized Chinese merchants of the provinces—of deceptions practised upon the Moros of the South—both to swell the new fund from sources fundamentally averse to Independence. Small government employes complained, when they dared, of levies imposed upon their slender pay. Individuals lamented that they feared to refuse contributions, yet bitterly begrudged money wrung from their hands only "to be squandered by gamblers in Washington." And presently even the political press began to rail at rich legislators who fought for the chance to go junketing to America at public expense, but who now found no cash in their private money-bags to give "for their country's good."

A considerable although disputed sum was finally, however, raised. And because this "Independence Fund," whatever it was, came through individual effort, public interest for the first time enquired as to its administration. *La Nación* said:

The beneficial influence of the action of Insular Auditor Wright is now being observed, for at the meeting of the National committee for the Independence Fund, Representative Rafols explained the necessity of strict economy by abolishing superfluous services and reducing salaries. It is understood that an account of all the expenses and activities of the independence commission will be presented to the public, together with a list of all the employés and their corresponding salaries which until now have been kept from public knowledge. . . . The sending of useless missions, like that which went to the United States knowing that it would find Congress adjourned and President Wilson in Europe, will not be repeated.

Yet not so easily, nor at all, did the officials of the Commission accede to the demand for publicity in the matter of disbursements,—and the Filipino press agreed that it was not always advisable to publish expense accounts. *El Debate*, for example, was ready to concede that the Commission should enjoy "intelligent publicity compatible with secrecy which they have a right to, in view of their delicate work."

But in June 4, 1924, the *Manila Times* (American) carried an open letter from Representative Gregorio Perfecto of the National Committee on Collections, giving a list of the reduced salaries or per diems as allotted from the new Independence Fund. Aside from accounts with beneficiaries in the Philippines, this letter gave figures as to the members of the mission then in Washington as follows:

Manuel L. Quezon

For clothes, ₱1800 (\$900) monthly.<sup>5</sup> Per diem during stay in the United States, at ₱180 a day, ₱5400 monthly.

Manuel Roxas

For clothes, ₱1800 monthly.<sup>5</sup> Per diem, during stay in the United States, at ₱180 per day, ₱5400 monthly.

Sergio Osmeña

For clothes, ₱1800 monthly.<sup>5</sup> Per diem, during his stay in the United States at ₱90—₱2700 monthly.

Claro M. Recto

For clothes, ₱1800 monthly.<sup>5</sup> Per diem, during his stay in the United States at ₱90—₱2700 monthly.

This statement omits mention of expense, entertainment and transportation arrangements.

Next day, however, the *Philippines Herald*, violent Independista organ, had a moment of emotion.

In the past patriots not only fought but died for their country. . . . To-day we still have patriots who are also fighting for their country. . . . They are paid hundreds of pesos a day and are fêted and banqueted and honoured.

And on top of that—

₱1800 given them for well-tailored suits that Beau Brummell may hide his face in shame when they appear on Pennsylvania Avenue, spick and span, the cynosure of feminine eyes.

How times change!

Poor Juan! <sup>6</sup> It is to weep!

On April 30, 1924, the Attorney General of the United States rendered his opinion on the question raised by the Insular Auditor as to the constitutionality of the act of the Philippine Legislature creating a standing Independence Fund. Upon this opinion, the Insular Auditor made final his suspension of payments under the Act.

Without going into the grounds of the Attorney General's decision it may be stated that he held the Philippine Legislature to be wholly outside its powers and province in the matters concerned. Once again it was exhibited as committing its constant offense—overlying and confounding the executive with the legislative. Once again it had broken the Jones Law,

<sup>5</sup> Two days later the *Philippines Herald* attributed to Representative Perfecto an indirect statement to the effect that this sum represented, not a monthly but a total clothing allowance per person. The point is insufficiently established.

<sup>6</sup> Juan de la Cruz is the symbolic name of the tao.



and at several major points. Once again it had encroached upon authority belonging solely to the United States Congress.

As an epitaph upon the grave-stone of the thing, the Insular Auditor quoted Mr. Justice Field:

An unconstitutional act is not a law; it confers no rights; it imposes no duties; it affords no protection; it creates no office; it is, in legal contemplation, as unoperative as though it had never been passed.

The Independence Commission still exists. But its million-peso special drawing account upon taxpayers' money is cancelled.

## *Chapter XXII*

### AN ANGLO-SAXON PERFORMANCE

THE record of the present American Administration in the Philippines has thus far been touched only here and there. It is a great and a strange story, and, to be handled adequately, would require a second volume. Think for yourself what needed to be done, and then be assured that an honest American attempt has been made to do it.

Passing over the restoration of credit to a bankrupt and discredited government, the restoration of currency values and of the vanished reserve fund, and the balancing of the Government's budget, all accomplished in two years' time by sheer skill and persistence, not only against the grain of the machine but against the machine's furious opposition—passing over these points as already recorded, we may glance here and there in other directions. For instance:

With the coming of Governor-General Wood, the use of the governmental health structure as a political perquisite could no longer go on undisturbed.

"The tremendous waste of human life in these Islands can and must be stopped," said the new Executive, early.<sup>1</sup>

And continued not only to say it but to act upon it so vigorously that the idea has become almost as afflicting as that embodied in His Excellency's companion verdict: "Free and unsecured circulation of public funds among political friends is finished."

The attacks of the political leaders upon this salient have been ceaseless and not without effect. But, in spite of their sapping and mining, General Wood had succeeded, by the end

<sup>1</sup> Message to the Sixth Philippine Legislature, October 27, 1922.

of 1923, in forcing down the general death-rate by 14 per cent below that of the last year of Harrison. Real vaccination campaigns have been renewed; smallpox has almost disappeared; cholera, too, has been driven out; the fight against tuberculosis is once more resumed—and so it continues along the line.

Again:—By the end of the second year of General Wood's administration either he or a member of his staff had visited every prison in the Islands, had investigated its condition and had looked into the case of each several prisoner. The result has been, not only a great improvement in the jails themselves, but the release of a large number of persons frivolously or needlessly confined, and the turning of thousands of wretched, diseased and useless lives into sound productivity moving toward freedom.

A third example of reconstruction is the checking of the plagues of locusts, of rinderpest and of anthrax that the previous lax government had let loose upon the Islands. By the practical support of General Wood, Dr. W. H. Boynton, inventor of the rinderpest serum, was first able to put his great discovery into such shape as to serve the whole archipelago. This one thing has already saved the farmers over 110,000 draught animals, the main-springs of their livelihood. The autonomized legislature's political plays are still prone to reproduce their old fruit—criminally loose quarantines. But to General Wood's strong, though ever handicapped, intervention is due to-day the survival of the draught animal in the islands.

Coming to the schools, public instruction has commanded the Governor-General's lively interest, and, besides a continuous effort to raise fallen and debased standards in general, he has laid particular stress on the importance of farm schools, on the teaching of trades and of domestic science, and on the study and cultivation of the English language. The clearing-out of American school-teachers, now so nearly complete, is rapidly reducing the tongue taught in the provinces to "bamboo English." Many of the Filipino teachers themselves now speak a species of patois dangerously near plain pidgin. And a dis-

tinct if somewhat covert tendency is observable, on the part of the political leaders, to minimize the importance of English, in favour of the patriotic values of the dialects to the mass. Mr. Justice Taft thus analyzed this last feature:

The efforts of the American Government to teach the ignorant their civil rights and to uplift them to self-governing capacity find only a languid sympathy from many of the "ilustrados." From them comes the only objection to teaching English to the common people, lest they lose their national character. . . . The real motive for the objection, whether conscious or not, is the desire of the upper class to maintain the relationship of the ruling class to the serving and obedient class.

Mr. Manuel Roxas, speaking in Washington on Feb. 17, 1924, before the House Committee on Insular Affairs, said:

We have about three important dialects in the Philippines, but . . . I do not think the difference is any greater than that which exists in the English spoken in the different States of the Union.

The fact is that of the eighty-seven distinct native dialects spoken in the Philippines, some differ in about the same degree that German differs from English, while a large percentage of the rest differ as French differs from Italian. Their continuance in popular use is one of the great forces against the people's emancipation and development.

General Wood, as America's Executive in the Islands, has consistently and vigorously pushed military training for young civilian Filipinos. For this he has been severely criticized by persons who feel that such training, given such soil, can only produce a bantam turkey-cock spirit.

But General Wood has expressed his belief that his duty is to advance the Filipino in every practical way toward ability for self-government. He holds that any people desiring to stand alone must be prepared for self-defence. Therefore he has spared no pains to give these people a nucleus of trained soldiers.

In his Message to the Legislature, of 1923, he says:

The military training units established in the University of the Philippines and the Ateneo<sup>2</sup> are progressing satisfactorily. They are organized on the general lines followed by Reserve Officers' Training Corps organizations in colleges and universities in the United States. . . . [This training] should be extended until it includes all those of suitable age and physical condition, not only in the University of the Philippines, but in other universities, and normal and high schools, throughout the Islands. This is as important a step in the organization of the Islands for defence as is the development of our natural resources, commerce and communications for the establishment and maintenance of the [independent] government you desire. This training tends to make better citizens, to build up a spirit of service, to create respect for the constituted authorities, law and order, and to give those who receive it better bodies. It makes them more effective workers, as well as prepares them to discharge efficiently their duty to their country in case of need.

The several corps, especially that of the Ateneo, turn out very smart drills, and the young men keenly enjoy and desire the training. How greatly they need its physical part their amazingly frail little bodies, when seen in uniform, the more conspicuously testify.

From the Filipino politicians, however, comes a continuous fire of complaint of General Wood's "militarism." This is delivered for consumption in the United States, and illustrates the shrewdness with which they choose weapons. Knowing the handicap that the word "military" may become to a public man in our Democracy, they have used that circumstance to the utmost in the manufacture of a special bit of campaign publicity in the form of a complaint against the Executive's "military advisers."

The facts are these:

First: The responsibilities of the Governor-General are great. No one man, by any approach to ubiquity, can personally supervise them all. He must, consequently, find assistants

<sup>2</sup> Jesuit school for young men and boys in Manila.

whose whole time he can command and whose loyalty he can trust.

Second: In the present state of affairs, practically every educated and trained Filipino shrinks in terror under the whip of leaders who denounce any man daring openly to aid America in the person of her Executive. Consequently no American Executive can rely for loyal, single-purposed support in any emergency entirely on Filipino counsel.

Third: The Insular budget makes no provision whatever for the employment of special assistants to the Governor-General.

Therefore: Being in imperative need of assistants, for the responsible handling of his job, General Wood took those assistants from the sole available place—the United States Army; because United States Army officers are paid by the United States of America. The only tax in any way laid upon the Insular Government by the use of these officers was a per diem of five dollars apiece.<sup>3</sup>

With the last-given point in view it is illustrative of the insincerity of the Filipino political leader toward his own people that Mr. Camilo Osias, President of the National University and one of Mr. Quezon's right-hand men, should write,<sup>4</sup> in a string of charges preferred against our present Executive:

He has surrounded himself with a Kitchen Cabinet composed of men more or less military, chosen without regard to the wishes of the people, who foot the bill. . . .

Mr. Osias's statement recalls the expression of our old and unterrified friend, Deacon Prautch of the rice paddies:

“Surround himself with military men?” Of course he does! He can't have those sneaking caciques around him and trust his orders to be done. General Wood is the most disinterested,

<sup>3</sup> This per diem of \$5 apiece for the Governor-General's assistants was omitted from the budget, by the same Legislature that cut off the provision for the yacht *Apo* (see pp. 144-8 ante). The incident may be compared with the allotment of per diem plus transportation and special entertainment charges, to the Filipino Independence Commission in Washington. See pp. 143 and 241-2 ante.

<sup>4</sup> *National Forum*, Manila, October, 1923, p. 30.

unselfish gentlemen I have ever met. He has done what he saw to be right and then has sat down silently and let them bark. Far from being a military dictator, he has fouled his hands with washing their sores. Suppose yourself in his position and that you were to surround yourself with a lot of Filipinos as advisers and aides. There would always be an incentive for them, as for any person living here, to colour things for later on. These military men are free. They have no connections, no obligations, nothing to fear, nor to hope. They are not to be here to-morrow. Any one who is going to live here would be sorely tempted to temper the wind. The military aides may not be as patient as I am, and of course they are brutes if they don't Gustave-Alphonse all over the place. I will also admit they are not trained liars."

Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy, General Wood's chief "military adviser," is genuinely liked, even beloved, by both classes of Filipinos and throughout the Philippine Islands. The other two, Colonel Gordon Johnston and Colonel George T. Langhorne, kindly, faithful men both, have proved their interest in the common welfare by tireless service.

Any Filipino who applies the word "militaristic" to them is in the position of the downy chick who should apply the term to its broad-winged mother hen.

Just before I left America for Manila Mr. Edward Clark Carter, late chief of the Y. M. C. A. with the American Army in France, asked me to bear specially in mind, in the Philippines, the question whether General Wood might have exercised to advantage "a greater tact and sweetness" in dealing with the people. An opportunity arose to submit that exact question to a man intimately acquainted with the facts, a close friend of Mr. Carter's, whose authority I had good reason to believe would satisfy the inquirer's mind. He said:

"In the first place, it must be remembered that General Wood, where friction is felt, is not dealing with the Filipino people. He is dealing with a very few men—whose whole game in life is to take advantage of any weakness of an American

governor to acquire that power for their own personal aggrandizement. As it is, the criticism of most Americans here is that General Wood has displayed too much patience and kindness to these politicians.

"I do not think he has. I think his has been an astonishing performance. He has never allowed the personal side to influence his judgment or his personal treatment of these people, under the most intense provocation. You have seen his patience under fire. He has never once allowed his temper to show.

"It is an Anglo-Saxon performance as against Oriental trickery, treachery and sidestepping behind the scenes.

"And then his physical achievement of standing the racket for three years has been astonishing. We have all tried to get him to take a leave of absence and go home, but he has been so tied up in his work that he would not think of leaving. He thinks only of his work and his interest—which is, the Filipino people. Both he and Cameron Forbes like the Filipino people, and the great mass of the Filipinos like them. This tempest in the teapot, on top, is just a natural human phenomenon, having nothing whatever to do with the real attitude of the mass. With them the relations of the Governor-General are pleasantness itself.

"Tell Ned Carter to set his mind at rest, and be proud of one great American."

Rather an interesting incident occurred when the late Lord Northcliffe visited the Philippines, in 1921. Enthusiastically welcomed and fêted by the Filipinos of Manila, he was twice persuaded to address large meetings. Upon all occasions his speech with Filipino politicians contained an unexpected element.

"Almost everywhere that I have been in the world," he repeated, not a little to their embarrassment, "I have been approached by Filipinos with a request that I use my newspapers to advocate Philippine Independence. It has never seemed to occur to these men that I come of a nation of colonizers, that I have studied this subject, that I understand it and



that I cannot but take pleasure and pride in this good Anglo-Saxon achievement of America."

"No people in the world," he said, speaking at the University of the Philippines, "have had a fairer deal than you. I know of no other nation that would have assisted you to do what you have done in so short a time. I am very sure that with no other nation could you have effected an arrangement by which such a small and scattered people as you are, by comparison with . . . the great countries to the north of this place, would be saved the cost of the protection of your country. I wonder if you realize what it means to come from a land like I do, where we are taxed up to the tops of our heads to support a great navy and army. You have all that provided for you. You have a situation not unlike that of the great British overseas states, Australia and Canada. You have the widest liberty that I have ever seen accorded, and you have none of the expenses of saving your existence. I talk very frankly about these things because I can say what Americans do not say. I tell you quite frankly, were it not for the American flag in my opinion you would cease to exist. You imagine that your wealth is not known to the whole world. Are you aware that some countries are so overcrowded that they must go somewhere? Do you imagine that they would not come here were it not for the American flag? How could you defend your few millions against the thousand millions who are not so very far away?

"Sometimes I meet your Filipinos who talk about independence. I tell them they have it, and, as well, one of the finest blessings in the whole world, and I have travelled a great deal throughout the world. There are no better schools than those I have seen this morning and I am bound to say I have never seen more intelligent pupils. But, let me repeat: that would not prevent your country being absorbed were it not for the United States. Perhaps some of you may travel and see the land hunger that exists in other parts of the world.

I am very sure you will then realize what it means to possess, round about you, the wisdom and strength of the American people.

"Their last example of generosity was to send you one of their greatest citizens [General Wood]. If you knew his record as well as I do you would know that you have a wise man, that you have a just man, that you have a strong man. Strength of character is greatly to be desired in the governor of a new people, and you are a new people. The Filipino of to-day bears no relation to the Filipino of fifty years ago. Fifty years ago the Philippine Islands were known for but two things, cock-fighting and hemp. To-day the Philippine Islands are becoming known throughout the world as the centre of the greatest uplift the world has ever known. You have done wonders in the very few years of your new life. But always remember that under no other people or with no other people could you have accomplished what you have accomplished with the aid of the Americans."

Now, of the Filipinos quoted in recent chapters, all were city-folk. Mestizos—either Chinese or Spanish. Members of the small cacique class.

But do you remember the Governor of the Province of Pampangas,<sup>5</sup>—that little square, pure-blooded Malay farmer? He who fights like an Anglo-Saxon for the underdog? He who comes straight out, as scarce a mestizo dares to come, and defies the Big Caciques to their teeth? He who does this, not for his own advantage, but in behalf of the victimized millions of his poor brother Malay farmers—the real people of the Islands?

Well, that same little square dark-brown fighting man did a thing in the height of the cacique war upon America that, for

<sup>5</sup> See pp. 42-46 ante. Gaspar de San Agustin, O.S.A., writing in 1725, claimed to have detected in the Pampangans a strain of superiority to the other tribesmen. He said: "The Pampangans are truthful, love their honour, are very brave, and inclined to work; and are more civil and of better customs. In regard to their vices (for they are in the last analysis Indians like the rest) they keep them more out of sight and covered. In all things the Pampangans have a nobleness of mind that makes them the Castilians of these same Indians. Consequently these people must be distinguished from the rest. *Blair and Robertson*. Vol. XL, p. 252.

clean valour of spirit, few Christian Filipinos could be found to match. As his immediate reward, the politico press called him too base to couple in name with Benedict Arnold or with the faithless Brutus. His deed as a matter of fact was worthy of the minute-men of Lexington—and more than that, for the enemy he defied is no chivalrous kinsman, and no embattled brethren stood at his back.

Olimpio Guanzon, then, Governor of Pampangas, came out in the *Manila Times*, on November 11, 1923, with a sort of proclamation. Printed on the front page, under his own name and title, with big head-lines, it was more startling in its boldness than can easily be realized in a country of protected liberty and of free speech. This is what he said:

“According to the theory of the Coalitionists,<sup>6</sup> in order to be a patriot one has to be anti-American or anti-Wood.

“Now, may I ask what bad thing has America done during the twenty-five years in which she has been on Philippine soil that she should be treated thus?

“Is it because she has implanted here freedom of culture, education, speech, petition and the press?

“Because she has reorganized the administration in the Philippines?

“Because she has constructed provincial roads all over the country?

“Because she has brought over here her best teachers to teach us and educate us along modern and democratic ways?

“Because she has constructed public buildings, public markets, hospitals, bridges, artesian wells, systems of irrigation, parks, an aquarium, dikes, etc.?

“Because she has built the city of Baguio, and reclaimed lands left by the sea (which we never dreamed of doing) and now used by warehouses, the custom house and the piers?

“Because she has pacified Mindanao and converted its inhabitants into citizens?

“Because she has given into Filipino hands all positions of

<sup>6</sup> Quezon's party. See p. 126 ante.

responsibility except that of the governor-general, vice-governor-general and the posts in the supreme court?

"Because she has consented to establish here a rural credit system, one of the good things inaugurated during the American régime, to help the small farmers, with the further security that usury shall be done away with? Unfortunates!

"And Wood, what bad thing has he done to be treated thus?

"Because he has equalized the expense of the government with its income, for when he came there was more expense than income?

"Because he has decreased the number of automobiles in the government service by selling them, when in their maintenance millions of pesos were spent annually?

"Because he has given a fixed allowance to provincial governments?

"Because he has eliminated some unnecessary employés placed by conscienceless politicians to secure votes?

"Because he has improved Philippine currency by putting it at par, when except for his prompt action, good financier that he is, our currency would have been the same as the German currency?

"Because he wished to close the Philippine National Bank and all its branches, as well as to sell the sugar centrals because of bad management, some of the latter being unable to pay back the capital, and much less the interest?

"Because he has asked the legislature to pass a bill which would allow the sale of bonds in the United States amounting to ₱150,000,000 of which ₱130,000,000 were to be used in paying depositors of the bank?

"Because he has ordered the trial and consented to the imprisonment of some of those who have robbed the Philippine National Bank? (I say some, because the really guilty parties are free.)<sup>†</sup>

"Because he has changed the directors of the Philippine

<sup>†</sup> See p. 110 ante.

National Bank and the railroad which, because of mismanagement on the part of Filipino directors, put them on the verge of ruin?

"Because he has ordered the reinstatement of Conley after he was absolved twice by the courts and once by the committee named to investigate him due to lack of proofs?

"Because he has given to a committee of Democrata<sup>8</sup> representatives his proclamation and report of the bank examiners which the presidents of both houses of the legislature tried to keep secret?

"If the leaders had borne themselves honourably and impartially, I am sure that such scandals would not have occurred, and perhaps we would have been independent by this time. But, instead of punishing the guilty, they were given the reward of good positions, and therefore instead of stopping the evil, it was enhanced.

"Why should we not lose in our enterprises when the men placed in the jobs did not have any experience, but were made directors or presidents without even filling the positions of clerks in the institutions? . . .

"It is better to keep silent, for the mere mention of these things makes my blood boil."

<sup>8</sup> "Democrata" is the title of the minority party.

## *Chapter XXIII*

### THE HEAD HUNTERS

UP to this point we have been deliberately speaking only of the Christian Filipino—Malay tao or mestizo cacique—the man of the hot lowlands, whatever his blood. Now we turn to the mountaineers—the “wild tribes” of Luzon.

These are often classed together under the name of Igorots or Igorrotes. The Igorots proper, however, number only about 70,000 and comprise but two of the distinct racial groups inhabiting Luzon's high mountains. With such groups are also included the Bontocs, Kalingas, Ifugaos, Apayaos, Gaddangs, Ilongots and others, to the number, roughly, of 450,000. No accurate census has ever been taken.

The Ifugaos and Bontocs are of mixed physical types, among which the Malay predominates. With the Igorots, the Mongol blood stands out. The Kalingas, Apayaos, and Gaddangs are chiefly Indonesian.

All are dark-skinned folk practically unmixed for many centuries, during which time they have continuously inhabited their homes of to-day.

In general, the hill peoples are classed as semi-civilized. Yet one of the Ifugaos' handiworks ranks among the wonders of the world—the greatest system of stone-walled rice-terraces in existence. Covering the mountain sides from base to summit and often sixty feet in height, the length of these terraces totals about twelve thousand miles. The soil that fills them has been brought in baskets on men's backs. They are irrigated by a most efficient scheme of canals and ditches—ditches often several miles long. Their annual upkeep costs a tremendous amount of labour and their original construction, so scientists compute, must have taken two thousand years.



M. M. Newell

A BONTOC GIRL





Among other cultural features exhibited by the Ifugaos in common with the Bontocs and the Igorots, are their building of substantial pyramidal-roofed houses entirely of wood, elevated on wooden pillars equipped with rat-guards in the form of hubs; their excellent hand-loom weaving, their wood carving, pottery-making and basketry; their original use of open and tactical methods of warfare; their strong hereditary-clan type of social organization; their highly developed system of private ownership of real property and of laws of inheritance;<sup>1</sup> their intense sense of personal dignity, of individual rights and of liberty, applied equally to both sexes.

In their domestic relations, and in their attitude toward women in general, the mountain people differ radically from the lowland Christian tribes—Tagalogs, Visayans and all the many rest. With the Ifugaos, for example, genealogies are often preserved for from fifteen to thirty generations. This care for the line of descent is a part of a system involving strictly observed marriage laws, which, if not the laws of the occident, are at least as rigorously enforced as ours.

As to religion, the hill peoples are diversely pagan, yet their beliefs, says Dr. Beyer,<sup>2</sup> "must not be dismissed as mere superstitious practices." For their creed is a well-developed polytheism comparable to that of Greece, preserved and served by an organized priesthood exerting a considerable influence in the community.

Spain scarcely touched these people. They and their country were poor. Their fastnesses were exceedingly difficult of access. Their life was Spartan and, primitive as were their arms—spears, hatchets, bows and arrows—their fighting spirit made them not a little formidable. So during all the era of Spain, a simple manhood escaped the penalties of civilization, preserved intact its ancient rigorous laws, and kept its physical state uncontaminated. Divided by varying racial inheritances

<sup>1</sup> R. F. Barton, *Ifugao Law*, University of California Press, 1919.

<sup>2</sup> H. Otley Beyer, *Population of the Philippine Islands*, Manila, 1917, p. 16.

and by separate tongues, the several tribes and even their clan subdivisions lived with little or no intercommunication and gloried in continual warfare one upon the other. In this warfare it was the common custom to bear home as victor's trophy the fallen enemy's head. Hence the mountain tribes have been known as "Head Hunters."

Between the Filipino of the lowlands and the "Igorot" of the hills no bond nor connection has ever existed. The Filipino from a distance despises and resents the mountaineer—and abuses him when he can. Close at hand he fears him. The mountaineer from any position despises and resents the Filipino, refusing with indignation to be included under that name.

The late Dean C. Worcester, who served for many years as Secretary of the Interior, says: <sup>3</sup>

All the non-Christian tribes have two things in common—their unwillingness to accept the Christian faith and their hatred of the several Filipino peoples who profess it. Their animosity is readily understood when it is remembered that their ancestors and they themselves have suffered grievous wrong at the hands of the Filipinos. In spite of all protestation to the contrary, the Filipinos are absolutely without sympathy for the non-Christian peoples, and have never voluntarily done anything for them, but on the contrary have shamelessly exploited them whenever opportunity has offered.

America's first approach to the mountains, by the blessing of Providence, was good. We sent splendid young men to blaze our way there—men chosen as if by special inspiration, for their steely nerve, their instinct for justice, their humour, humanity, kindness and horse sense.

By true service, and by a genuine passion for their task, these young men made the word "American" synonymous with "Friend," to the mountain people. And their allies in that achievement were the doctor and the nurse.

Much has been said, in earlier chapters, of our health work

<sup>3</sup> *The Philippines Past and Present*, pp. 661-2.

in the Philippine Islands. Yet here again the subject must be approached and from a new aspect. For the white magic of the sanitary officer was to provide a touchstone to the wild man's heart—to win by beneficent subterfuge a better victory than that of arms and blood.

In this novel campaign our Chief Health Officer planted his staff in little temporary dispensaries here and there on the edge of the mountain regions. And each doctor scouted about the doctoring business cannily, quietly, playing for confidence, watching, ever, for the chance to do a spectacular cure.

The mountain tribes in general were and are superior to the lowlander in physique and in general health. But some among them bore the burden of pains or disfigurements that simple skill could remove. Yaws, for example—a horribly distorting skin disease—much afflicted certain of the peoples; and the cure for yaws is easy to perform. Dr. Heiser thought it legitimate to make use of that point to gain credit for the white man's civilization. So he worked out a plan.

Now the hill man rarely bathes when he is sick. He wraps himself in a blanket, which he does not remove while the illness lasts. Also, he is apt to be somewhat vague in his count of time.

"Take this stick and keep it fast," said the American magician to the yaws victim. "You see, I have tied ten loops of cord fast around it, at regular intervals. Each morning, exactly at sunrise, just as the first straight ray strikes over the hill, you take your knife and you cut off one loop. But on no account, at any time, let your eyes see the surface of your body. When the last loop is cut off, take off your blanket and bathe. Then look. Meantime, lie still in your blanket. Now just let me push this medicine into your skin."

So then the doctor made his hypodermic injection of the sovereign drug. And the sick man, on his part, faithfully did as he was bid. On the tenth day, as the last loop of string fell from the stick, he took off his blanket, bathed, looked, and, behold, his skin was clean!

The effect, in his ingenuous mind and on the minds of all about him, was enormous.

After that, the doctor could shift his little shack farther up into the high wilderness. And so, move by move, before they realized it, he was already established among their villages, a fast friend whose word all would follow and trust. Thus he, at length, could introduce his friend, the American school teacher. And so at last, through the children, American influence began to push freely toward progress and peace.

Another great influence for good, among the mountain people, was the character and work of the late Dean C. Worcester who, as Secretary for the Interior, developed a wizard-like intuition as well as a great-hearted sympathy and understanding as to the mountain peoples. Among other civilizing devices he started inter-tribal cañaos (feasts) to bring together on a friendly basis of pleasures shared men who, in all the ages before, had scarcely met except in deadly combat. At these cañaos he introduced athletic games, to which the people took with avidity. And his introduction of the tug-of-war was perhaps the greatest single element in the stopping of head-hunting.

"Look here"—Mr. Worcester would say—"you fellows measure the strength of your clans by the number of fighting men's heads one can take from the other. Here is a new way—American fashion. Let each clan pick its six best men. Then we'll have a whale of a cañao and each six shall pull other sixes, till it is whipped. In that way—by seeing who is left in the end—we'll find out the strongest clan—and we'll find it out without weakening everybody's show by continually killing off the warriors. What?"

They were willing to try. They tried. And then, to the last vote, they were for it. And the sight of those gorgeous brown bodies, strained to the full of each muscle and tendon in one great moment of do-or-die—is a thing, once seen, that no man has ever forgotten.

Also, it satisfied the "head-hunting" appetite.

In these and similar ways, by tact and firmness, by goodwill and understanding, was steady progress made without exposing an innocent, primitive people to the usual forerunners of "civilization"—whiskey, the shotgun, disease, the exploiter, the cheating trader, religious confusions and learning to lie.

And thus a wise and beautiful work went on—until the coming of Harrison.

From that point the tide turned. American governors of the Mountain Province disappeared, and with them the spirit of service. The tribesmen from then forward were made to accept their old enemies as rulers. Lassitude, carelessness, indifference, incompetence at best, characterized the new administration. The result was a heart-breaking waste of the past.

A different Governor-General now sits in Manila, but his hands are tied. He may appoint the Governors of the Mountain Province, but the Philippine Legislature must approve his appointments. And it approves only its own kind.

The ruin of a great beginning is not yet wholly accomplished. The mountain people still believe in America. A simple, loyal folk, they still trust their friend. But America's help is almost gone from them. She has handed them over to destruction, and she strengthens their enemy's hand.

Aside from the schools—of which the best is the Farm School at Trinidad—all that is done for them now is done by private effort—by General Wood's personal friendship and by the mountain missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church and of the Church of Rome. Happy in spirit and in personnel, the work of these stations is so excellent as to be cordially hated and insidiously attacked by the *cacique politico*.

The mountain missions, strange to relate, are short-handed. I know of no place in the world where young men and women volunteers of hardihood, spirit and parts and of some private means of support can hope to get back a more exhilarating reward for unlimited personal expenditure.

## Chapter XXIV

### AND THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS IS OURS ALSO

THIS "wild man" of Luzon is a physical triumph sufficiently dressed in a gee string. He is industrious, courageous, imaginative, frank, loyal, honourable. He has not yet learned to lie or to squirm. He has not escaped his share of vanity, but he is not conceited—not an egoist. He has no yearning for luxuries that his own prowess or industry may not satisfy out of the means that a frugal Nature puts in his hand. He is the best farmer, the best engineer and the hardest worker in all the archipelago. He has had to throw his whole strength against the unkindness of his native rocks to wrest from them food enough to keep him alive. He can grow just so much rice. If that fails—famine catches him. He has never a margin of surplus. Each year, at best, brings him three hungry months in which food is scarce. Also the air of his country is gloriously good. And at night it is cold. So he is strong of body—and strong of will. His pride has been to hold his own in arms against the clans. No lowlander, no outside people, has ever dominated him or made him crawl. He stands up straight before you with level eyes, seeks no subterfuges and tells you the truth.

You can give him a huge load of supplies to carry—one that you yourself can scarcely lift, and then you can forget it. For all alone, he will pack it on his back a hundred miles across the mountains, through raging streams and storms and untold hardships and bring it safely to your door. He will not have broken open or lost a single parcel, nor will he have loitered on the trail.

Experienced American school teachers agree that the moun-

taineer radically differs from the Filipino, in that the former does his school work not to escape work, but with the definite purpose to be of practical help to his own people. And, through every discouragement, he adheres to that end. Mountain children, given an equal chance, in the end equal the Filipino in capacity. For what the mountaineers lack in custom and facility, they make up in virility, determination and persistence backed by superior physical and moral stamina.

Carrying the comparison further, these teachers assert that the mountain youth are more modest than the lowlanders, more tractable, readier to take advice, and better able by character and by inclination to absorb American standards of thought.

The boys often walk a month, in continuous journey, to get from their remote eyries to the agricultural schools at Muñoz or at Trinidad. An ordinary incident was that of the journey of a party of little girls from far Sagada to Easter School at Baguio, in the season of 1923. Accompanied only by an American priest, they walked the whole distance barefooted, five days and nights of it in a raging typhoon, soaked to the skin and always shivering cold, each child carrying her own food. Each nightfall they made a fire and steamed a little of the water out of their bits of clothes. As dawn broke over the storm-swept peaks up they got, and off again. And always they laughed, wholly cheerful, wholly self-dependent, wholly determined and undismayed.

Individual Americans have given these people their very best; for their characteristics are of the kind that go to the root of Anglo-Saxon sympathy, and their handicaps of the sort that the Anglo-Saxon by instinct lines up to combat. Individual Americans will continue to give them their best, in a losing fight, if such it must be, to the end.

I have talked privately to a hundred mountaineers, more or less, of the various tribes. To each one I said in preface just what I said to the lowlanders of all degrees—"I have come to find out your mind. I want to carry back to America a

true report of what you think and desire. I will convey your message whatever it is. And if you trust me I will not betray your name."

They received this appeal with grave attention. All were ready to speak, saying that the opportunity to address themselves directly to America had never been offered them before. Many added that they did not care to conceal their names; for if America remained to protect them they feared nothing, while if America should go, their lives were forfeit anyway. Not a few, having spoken once, requested next day to speak again, in order, having meditated, to amplify or emphasize their previous statement. Several times since returning home I have received enquiries from scattered points in the mountains: "Have you told our words to the people of America? Have you told them our trouble? What do they say? Will they help?"

I now feel justified in affirming that the following statements express the mind of the whole mountain people, and that any essential divergence will be found to come from some rare individual who has been isolated and either terrorized or tempted beyond his power to resist.

In essence, the statements agree so completely that to quote a few is to express them all. But, despite the courage of the witnesses, it would be inexcusable to expose them by revealing their identity. Malay vengeance waits long for its prey.

The question put was this: "Do you desire to see the Independence of the Philippine Islands, the establishment of native government, and the withdrawal of America?" And I endeavoured to convey the enquiry without colour or leading.

A Kalinga expressed his answer thus:

"Mr. Quezon, of course, tells everybody that all the people in these Islands want Independence. My people don't want Independence. For that only means Tagalogs bullying us. Let more of us be educated first. If Independence came now, none of us is competent to fill higher offices. They would send Filipinos to govern us, and then there would be trouble. My



people are very anxious to send their children to school now that they see what schools can do. They say that if the Filipinos would spend some money to give us schools and hospitals and nurses, and teach some of us to be doctors, instead of sending missions to the United States, they would have some use for Filipinos. The trouble is, my people, except a few students who read papers, don't know what goes on. The lowlanders think themselves above the mountain people. They always say 'Igorots know nothing. They can't hold office.' "

A Bontoc said:

"Most of my people are still savage. They can't read or write. But they do not want to be under the Filipinos. Since Spanish times we have known them. Politicos have not changed. No Filipino deals justly with us, and there will certainly be insurrection in our country if Independence comes. We have public schools and are going on all right up to now, but that is just because one American is left with us. He is our old friend. We wanted him for Provincial Governor. For he is just. He can control our peoples easily because he uses an equal hand. All Filipinos are Ilocano or Tagalog or something else. All favour their own side and none would give us, even here in our own country, any chance. But the Filipinos will not let us choose our own Governor."

The following is the statement of a Benguet—a magnificent physical type:

"We know that we are behind in civilization. And we know that if the Filipinos were in full power, instead of teaching us they would make us their workmen. They would take from us all our wealth—our land and our animals, and raise our taxes. That is the beginning of what 'Independence' would mean to us.

"I know that the Governor-General knows that the Igorots are against Independence, because, whenever he comes to the mountains, the representatives of all the different tribes make journeys to him, asking him to use all his power to save us, that Independence shall not come.

"Most of the educators among us, in the public schools, are Ilocanos. They seem not to want any of us to show progress. Filipino officials almost never employ those of us who have a little education and so give us a chance to learn more. Right now there are several of us fitted to be secretary of a town, or foreman of road building. I think we natives should be given opportunities. But foreign Filipinos get them all.

"We Igorots want an American Governor. This present one is a Filipino. He sits in his house with his wife. He never goes around to find the people's need.

"The Filipinos trick us and steal from us. If one of them steals a carabao, he will win, if he is rich, for the judges are Filipinos, and they will sell the case any time. The Igorot is sure to lose unless he pays the judge often. And the Igorot is poor."

Said a Bontoc—one whose experience exceeds that of most:

"These Filipinos who have been put over us are really trying to treat us better than they have ever done before. But I do not think their hearts are changed. They hate us. It has happened that Americans have taken pictures of Igorots and said 'These are some of the people of the Philippines.' And that makes the politicians angry for they think it puts Independence back.

"It is true that my people are very dirty. Like pigs. And ignorant. But we want to do better. We want America to stay by us and guide us till we learn how.

"The mountain farm schools are the best for us. We can't keep our health in the lowlands. But the real benefit is they teach us on the farm schools how to go back and live prosperously in our own place. But the politicians hate our farm schools, and are always trying to push away our American teachers and put in little Filipinos who know nothing but what is in their little book. We, who are farmers for thousands of years, we can tie them all up in their little book.

"We want to go to America to study. But they only send

Filipinos as *pensionados*. Only the American missionaries have sent any Igorots to the United States.

"At the time when Governor Forbes went through the Mountain Province <sup>1</sup> the Provincial Governor did a trick. Governor Forbes had received the *buknuns* (chiefs) privately and let them speak their hearts to him. And the Provincial Governor was afraid of this. So when Governor Forbes was gone, this Filipino behaved like his kind. He sent a paper around to the chiefs of the towns and barrios of all the Mountain Province and said:

"Sign this paper. It is a paper saying that all the tribes and peoples are now at peace together, according to the law."

"And then, when there were sheets and sheets of names, they wrote above them something that said: 'We the undersigned do hereby—so and so—and we want Independence right away.'"

"Our Mountain Provincial Governor, being a Filipino, did that trick.

"I suppose the paper was sent to Washington.

"If I could go to Washington I would go to Congress and stand up and say:

"Don't leave the Igorots! For goodness' sake don't leave us. This is the prayer of every Igorot: 'Be over us. Be our guardian. Don't leave the Philippines. Be over us.'"

"By law, one Igorot is appointed by the Governor-General to represent us in legislature. But he cannot do a thing for the Mountain Province. Because he is only one. He is nobody there. He is ignored.

"If America goes, we shall be exploited and maltreated worse than the Spaniards ever maltreated the Filipinos. I myself know the Filipino senator who was asked what would be done for the Igorots under Independence.

"Done for them?' he said. 'Exterminate them.'"

"And that is true. They would."

Another Bontoc testified:

<sup>1</sup> Wood-Forbes Commission, 1921.

"We don't want Independence. We know too much. We would be treated like hell. The Ilocanos, especially, abuse us Igorots instead of helping us. They will rob us. They rob us now, and cheat us. And their teachers will not give Igorot boys a chance to learn.

"Our mountain people want to be separated, in case of Independence. If it comes, and if America won't keep us, but, against our will, gives us to the Filipinos, to be their slaves, we will make a revolt. And of course there will be fights between the tribes too. Now, having some Americans still in Bontoc, we live in peace—except for the weakness of the Governor, who is a Filipino. Our Governor should be a big, strong chief, and wise and just, like the Americans, and able to travel from place to place, to explain and convince. We Bontocs, Kalingas, Ifugaos, Apayaos—we are not yet civilized. We need much help, yet, before we can hold our own."

The mother of an Igorot *buknun* sat in her house on the mountainside, surrounded by little children, plucking rice-grain from its straw. Her wrinkled old face was all sparkling with smiles, the pose of her head and the brightness of her eyes curiously birdlike. Her voice, like her face, crackled with life and humour.

"If America went away, the Filipinos would raise the price of everything, and take away all that we have learned and gained. America has shown us how to live and how to help ourselves. There would be nothing for us if Americans went away. When the Filipinos speak, they seem all right. But we are no match for them yet. We are ignorant still. Do not let America go till these children's children are as wise as theirs—and have guns."

Then comes a scene on a mountain-top. The moss-green slope is clouded blue with ageratum and wreathed with small white roses, golden-eyed—common weeds of a glorious land. Down, down and away over the mighty hills like stairways of the hosts of heaven run the rice-terraces. The air is clear and bright and cold as the air at sea. The few little thatch-



BONTOCS DANCING



M. M. Newell

THAT MOTHER OF AN IGOROT BUKNUN



roofed houses where we stand blend into the surface of things as do the rocks and the tufted grass. Under their eaves many jaw-bones hang and swing, in long encircling rows.

"Why the jaw-bones?" I ask.

"Because the spirits of the ancestors like to see them," a jolly old man in a gee string makes reply.

Then comes the head of the village, with three of the principal men. One might be a Sioux Indian or a Roman of the days of Cæsar. Their speech is well-weighed, unhesitating, sure. Their bearing is essentially poised. "The Filipinos," says the chief, "lack the spirit to help any one. They certainly would never help us. They will try to rob us if America leaves. Then we shall fight, although our chance is poor."

Says the Roman: "We mountain tribes are all divided now. The American headmen were bringing us together and making us one. Now, under the bad change, under these Filipinos that have been put over us, we divide again and lose what we had gained. Before Independence comes, we in the mountains should first be reconciled and united, as one people. Then we should be able to protect ourselves. I have seen a Filipino arguing with our people and saying: 'When we are free you will have more money. Therefore put your mark on this paper for Independence.' But I know that when taxes are not paid at the right time, then the tax is doubled. And then, if the mountain man does not borrow money of the rich Filipino to pay it, he goes to jail. And if you do borrow of him, then you work for him as a slave the rest of your life—or, go to jail."

Said an Apayao with a face broad as the sun:

"We people of the Mountain Province are not yet half educated—not even educated enough really to know what America has been doing for us. If Independence came now, there would be a great revolution against the Filipinos. With knives and spears—because we must fight with what we have. And each tribe will fight each other again, and go back to taking heads as before America came.

"Tell me this: If America must listen to the Filipinos, who are false, why must she not listen to us?"

In the commencement paper of one of the class of 1924 in a mountain school appears this barbed passage:

"Let us take to heart the sad spectacle of many of our young lowland brothers who have acquired their education for the purpose of escaping work, for the purpose of grafting on their own of the tao class, and on us mountaineers. . . . Let us here earnestly resolve that we will always endeavour to carry out the tenets of justice whether we be dealing with the most exalted of the land or the most forlorn and ignorant of our fellows. Let us here resolve never to be mouthing parasites, who prey on the ignorant and orate on the principles of liberty, of which we possess more than any people under the sun. Let us make our work and deeds talk for us, leaving mouthing to weaker men.

"We are of a sturdy race. Our forefathers were mighty workers and mighty warriors—else our race would have perished from the earth. So let us justify our heritage and show that through our training we are better men than our fathers, and not above laying our hands to the plough or the building of a road or a wall. We have sturdy backs and strong hearts. Let us so build our farms, our roads, our province. And above all let us build our fellow tribesmen into a homogeneous race who will love justice and freedom and never be afraid to raise their voices and their hands against those who would violate that ideal."

"All mountain people love Governor-General Wood," said a Benguet head man. "We would do anything he asks, because he is a man, and our friend. We do not like weaklings, nor liars. We love General Wood. Once he called us together at a cañao and talked to us about a new thing. About eating dogs. He explained that Americans do not eat dogs because dogs are friends. He said that a dog's face shows that he has a heart like a brother, and that dogs should be considered like children—taught wisdom and obedience, and loved. He asked



us not to eat them any more because it made Americans feel sad and strange. So we have not eaten dogs since, although we have been very hungry and sometimes there has not been the smallest fish in any stream, nor any meat for months. Many Filipinos eat dogs, though they pretend they do not. And they can always get other meat. We often can get no other meat. But we are Governor-General Wood's friends. And he asked us not to eat dogs."

"Bontocs don't understand Ifugaos' speech," said an Ifugao. "No one understands any one else. Only our boys who understand English; they can all understand each other. And no Filipino understands any of us. In the old days this seemed to us the way of the world. Now we see it is a great danger. Much evil can come that way. It would be a terrible thing if Independence came while we are still like this."

And then he told me a story:

Late in the year 1922, he related, there was much confusion, in one of the far mountain districts, over a question of taxes. The people did not understand, and the Filipino official would not or could not explain to them. He only threatened. And they did not understand.

"The American Governor-General demands money," said the Filipino. "You must pay."

So the tribe took council together and said this:

"If Governor-General Wood wants anything of us, that thing must be right. He is our friend. We know that. He has come to visit us. He has talked with us around our fire. He has taken our hands. His word is enough. But is this his word? The Filipino is lazy and a trickster, and he has no love for us. We know that. Can we believe him now?"

Again and again they discussed it. Finally their resolution was framed: They would risk nothing, neither disobeying their friend nor being tricked by their enemy. Four of their wisest men, departing secretly, should go to their friend and ask him to explain to them the truth.

So the chosen four, old men all, started out to walk to

Manila. To walk, because they had no money to pay carriage even over that last small section of the road on which carriage could be had. A month's journey it was, of constant trudging over the high wind-swept trails and then down into the lowland heat, where the mountaineer wilts in an hour.

At last Manila lay before them—a strange and monstrous sight. With lifted hearts they entered the town. Now they would see their friend. He would welcome them in his house, as they had welcomed him. He would cheer them and give their weary old bodies rest.

“Please tell us the way to the house of the Governor-General?” they asked of one of the city crowd.

But the man only stared.

“That must be a stranger here,” one said to the other. “We will try again.”

“Please tell us the way to the house of the Governor-General?” This time it was an older man to whom they appealed.

But the man, laughing in their faces, left them without a word.

And so the day passed. Faint with anxiety, hunger and fatigue, dazed by the crowd and its mockery, yet ever repeating their plea, the four old strangers strayed through the streets—they who were men of station, respected in their own place—they who had never left their spacious hills before. But not a soul took pity on them—not a creature was moved to compassion by their all too-obvious distress.

The Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes exists ostensibly for the care of these people—but it is significant of its quality and influence that not one Filipino out of the staring cityful who saw these conspicuous visitors cared to connect them with the Bureau or to get an interpreter thence.

Four old men in gee strings, among the sleek, smart, jeering crowd—four old mountaineers, foot-sore, famished, pleading, pleading—and not a soul to help.

That night they slept by the roadside. Next dawn they began again. But the people only jostled and gaped and

jeered. No one could or would understand. No one would help.

At last, broken-hearted, they turned toward home. They had not seen the Governor-General. They could not find him. And their strength was gone.

Their hearts were broken—and their work undone. So—three of them died by the wayside in the first three days of the homeward march. The fourth alone, pushing on and still on, survived to be rescued by the man who told this tale. And the tale is true.

But probably not even the tale ever got to General Wood. It is of the common stuff of daily history.

## Chapter XXV

ALVAREZ

Now for a people of character largely antipodal to that of the Christian Filipino. Now for the inhabitant of the other end of this 1,150-mile-long archipelago. Now for the Moro—the man of the Far South.

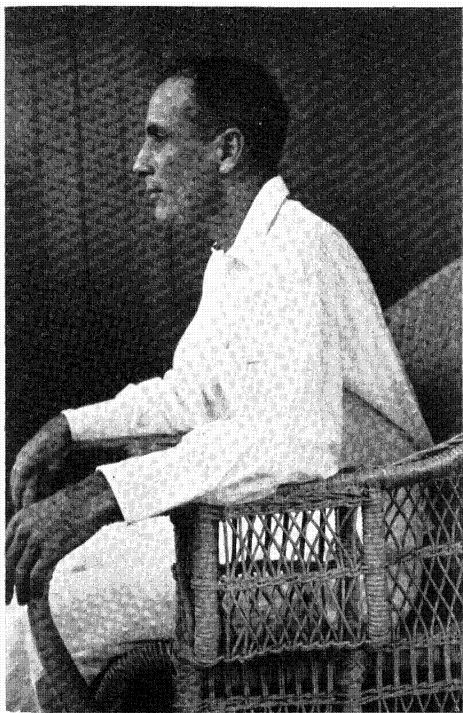
Yet first this shall be stated:

The Moro country, over which our flag flies, yet of which we have scarcely heard, must during the last three years have disgraced our name among nations; must have forced itself on the notice of the world by a wholesale madness of carnage, but for one thing.

That one thing was the personal influence, not the official power, of Major-General Wood.

Less and less is it possible for our Executive to bring any actual relief to a situation daily more scandalous. For no step that he might take—no appointment that any executive might make with a primary view to serving the interests of the population concerned—would be confirmed by the Filipino Legislature.

Manila, under existing primitive means of transportation, seems as remote from the Moro country as does Constantinople from New York. The little yacht *Apo* makes trips there, carrying the Governor-General, or one of his aides, from time to time to visit the people. But the Governor-General cannot even promise them help—for America's hands are snared from her duty by a tangle of lawless laws. He can only ease their over-burdened minds by listening to their woes. He can only renew their realization of his personal good-will and integrity and, in return, ask for further forbearance. Then he must sail away and leave them to their fears and their destiny.



ALVAREZ

M. M. Newell



Without General Wood's name, and the faith the Moros bear him personally, the peace could never have been kept. Yet without some strong lieutenant stationed by the powder-magazine itself, to see and quench at birth each sudden burst of flame, peace had scarcely been possible. Each needed the other. And so, where our American Executive was powerless to place a helper, Fate gave him a helper of whose existence, perhaps, he scarcely knew—and with Fate's own scorn of likelihood.

Young Alvarez—Milton Alvarez—was an American. His mother came from Saint Paul, Minnesota, his father from Spain. Young Alvarez was lean and dark and aquiline, with clear and strikingly large grey eyes, a high-bridged, high-bred nose, a Spanish mouth, a leader's jaw, and a free lift of the head that, out of the blue, gave you the word "hidalgo."

Further, the character he happened to have was nationally important. He curiously combined a high, cold courage, physical and moral, with a white-hot blazing devotion; an impersonal tenderness of spirit with a chilled-steel power of purpose; an intense inner solitude with an utter absence of self-concern. He could have loved the comradeship of men—as he did that of books; but he did not need men's approval. He suffered cruelly under the misjudgment of his own kind; yet hugged it close as a fiercer spur to that self-immolation that caused it. He had the face and the mind of a passionate intellectual ascetic. He was so proud that he never knew his pride, nor thought concerning it. In earlier days he would have made a great gentleman and soldier, a great saint and martyr of the Roman Catholic Church. As it was, his star made him an American born, trained him as an engineer, broke him in in Hawaii and in Mexico, and finally dropped him down on Zamboanga, western tip of the island of Mindanao, to run the branch concerns of a firm of American traders.

God knows how it could have happened—what was the meaning of it all. The Moros say God sent him. Meantime, he worked along on his job, opening trading stations, estab-

lishing sawmills, planting cocoanut groves, stimulating production among the people—and always, by instinct, living his way into their lives.

A scholar by nature and habit, he soon mastered their tongues and their peculiar written Arabic. They were wild men—poor men—men always in danger and surrounded by wrath. A simple folk and friendless.

And he, Alvarez, seeing all this, put into his dealings an extra measure of good will. He gave them fair prices for their few wares, helped them escape the human sharks that forever beset them, showed them how to save something of their own. Or, where they had already fallen into a trap, he would drive off the enemy, if that might be, and lift the victims out.

So throughout the island of Mindanao and over the Sulu Sea, the Moros came to know and trust Alvarez and finally to make pilgrimages to him, bringing their mystifications, their troubles and their fears.

As for the man himself, definite orders from his firm required that he “steer clear of politics.” For the firm’s investments were heavy and they would not jeopardize their fortunes by mixing in the troubles of the day. All firms, all governments, indeed, give like instruction to their representatives in Moro land.

And all but Alvarez obeyed.

But Alvarez could not compass it—if “steering clear of politics” meant standing quiet on the sidelines watching brave men baited, gagged and done to death without a sporting chance.

Not that he used his principal’s time for such matters. Not he; he did his firm’s work well. But he took no time for himself, cutting his hours of sleep till scarcely enough remained to keep his body and soul in fellowship.

And the Moros sought him always more and more, until it seemed that he had dealt with every phase that trouble could take in those troubled and fear-harried lives.



Yet, in the end of the third year, it chanced that a new plea reached him. The plea of an orphan girl of noble blood, shut away in school and promised in marriage by her old uncle to a man she abhorred.

"I cannot marry him," she said. "My father would never have asked it of me. But my father is dead. My father was the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, friend of America. And now in my distress, I hear of an American who is the friend of all Moros. Of him, being helpless, and for my father's sake, I beg help."

"Who is this girl?" Alvarez asked of the head men.

"Who, indeed!" they repeated. "We do not know. Speaking of the flesh, she is our great Datu's daughter—Rajah Muda Mandi's little daughter, whom he most dearly cherished. Rajah Muda Mandi was the strongest ruler we ever had, and the wisest. Had he lived we had not so lacked counsel. But since he left us, we have marvelled concerning her. For she is so altogether good, so calm, so gentle, so purely loving and so sweet—so full of kindness without a cloud—that none of us has seen her like in woman's shape. And we question if an angel, for Allah's ends, can have taken woman's form."

On these things all agreed, speaking with a hushed and special reverence.

Then Alvarez went to the guardian uncle, asking him to consider the hardship to his little niece involved in such a match; and, having talked long and patiently, he departed with a mind at rest, believing his point won.

But again, after some weeks, the messenger returned. "My uncle presses harder. He does not relent," ran the girl's entreaty. "I have heard of your intercession, but it has not availed. Again I implore your aid, for I cannot marry that terrible old man."

Once more Alvarez went to the uncle, this time with heat, for he felt himself tricked. And in the course of the argument thus provoked, he perceived with stupefaction an un-

imaginable thing: The uncle believed that Alvarez wanted the girl for himself. So, clearly, believed all the other Moros present—men of rank and office among their people.

“No!” cried the American. “God is my witness. *No!* I have never once laid eyes on your niece nor spoken to her. I know nothing of her except her distress under your harsh hand. And as for marriage, be sure that I shall take no woman till, after years passed and my work here done, I go to live in my own country.”

Through the black, glittering veil of the Moro’s eyes the hint of a smile gleamed and was gone. He answered at length—suavely. But under his words still appeared his unchanged mind. In the other’s most desperate denials he still saw nothing but awkward manœuvres to reduce the sum of gifts by Moro law payable to the guardian of the bride.

Baffled, furious, Alvarez flung hot denials back. At last the Moro laughed aloud. As the two men parted, their eyes met like the clashing of drawn knives.

That night Alvarez sat late at his desk. Midnight still found him there, the strong breeze from the ocean teasing his heaped-up papers, and pushing eternal mosquitoes back into the dripping heat. One o’clock—two o’clock. Careless as ever of time, he worked on—till, out of his own immersion, he grew suddenly aware of a small thick scurrying sound—growing—growing—of little hastening feet and sweeping garments—of a presence, a stifled cry, a rush, and a veiled girl’s figure crouching at his feet.

In the doorway now stood an older woman—a Moro of rank, as her dress and bearing showed.

“I, too, am a daughter of Rajah Muda Mandi,” said she, breaking the breathless hush. “My little sister, there, would come to you, to-night. It was not fitting she should come alone. Our uncle says that he will give her, in the morning, to that man. And our uncle keeps his word.”

“If there be no way of escape, then she will go now, and kill herself. I will take her, quietly, where it may be done.”

But first, she would come to thank you. It was needful to wait long till she could steal out unobserved, while those who watched her slept."

Alvarez stared at the speaker—statuesque, sombre, dispassionate. And then he stared down at the little gasping figure at his feet, all swathed and hidden in its veil.

In that one moment his whole life cleared before him. He saw, as a vision, the purpose and the end.

Brought from the width of the world to this far, hidden place, his soul and brain had heard a voice that no other creature seemed to hear—the call of a wild, strong people in the agony of death. Now alone he stood between them and their persecutors.

In one bleak glare of light, he surveyed the road ahead—barren rock, beset with hatred, lies and violence, crowded with hopeless labours for a friendless cause—a road lonely as death and as bitter, with death at the end. As he looked, it was as if a hand pointed out his mortal bonds—his personal desires—his hopes of place or ease or love. In a sort of ecstasy of immolation he seized them all, tore them loose and flung them behind.

From that point on, he was always to know his way, without one shadow of doubt.

As to this child at his feet, because of his championship she had already been named too often in talk. Now, behold her under his roof, and at night.

And his life was pledged to the service of her people.

Therefore, for his part, what yesterday was madness to-day was a command:

"If your sister consents I shall marry her before the sun is up. So she will be my wife, and safe," said Alvarez to the elder woman. "Then to-night you shall stay here. Myself I will sleep outside, so that no one enters. Now, do not lift her veil till I am gone."

Four years later, Alvarez told me the story, beginning in the small hours of the night, on shipboard in the Sulu Sea.

The head of a carabao was dimly visible beyond his shoulder. That half-naked snarl of humanity, our fellow passengers, coiling in the blackness of the deck, occasionally thrust out a leg or an arm, or coughed or groaned in its sleep. Also, the secret service spy then watching us—a long, yellow mestizo with a half-Spanish face—squatted against the deck-house just ahead, listening backward like a cat.

And all this was commonplace enough.

But that Alvarez, the detached, the abstract, should speak of himself was startling. Somehow, it stood at once clear that the thing had never happened before and that it had, coming now, an importance—like the signing of a last testament.

He spoke quietly, directly, without self-consciousness and without reserve. He might have been talking of a stranger to us both. And he asked no secrecy—a fact that, at the time, made his confidence inviolable.

Since then, all is changed—so changed that to keep faith means, now, to tell the whole.

“You married, not a woman, but a cause,” I said, when his tale was done.

“Yes,” he agreed, “I never heard her voice or saw her face till she was my wife. I wanted that memory, for a sign to myself that I *had* ‘married a cause.’

“But the people were right in what they said of her. She has indeed the nature of an angel. Not once in the four years of our marriage have I met a frown on her face, or heard a shade of sullenness or anger in her voice. She is sweetness, tenderness, innocent gaiety itself—and as obedient as a good child. When I go on hard journeys into dangerous places, she insists on coming too—to cook my food lest it be poisoned and to care for me if I am sick or hurt; for she knows, as I do, that I am no more likely than her father was to die a natural death. She is as fearless as the bravest man. Several times she has saved my life. My house under her influence is a sure haven of unruffled peace and lovingkindness. Her little brothers, who live with us, treat me with a deference and

respect that never fail, and they obey at a hint as though obedience were a happiness. I shall have no children of my own. But no man could have a sweeter home.

"My house has become, meantime, the council-place of the people. And—these, you see, are an imaginative and mystic race—they have discovered in me, they say, some strong physical likeness to the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, whose name they venerate, and who died—'suddenly'—before I came into their lives. Therefore, because of my relation to them and to their Datu's favourite daughter, they believe that his spirit is somehow reborn in me for their help and guidance. They come from great distances bringing their troubles. I have had to build a place to shelter them. One never knows at what moment or in what numbers they may appear, and they must have such protection and privacy as we can get. The secret service men follow me night and day, as you have seen. . . ."

In those strange councils by Alvarez's deciding word was many an outbreak forestalled—many a flame smothered down that was ready to blaze into hell.

As to the secret service men, it is an amazing sensation, at first, to be constantly tracked about by spies. I, too, became used to the close attention of the round black eye applied through a nearby crack—of the ear yearning thitherward from a carefully averted head, of the presence under the floor, on the stair, in the gallery, at the door, in the opposite window—or even, at some critical moment, and on some queer pretext, in the very room in which I sat. To a quiet American citizen going openly about legitimate work under the American flag, it has an irritating as well as comic effect to be so intimately watched. At times there came an almost uncontrollable impulse to fling forth the English of it, in words of one syllable. Yet, after all, these human barnacles might develop some power to impede the job on hand—which was not yet finished. So one pretended not to see.

Therefore, what happened all of itself, one day at sea, helped wickedly.

We were heading for Jolo, Sulu's city. I stood by the forward rail, watching the island's profile grow against the sky. Next me stood a young Moro chief. Next him lounged one of my guard of spies, his character, as such, supposedly unknown to each and all.

"What," asked the spy of the Moro, "is likely to happen to strangers who go inland over yonder?"

"Ah," said the Moro, his thin lips curving in a blade-like smile, "'a stranger going inland in Sulu,' you say? Well, much would depend on that stranger, of course. Now, if he were a Filipino going to preach independence from America, we should simply cut off his head. But if"—and here the speaker smiled again, radiantly—"if that Filipino agent were also, by any chance, a secret service man—we should first—ah—cut out his tongue—like this," and he pointed his words with the hint of a gesture brittle with live technique.

Then first it was that I grasped this fact:—The Moro has often a strong and whimsical sense of humour—the Filipino practically none at all.

## *Chapter XXVI*

### THE SULU PIRATES

"MORO" is the Spanish word for Moor.

The Spaniards, when they entered the Islands in the latter part of the sixteenth century, applied the name to the people of the southern archipelago. This they did because the people of the southern archipelago were Mohammedan, and because, to a Spaniard, the words "Mohammedan" and "Moro" were synonymous.

Between the Moros and the "Indians," as the Spaniards called the tribes of the northern archipelago, the newcomers found a wide difference, both in character and in status. The "Indian" was a docile, light-brained child-savage, cribbed in his own small jungle range, without well-formed religious beliefs, without law or organized government, without books or written records, without any art save the most rudimentary.

The "Moro," on the other hand, was a fighter, a sea-rover, a reader of the Koran and a devotee of the Prophet. His civil laws, like those of his religion, with which they inseparably interlocked, were fixed and clear. His scheme of government and of official control, though simple, was mature. His better classes read and wrote their own languages, using the Hindu syllabaries and the Arabic alphabet. He had a definite system of education. His written records, histories, genealogies and religious works had been preserved for many hundreds of years, and the pride of a chief was in his collection of manuscripts.

He displayed much skill as a carver of wood and of ivory, as an inlayer of precious metals, as a worker in gold, iron, steel and bronze. He had a well-developed productive sense

of beauty in form and line. His weaving was remarkable both in quality of fabric and in decorative design. He fought in metal armour of his own making, cast bronze or brass cannon for his fortresses, and made side-arms and gun-powder.<sup>1</sup> He built excellent swift boats of various sorts and sizes, and was a master navigator.

He dealt in fine pearls, which his great men possessed in quantities. His light-winged craft distributed silk, amber, silver, scented woods and porcelains, from China and Japan. From Luzon and the Visayas he took slaves—many slaves to do his menial work. In fact he permanently incorporated the word “visaya” into his language as meaning “slave.” From Borneo and Malacca he carried home brass, copper, iron, rubies, diamonds and spices. And his town of Jolo in the island of Sulu was a centre of trade and the one city of the Philippines.

He cultivated his soil with skill, dwelling among gardens and well-tilled fields and lived well on his own products. His principal personages had sizable wooden houses decorated and equipped, after their taste. The masses also lived in wooden dwellings and were better lodged and fed than were the northern islanders.

The Moro had a strict moral code and obeyed it. Public opinion, resting on the decrees of the Koran, was exceedingly strong. By it the chastity of women was held inviolable. And any infringement was visited, by law, with the swiftest and fiercest of punishments. The Moro’s code as to property rights, as to punishments, penalties and compensation for murders and for injuries, as to inheritance, as to the protection of children, as to debts and debtors, as to slander, was circumstantial, clear and plain. And it absolutely governed his daily life.

He was a polygamist, a slave-holder and a most accomplished pirate. But, according to his religious teachings, each of these things was right. His piracies and his slave-raids he exercised

<sup>1</sup> Miguel Lopez de Legazpi to Felipe II, July 25, 1570, Blair and Robertson, Vol. III, pp. 109-112.



upon infidels only. He seldom weakened his fibre by a disloyalty to the commands of his own severe law.

Historically, the "Moro" was an original Indonesian pagan, whom the Chinese had known, traded with and economically influenced since the first century A.D. and upon whom the Hindu sovereigns of Java had laid their hands before the thirteenth century. This latter contact had coloured his thought with Brahminic or Vedic beliefs and had given him the elements of Hindu civilization.

It was about the year 1380 that the first Mohammedan teacher, an Arab, visited Sulu and the neighbouring islands—to find in the nature of the people a strong natural sympathy for Islamic doctrines. The seeds so planted made easy the way of succeeding Mohammedan princes—missionary conquerors from Borneo. These while retaining their suzerainty over north Borneo and their possessions therein, became lords of Sulu, and, before another century had passed, firmly established their rule in the whole southern archipelago. Here the faith of Islam, assimilated by the native stock, developed therein a wild strength and daring, a vigorous spirit of independence, with the frankness that comes from long enjoyment of militant civil liberty and of obedience to law.

The people thus formed by fate—passionate religionists, tremendous fighters, prosperous, proud, and free as the wind—carried the standard of Islam north through the Islands. The Sultans of Sulu, in particular, supported the advance of a remarkable succession of Mohammedan missionaries. Yet, even without the convictions of the sword, the creed itself would have won the island peoples. But for the sudden appearance of Spain, and the clash and deadlock that resulted, in a very few years more the whole Philippine archipelago must have been Mohammedanized.

As to the methods and motives of the two contending forces—Spain and Islam—Crescent and Cross—essential differences were few. Both acted from sincere and intense conviction, to the glory of God. In that cause both burned towns. Both

slew with enthusiasm. Both died as martyrs. Both took loot and tribute. Both commandeered and enslaved the vanquished. Both demanded acknowledgment of the one True Faith essential to salvation.

When the two met, head on, Spain drew the first blood. This was at Manila—then a Moro outpost. Rajah Soliman, governor of the town, returned to the Spanish overture a stiff answer— “. . . they should understand,” he said, “that the Moros were not painted Indians. . . . They would not tolerate any abuse, as had others. On the contrary they would repay with death the least thing that touched their honour.”<sup>2</sup> But Spain surprised the fort, destroyed it, killed the garrison, burned the town and seized the territory for His Most Catholic Majesty.

In 1578, having with little or no difficulty established control of the childlike lowland population of the northern islands, Spain turned her mind to sterner work. She sent a fleet against Jolo, rich market of the Malay East. The errand of the fleet was to demand that the Sultan of Sulu surrender all his ammunition and artillery and all his fighting ships, and cease trade with all countries other than Spain; to exact control of the Sulu pearl fisheries; to destroy all mosques; to seize and bring away all Mohammedan priests and teachers; to denounce the doctrine of Islam as wicked and false; to explain the heaviness of the costs incurred by His Majesty of Spain in conveying this information; and finally, in view of those costs, to collect a tribute of the best pearls in hand, as an earnest of more pearls, hereafter continuously to be produced by Sulu for the satisfaction of His Most Catholic Majesty.

These demands, presented out of the blue, to a strong, old and unconquered people, produced no fruit other than the rousing of fierce resentment and the opening of a state of war. Continuing for three hundred years, that conflict was to arrest the progress of the “Moro” peoples, draining their strength and resources and turning it all to arms. And it was to cost

<sup>2</sup> Martin de Goite and Juan de Salcedo. *Voyage to Luzon*, 1570.

Spain herself a great and profitless loss of men and treasure.

The fortunes of the struggle swung to and fro. Once and again Spain planted her flag on Sulu soil, only to be dislodged by Moro valour. In 1635 she secured a bare foothold, held it for nine years, and was then forced out. Before her evacuation, however, she effected an offensive and defensive alliance with the Sultan of Sulu, professedly to secure peace between the two signatories, and to insure the aid of each power to the other in case of foreign attack.

Spain, in this treaty, recognized the sovereignty of the Sultan of Sulu in his own territories of Borneo and the southern islands. Not for two centuries thereafter did she re-establish herself on Sulu soil.

Meantime, nevertheless, she hacked and worried at the lesser towns of the Sulu coast and at the lesser dependent islands, forever looting, burning, destroying; forever killing such life as she could reach by means of swift raids from her hovering ships; and sometimes storming Jolo itself. In return, the *vintas* of the Sultan would surprise the Spanish ships and board them, to kill and be killed, while other *vinta* fleets, darting away to the north, raided the "Christian" islands and wiped out coast settlements. To these, though her flag floated over them, Spain could give small protection against the arms of the south. And the ships of the Moros, returning from swift sorties to Luzon and the Visayas, came laden with cargoes of picked women and of boys—for they counted it too wearisome to teach the "Indian" men to work. Of both they kept the best, and sold the remainder in the markets of Borneo.

Raiding back and forth thus continued during the first hundred years. Then, in 1737, Sultan Alimud Din I ratified a new treaty, in which both Spain and Sulu again pledged themselves to mutual assistance in time of need and to new efforts for order. Alimud Din faithfully kept his word, doing his best to keep his people in hand. He revised Sulu's law code and judicial system. He caused the translation into Sulu of various Arabic books on law and religion. And he encouraged, mean-

time, the use of Arabic among the people and as the official tongue. He minted a coinage. He instituted various social reforms, which his successors continued. Incidentally he is the direct ancestor of all the principal Sulu chiefs of to-day.

Nine years after Alimud Din's accession, the King of Spain asked permission to send Jesuit missionaries to Jolo to teach the Christian faith. This permission the Sultan gave—but with disastrous results. For the zeal of the missionaries led to great and greater exasperation of the people, who had not forgotten Spain's pledge to respect their faith. At length they rose to depose the Sultan and to drive the Jesuits out. The latter escaped in haste, while the Sultan himself fled to Manila to ask Spanish aid, in accordance with treaty terms.

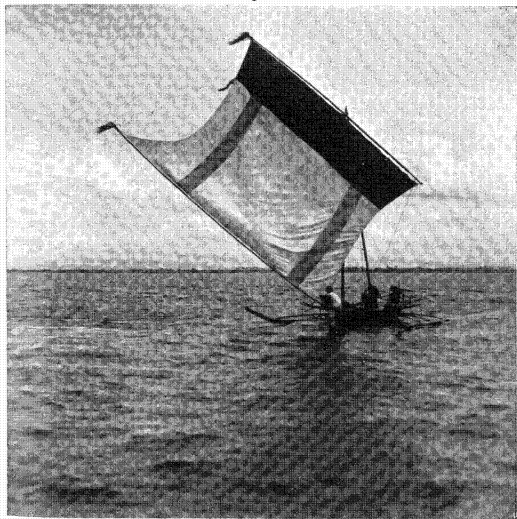
At Manila Alimud Din was received with princely honour. Triumphal arches were flung across streets lined with 2,000 men-at-arms. In the name of the King of Spain, the Governor-General lavished upon his visitor presents of gems and silks and gold and prepared a fine house where the Sultan and his large retinue were entertained at the King's charge.<sup>3</sup> But a year and a half passed before Spain saw fit to make good her treaty pledge. Meantime the Sulus raided the northern archipelago with renewed enthusiasm.

At last, in May, 1751, Spain sent an expedition to Sulu, which negotiated terms for the return of Alimud Din. A Spanish frigate, it was agreed, should bring the Sultan as far as Zamboanga. There he should be met by a Sulu escort befitting his rank and brought home.

All this was duly performed—excepting the essential part. The Sulu escort, consisting of the Sultan's own young sons and daughters, with several high dignitaries and their respective retinues—217 persons in all—was seized by the Spaniards on its arrival in Zamboanga and, with the Sultan himself, was shipped off to Manila, there to be thrown into prison.

The news fell upon Sulu with an intolerable shock. The

<sup>3</sup> Blair and Robertson, Vol. XLVIII, p. 150.



TO-DAY IN THE SULU SEA



people's passion of rage brought them together for better and stronger organization, better and stronger equipment, better fighting shape than ever they had before achieved. The whole Sulu nation flung itself upon the islands of the north, pillaging, destroying and carrying away captives, both Spanish and Indian, in a series of raids of superlative daring.

Then Spain, in high council at Manila, declared a real war of extermination. To strengthen her regular troops—part Spanish, part native—she called in the Visayan corsairs, granting them special privileges in return for help against the south. They were to have *carte blanche* for killing, destruction and looting, and, provided they equipped themselves, they were to keep all the loot. Further, they were to have or to sell, for their own profit, all female captives, and all males under twelve and over thirty years of age. Old people and cripples they were to kill on sight. Males between twelve and thirty years Spain agreed to take off their hands at from two to three dollars a head.

Not without reason did the courage of the Visayan outlaws need this stimulation. And the Sulus' revenge for their activities made 1753 the most terrible year in all the fierce record. Every part of the Visayas was ravaged by the fleets of the south and Luzon itself paid high for Spain's broken faith and for the hurt dealt Sulu honour. Spanish priests were cut down on sight, towns reduced to ashes and desirable captives in thousands carried away into slavery. In a word, Spain's sword turned back upon herself.

The Sultan Alimud Din lay twelve long years in that Spanish prison—until 1763.<sup>4</sup> Then England, who had stormed and taken Manila as an incident in her war with Spain, delivered him from his bondage and reinstated him on his throne.<sup>5</sup>

But Sulu wrath still burned. In 1769, Sulu ships swooped down upon Manila taking captives from her streets. Raiding,

<sup>4</sup> "He would probably have been put to death but it was feared that the Moros would retaliate by slaughtering their Christian captives, who numbered some 10,000." Blair and Robertson, Vol. XLVIII, p. 165.

<sup>5</sup> Blair and Robertson, Vol. L, p. 43.

with all its grisly fruits, increased. But Jolo itself, for the interval, enjoyed comparative peace.

Piracy with the Sulus was a fine art. Logically, perhaps, they had as much right to that pastime as Spain had to harry them on their own soil for their unswervable faith in their God, and for their pearls. Yet it was their piracies that, in the end, broke them.

For the Great Powers, in eventual rebellion, brought such threatening pressure upon Spain either to police her seas or submit to having it done for her, that Spain put desperate effort to the task. In February, 1876, she attacked Jolo with a force of nine thousand troops, partly native Filipinos officered by Spaniards, and including one battalion of a Peninsula artillery regiment, a company of mountain artillery, five regiments of infantry, and ordnance and engineer troops. These were accompanied by twelve gunboats under steam—which latter decided the day. For the Moro had no steam craft. After heavy losses on both sides Jolo fell.

But, although conquered by force, the Sulus by no means accepted defeat. Their city occupied and heavily garrisoned by the victor, their ruler removed, their chiefs dispersed, the people themselves remained defiant. Loyal to their Sultan, their faith and their country, the common people resented as an intolerable humiliation and offence the intrusion of the stranger and infidel upon sacred soil. Their history and their religious-civil governmental scheme fostered in great and small alike independence of spirit, personal dignity, self-respect, strong will, reckless bravery. Life itself meant nothing to them, as against Islam and honour. No defeat could bend such a people to submission.

Sulu had never possessed a standing army, but, of her teeming population, every able-bodied male was a shipbuilder, a pastmaster of sailing and a first-class fighting man, alike on land or sea. A war such as Spain waged against them could mean only a war of extermination.

Leaderless as they were, each individual man and boy now



became, by his own direction, a dynamo of vengeance. The Spanish garrison in Jolo, for all its size, lived in terror—terror of the individual human creatures at its back.

At last, after a year and a half of hopeless conflict between the cooped-up, nerve-racked garrison and the furious and desperate people, came a wise Spaniard, Colonel Carlos Martinez, as Governor of Sulu. He, by skill and tact, and by co-operation with an equally wise and skilful Sulu chief, Datu Harun al Rashid, arranged with the Sultan a treaty to stop futile bloodshed.

This treaty, the last of many signed with Spain, and never abrogated, secured to Sulu the free administration of all her internal affairs, with the undisturbed enjoyment of her own laws and all her old rights of trade. It gave the Sultan direct access to the Spanish Governor-General of the Philippines, over the head of warship commanders or of the Governor of Sulu. It recognized the Sultan's privilege to collect duties from foreign vessels outside of Jolo and to handle all Moro delinquents and criminals. It recognized the right of all the people of Sulu to "use muzzle-loading rifles and *lantaka*" (Moro-made cannon). And—most important of all—it re-affirmed the pledge that the customs, usages and religion of the people should be held inviolable. It provided a fixed yearly payment from Spain to the Sultan and to the members of the Sultan's council. It effected the recognition, by the Sultan and his council, of Spanish suzerainty. And it settled the status of Sulu as a protectorate of Spain, not a dependency.

It was this treaty that America found in force when, in May, 1899, she took over from Spain the fortress of Jolo.

## Chapter XXVII

### MEN—AND A CURSE

MEANTIME, over to the east of the Sulu archipelago, among the Moros of Mindanao, Basilan and the lesser islands, a parallel drama had been enacted. There, during the last quarter of the sixteenth century, Spain hectored the country, arousing fear and hatred, killing and being killed, but making no real progress toward occupation. Underestimating, at first, the quality of the people, the Spanish brought to Mindanao only such forces as had sufficed for the rapid and easy conquests of the Visayas and Luzon.

In 1598, however, General Ronquillo was ordered "to make a last effort against the Mindanaos, doing them all possible damage." Setting out from Oton, February 8, 1597, Ronquillo sailed for the Mindanao river, meaning to proceed thereby up into the country of the Sultan sa Maguindanao. At the river's mouth he stopped to repair his ships and store his ammunition, then ran up until he met the enemy's artillery outposts, where he stopped to reconnoitre. Here, he reported: <sup>1</sup>

On the third day, as the work of reconnoitring was proceeding, a large ambuscade of Indians attacked us in the open near a palm-grove. As was learned later, they numbered about two thousand. They attacked us with the greatest fury and determination, in small bodies of skilful troops. . . . Of a truth they showed clearly that they were brave; for I do not believe that there are many peoples who would attack with so gallant a determination, when they were armed with nothing but shields and campilans.

I planted my battery of eight pieces. . . . Although I battered the fort hotly, I could not effect a breach through which to make

<sup>1</sup> Don Juan de Ronquillo to Governor Tello, Mindanao, 1597. Blair and Robertson, Vol. IX, pp. 284-6.

an assault. All the damage that I did them by day, they repaired by night. . . . I reconnoitred the fort. . . . It is located at the entrance of a lagoon, thus having only water at the back, and swampy and marshy ground at the sides. It has a frontage of more than 1,000 paces, is furnished with very good transversals, and is well supplied with artillery and arquebuses. Moreover, it has a ditch of water more than 4 brazas [24 feet] wide and 2 deep, and thus there was a space of dry ground of only fifteen paces where it was possible to attack; and this space was bravely defended. . . . The inner parts were water, where they sailed in vessels, while we had no footing at all.

Under the circumstances General Ronquillo decided that to negotiate and retire were wiser than to fight. In his subsequent report, he added:

These Indians are not like those in Luzon, but are accustomed to power and sovereignty. . . .<sup>2</sup>

And again:

. . . the inhabitants are Indians only in name—a great force is needed, as well as much ammunition, in order to make them pay tribute.<sup>3</sup>

The Jesuits, however, still pressed the Spanish government to occupy southern Mindanao and especially to plant a fortress at Zamboanga for the protection of their missionaries and of Christian ships. At last, in 1635, a strong expedition actually began the erection of a fort at Zamboanga.

Thus time wore on. In 1848, the progress made toward pacification could be fairly measured by the incident of Balangingi. Balangingi, an island not six miles square, lying between Jolo and Basilan, is scarcely more than a mangrove swamp half awash among reefs and shoals. Its inhabitants were Samals—a Mohammedan sea-race that build their houses over the water and drop from their doors to their boats.

<sup>2</sup> Blair and Robertson, Vol. IX, p. 289.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 292.

Four forts, with walls of triple rows of piles containing artillery embrasures, constituted the island's defence. The Spaniards attacked in greatly superior force. The Moros fought desperately. When the walls fell and the end was sure, they first turned their crises upon their wives and children, then rushed out to certain death from the Spanish guns. Gathering up the loot—in this case rich—the Spaniards then proceeded utterly to destroy all of use or value, down to the last coconut tree, that the island contained. The Moro dead numbered about 500. It is said that there were never any Moro wounded when a fight was done.

Yet, out of pure defiance, a Samal datu renewed settlement and built a fort on this same island within the year. And so, with attack, defiance and rapid counterattack, the hopeless fight went on. At last, about 1861, and chiefly by means of steam coast-guard vessels, Spain reduced Zamboanga and Basilan to a sort of stormy and intermittent acceptance.

None of all these activities appreciably affected either the primeval pagan population inhabiting the interior of the island, or the fierce and proud Lanao Moros of the lake region high in the Mindanao hills.

Such were the peoples of the southern archipelago, whose destiny fell into our hands from the broken grasp of Spain.

As for America's impact on the Moro mind, the Moro saw small reason or beauty in the appearance on his horizon of a new foreign assailant of his liberty. Sometimes he parleyed, sometimes he fought, his women fighting at his side—together casting away their lives. And American forces crushed these outbreaks bloodily—perhaps also from lack of understanding of the mind and background of the opponent—from lack of power of direct speech or intelligent interpretation, either way.

But these fights had one great merit over the fights with Spain—they were decisive.

Fortunately, the first men we sent out to make the beginnings of government were of our best. Bolton, set down alone in far Davao without troops at his back, governed seventeen

fighting tribes—governed them easily because of his even hand, his manhood and his sympathy with the people. Stader dispensed order, justice and humane good humour in the Sulu Sea. Febiger's name is yet remembered with affection by the Maguindanaos. Bullard and Pershing, at opposite ends of Lake Lanao, had each such backing among the Moro chiefs as, for its sheer energy, almost caused a war.

These and other young army officers similarly placed handled each his own job by personal influence and prestige, by individual touch, more or less successfully, to the best of his imagination. They demanded order and rendered such protection as was possible. They tried to avoid idle friction and to give no needless offence to ancient prejudices or customs. When revolts broke out they struck swiftly and hard. They acted as men to men. And simplicity and justice gave the two great keynotes for all that they did.

The honourable and intelligent relations of these young soldiers were the origin of the extraordinary faith in America yet held by the Moro of to-day.

In 1903 we erected the whole Moro country into a "Moro Province"—the largest in the Philippines. We gave it an Organic Act, and we sent it General Leonard Wood as first civil governor—under orders to keep peace if he could but to bring on trouble if he must. The Government that General Wood set up was practical, plain, quick in action, and extremely elastic. He did everything through the head men, whom the Moros by their own law and custom were used to trust and obey. When he punished, he punished memorably, clearing the sky like a thunderstorm and leaving no aftermath of grudges. He allowed the Moros to follow their own habits and choice wherever their ideas did not conflict with American vital principles—as they did in the question of slavery.

And, where he could, he made use of his personal advantage. For example:

Up among the Lanaos, where the men still look like Old Testament heroes, where the earth is tilled like a garden, where

the houses of the aristocrats are beautifully carved, where armourers and jewellers excel, live many chieftains, each recognizing as higher than himself none but Allah and the Sultan of Stamboul. They are like heads of the fighting Highland clans in the days of Wallace and of Bruce. Each lives in his own stronghold, his people in arms about him—anywhere from fifty to a thousand men. Each maintains his priest and his tutor for his sons. Each, when he goes forth to fight, shuts his women and his cattle into his fort for protection from his antagonists. And each would die a thousand deaths rather than cede a point of religion, of custom or of pride.

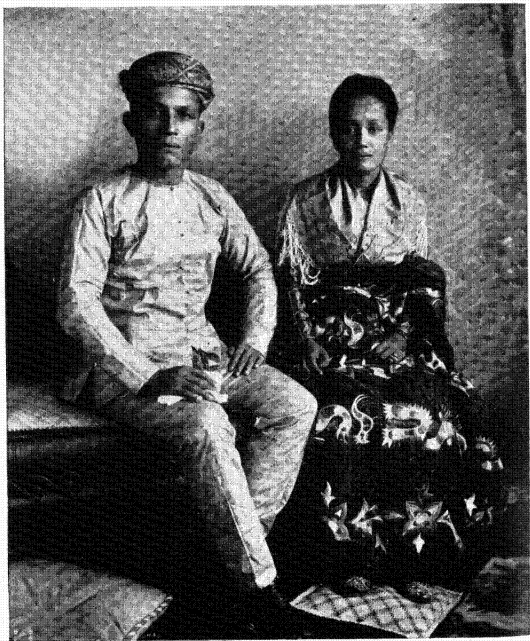
One day, after General Wood had served for some time as civil governor of the Moro Province and had become well-known to its people, a long cable message came through from the Colonel of an infantry regiment just newly arrived at Camp Keithley, the Federal post at Lanao. The Sultan of Uatu, said the Colonel, was reported to have acquired some slaves. The Colonel had sent to the Sultan demanding the slaves and an explanation. With outrageous firmness the Sultan had answered that he was giving neither. The Colonel, therefore, was preparing an expedition with troops to wipe the Sultan out, which expedition would start as quickly as possible.

General Wood read the message without enthusiasm. In the next breath he dictated an answer. But now the cable refused to work. In the few moments between the reception of the Colonel's message and the General's attempted reply, an earthquake had happened along and wrecked the wire.

"McCoy," said the General to his aide. "Get yourself out to Lanao, hot foot, and save our old friend the Sultan."

So it happened that the officer who is now Brigadier-General Frank McCoy of brilliant history, proceeding from Zamboanga barracks to Lanao at the velocity indicated, touched Camp Keithley on the very hour of the expedition's departure. In General Wood's name, he ordered a halt pending negotiations. Then he sent word to the Sultan of Uatu as to an interview.





DATU RAJAH MUDA MANDI WITH KAMLIYA, HIS WIFE



Back came the answer: The Sultan would come anywhere to see Datu McCoy, excepting to Camp Keithley. The American there was the Sultan's enemy.

"Datu McCoy," therefore, left camp and, quite by himself, moved over into the open country. Thither came the old Chief, eager to pour out his tale and ready and glad to hear, to concede, and also to do anything on earth that his good friend Datu Wood might wish. But nothing at all, he affirmed, would he do for that mannerless upstart at Keithley.

And so was settled, to everybody's satisfaction and to the strengthening of friendship, what had nearly cost the lives of an unknowable number of American soldiers and of a whole Moro clan, besides starting a new grievance.

The clashes that came were sometimes violent and costly and never wholly ceased. But more and more the Moros submitted to a hand that in the main they recognized as just as well as strong, meting out benefits or penalties according to deserts.

And, as had happened before, a man of honour, patience, tact, and intelligent good-will being found to approach the Moro, the Moro met that man in kind. Thus, General Wood's policy and personal bearing toward the Moros of Mindanao drew forth on their part a remarkable character—Datu Rajah Muda Mandi,<sup>4</sup> the most influential chief those parts had ever known. Of him Dr. N. M. Saleeby, scientist and scholar, who has earned by long and fruitful years of study in the Moro country a right to credence, writes: <sup>5</sup>

A close observation of Datu Mandi's ability and attitude toward the Government renders it clear that the influence this man could bring to bear on his people was immense. . . . There never existed a Moro chief more tactful, pliable, forceful and favourable to the reorganization of the Moro community and its system of government along modern and civilized lines.

<sup>4</sup> Cf., p. 277 ante.

<sup>5</sup> Najeeb M. Saleeby, *History of Sulu*, Manila, pp. 252, 263.

The help of one such personage surpassed in effectiveness an army. A word from him brought to pass with certainty and speed things for which troops would have killed and been killed in vain.

On the firm foundation of friendliness, service and mutual good faith that General Wood then laid, his successors as civil Governors of the province built. Through these days great Moros named their sons "Wood," and "Scott" and "Bliss" and "Pershing." And poor Moros called their sons "Dooley," "Tompkins" or whatever epithet described their particular friends in the ranks.

It was in 1911 that General Pershing, then Governor, asked the Moro chieftains to give up their fire-arms.<sup>6</sup>

"How then," asked the Sultan and the *datus*, amazed, "how then should we defend ourselves against our enemies?"

"Who are your enemies?" asked the Governor.

"The people of the north—the Filipinos—they who have been our slaves since time began—whom the Spanish brought to fight against us—whom America has now strengthened and armed—who hate us and fear us to the marrow of their bones—the little Filipinos are indeed our enemies."

"Who would dare make war on you?" came the answer. "Is not the shield of America held above you? Whoever should attack you would thereby attack her."

"But will America always remain with us? Will America always be our friend and protect us?"

"America will protect you always."

Yet still the *datus* hesitated.

"Why do you hang back? Which is it you question:—America's strength, or her honour? If you trust her, give me the guns."

So, though from heavy hearts, the *datus'* word went forth, over the seas, into the mountains and the jungle, up the long rivers, out among the lakes. And from near and far, by rising

<sup>6</sup> Executive Order No. 24, Government of the Moro Province, September 8, 1911.

thousands, the precious guns came in. Some were held back, through invincible fear and doubt. Yet each American commandant of a remote outpost became the recipient of many weapons, freely surrendered, for faith in our word.

By the latter part of 1913, the disarmament of the Moros, not only of guns but of fighting knives and spears, was practically complete.

Meantime, in October, 1913, Mr. Harrison reached the Philippines as Governor-General. And he, the Moros being then as nearly helpless as man could make them, started in with despatch to "Filipinize" the Moro territories.

It will not be necessary to trace the sequel step by step. Mr. Harrison's object was to prove the homogeneity of the entire population of the Philippine Islands—and to prove it at any cost—by force if not otherwise demonstrable. The entire population must appear to be a single people—demanding Independence with one voice.

Therefore the Organic Law of the Moro Province was now discarded, the general law of the Islands was applied—and trouble began.

Trouble would have rolled up faster but for the character of the first Governor under the new order—Mr. Frank W. Carpenter, an experienced and tactful American able to salvage all possible good out of the situation, able to persuade the Moros to many concessions to which they could not have been forced. But no administrator, however able, could alter the general trend of the new policy—in due course of which the whole Moro country was split up into a set of little provinces, each with its separate governor and officialdom, and all operating under a system absolutely incomprehensible as well as abhorrent to the people concerned.

Under the discarded Organic Law, an a-b-c government using Tribal Ward Courts and other elastic channels familiar and acceptable to the people was gradually building up good will and confidence, gradually bringing about a peaceful state of mind, gradually getting land titles cleared, gradually effac-

ing inter-clan feuds, gradually introducing schools and gradually stopping the habit of killings. Justice, meantime, was rapidly and cleanly administered. The people were spared the confusion and irritation of many taxes. Government ran on next to nothing. A small poll tax, plus customs receipts, plus an insignificant sum from the Insular Treasury, not only paid expenses but served to build roads and other public improvements as well. Slowly but steadily the people were responding—coming up.

But the application of the general laws of the Island, full of twists and entanglements, heavy with masses of red tape and paper-work, at once developed the inevitable. The Moros' training had not fitted them to handle anything of the kind. Filipino mestizos therefore, could be plausibly poured in, to fill the new offices. Carpet-bagging in its most vicious form began, spread and flourished. A preposterous overhead quickly piled up. Little districts that, by the Organic Law, were progressing reasonably under one American administrator with the help of two assistants, now fretted and chafed under a third-rate Filipino governor surrounded by seventy-odd *ilustrado* clerks. The revenue was consumed in salaries. Appropriations from the Insular Treasury went the same way. The building of public works practically ceased. The people were vexed and puzzled by a growing mass of strange imposts, for which they got no return—except more clerks with more salaries. Taxes on wells, taxes on graves, taxes on picking up an armful of firewood on the beach, taxes on cutting one's own timber, more than the timber was worth, taxes on killing one's own cattle, taxes on digging a hole, taxes on the little row of stakes that the poor man sets in the shallows of the river in front of his hut to enclose a space of water perhaps two by three yards square, in which his babies may bathe safe from crocodiles. Taxes, in a word, on any act or any object that might flit across the fancy of a little official wanting funds.

But the general atmosphere may better be felt through one Moro's words:

"In the beginning of this thing, none could understand. Datu Wood was far away in his own country, preparing his tribes for a war. None could consult his wisdom now. Day by day, the Americans left us and Filipinos stepped into their places. We Moros could not understand. Our hearts were troubled and our heads hurt. Each clan herded apart in its own place, stricken with doubt and fear and misgivings—like men astray by night in an enemy's country, listening in the dark.

"Our Moro country, we heard, was to be our country no more, but Filipino country—governed by Filipino law. A pack of little scribes and clerks and deputies who had sat in the American schools in the north till their sharp slaves' wits and their glib slaves' tongue had learned a mass of writing and of chatter too hard for any Moro to comprehend, swarmed in to rule our land. And the strong and steady hand of the Americans, our friends, was replaced by the uneasy clutch of the slave a-horseback, in whose mind hatred and vengeance worked with ancient fear.

"Thus came the Scourge of Harrison.

"In those days persecutions began, wrought in secret and covered with fine words. Cruelties and humiliations inflicted through orders that no man could grasp. And no longer were the datos of the Moros interpreters of the orders to their people. No one interpreted. Only, the Constabulary punished when the mysteries were not performed. And the Constabulary itself was fallen low. For its American officers had hurried away to a War—that distant War for which Datu Wood was making ready his tribes—and into their places, too, the little Filipinos stepped, with small hearts steeped in gall. And these did not seek their purpose straight, like men, but crept cowards' ways, with bitter cunning pushing Islam toward sheer suicide through rage and shame.

"For if I have no weapon but this you see—my short work-knife—while my enemy has guns that kill at half a mile, is it battle, or is it suicide if I begin the fight?

"Yet the odds were greater far than that. For the guns were protected by America. Whoever raised his head against the Constabulary, or any word of theirs, raised it against America. So much every Moro understood, and, believing that the woes now heavy upon us had come not by America's treachery, but rather because her eyes were averted for a space, we would not risk her wrath till we were sure. These many years she had been our friend. Her honour and her justice we had proved. Now she was busy with far wars. Surely her envoy in Manila must be abusing her faith. Let the Moro then keep faith, endure in patience and wait for America to turn again and remember her word. What had she pledged when she asked us for our guns?

"But to endure grew daily harder. And many men, indeed, took their households in their vintas and departed into Borneo, seeking the known protection of the British flag. For both we and our fathers have seen that justice abides thereunder. And, by every sign, it was here the set intent to goad disarmed Islam into scattered outbreaks and revolts—that, here a family, there a clan, by easy stages, the guns of the Constabulary might shoot them down.

"Also ships came from the north bringing loads of Filipinos to whom were allotted ground. And when, again and yet again, these people, poorest of their kind and brought in droves, like cattle, without price or effort of their own, were spilled on the land, the dumbest of the Moros saw all too clearly what was meant. We were to be written down outnumbered, in our own country. They said they wanted intermarriages. But well they know no Moro will take a Filipino for his wedded wife.

"Since the beginning of the world we have dominated our part of Mindanao and all the multitude of the southern isles. We have owned it as Americans own America or as China is owned by the Chinese. The Spaniards did, in truth, try weakly to bring the slaves to settle here; and in latter peaceful days yet others crept in to prey upon the timid folk of the inner

hills. [The pagan tribes.] Yet they are foreigners all—all these visayas—these slaves—these Filipinos—intruders on Islam's ancient birthright.

"All land is Allah's. And nothing in the Koran shows that taxes may be paid to any man. But now the new law says that land-taxes must be paid, and back land-taxes, and taxes for ever-multiplying other things—all at rates so various that any child must perceive in him who gathers the taxes him who invents their size. A man might be ordered to pay two pesos or fifty pesos for the same matter. And, if he rebels, he takes the chance of the jungle trail with the hungry rifle of an enemy at his back.

"And while he treads that trail, he knows his women at home lie at the mercy of the Constabulary men—the little Filipino Constabulary men!

"To Islam, all the world knows, the honour of women is sacred. The penalty of sin is death. And this, taken with the hate and the lewdness of our enemy, gives him his dearest chance."

## Chapter XXVIII

### "WE STAY WITH AMERICA—"

SPACE forbids a detailed description of this period. What happened in the north happened in the south, but with virulence enormously increased by the virility of the southern population.

The Moro is wont to speak of time not by years but by named intervals. Thus the interval from 1913 to 1921 is commonly designated by the Moro to-day as "the Scourge of Harrison."

In the midst of it Governor Carpenter was practically withdrawn and his place taken by a typical Filipino cacique. The Constabulary, now almost wholly officered by Filipinos, became in effect a provocative body, pitted against the helpless Moro population. The attitude of the small Filipino government officials everywhere saddled upon the people was treacherous, greedy and vindictive. Laws and regulations multiplied like flies on a dung-heap—and the poorest and remotest Moro, who had no chance of hearing of the laws, who could not have understood the laws even if he had heard them, since they were not given in his language, was fined, manhandled and persecuted for every smallest omission or commission. Let him resist on the spot, and on the spot he paid the penalty with his life. Let him appeal to justice—and "justice" wore him out, body, soul and means, with summonses to court, meaning long and costly journeys; with deferred trials, meaning months wasted in costly idleness and summonses renewed, while his family lay exposed to attack, while his crops went to ruin and while some little carpet-bagger, manufacturing a pretext, jumped his land.



And yet, through it all, the Moro held to his trust in America. In no point perhaps does he show difference from the Christian Filipino more clearly than in this—that his mind could so receive and keep the impress of America's honest men—and that against all appearance he could hold fast to what amounted to an abstract ideal through sufferings and humiliation such as Spain at her worst had never been able to inflict.

Many things of many sorts illustrate this characteristic. One of them was the Moro response to the Liberty Loans.

Here, in preface, it may be said that the Moro head men everywhere came forward promptly, with a conviction and a liberality in strong contrast to the conduct of the cacique of the north. But the amazing thing was the response, man by man, of the Moro common people. For example:

In the little island of Cagayan Sulu—a place where a peso looks as large as the moon—the population numbered about 5,000. On the pledge and request of the American Government these islanders had handed over all their arms—800 rifles and their fighting knives. A few years later, while their consequent sufferings were worsening day by day, they were told that America being at war needed their help. And those few people, at the word, laid hold upon their tiny hordes and subscribed a sum that must indeed have "hurt."

Again, in the Cotabato region word went forth that America asked the Moros' aid. Thousands of poor Moros, each carrying his few coins, came streaming in from remotest places to put their money down—"for America, our friend." Some fifty thousand pesos—twenty-five thousand dollars—was the total of the Cotabato Moros' contribution. "It was indeed an enormous sum to raise from such a source," to quote the man who collected it, "but they wanted to know only one thing—that it was indeed America, not the Filipinos, who would have their treasure."

Yet still the evils grew without relief—a tale of shame. Until at last, in the spring of the eighth year, came one sharp

ray of light to cleave the bitter blackness: Rumour of the Wood-Forbes Commission abroad in the world.

Becoming immediately personal, as happens in Moro-land, the tidings took this guise:

"Allah has heard us. Datu Wood is coming back. Bad days are done."

And when the Commission reached Lanao, in the mid-summer of 1921, it found the *datus* and their people gathered in strength eagerly waiting. Gravely, with burning eyes, they stood up, turn by turn, and gave their evidence—a hard sum total for Americans to hear, in a land "protected" by America. In climax each man solemnly affirmed his unalterable desire and that of his people that America remember her pledge and return to them, to govern them forever under the American flag. Explicitly, they did not wish to govern themselves, having found, through America's early help, that they did better under her care. Finally:—Rather than be ruled by Filipinos they would assuredly all die.

"We hear the *visayas*' talk," they said, "of 'Philippines for the Filipinos.' If that be just, then why shall not the Moros' country be for the Moros? The Filipino, as our writings show, has never dared to show his face among us except as a slave or a convict or as brought and protected by some foreign power. The land, under Allah, has been Islam's these many hundred years. By what sort of right are we now bound hand and foot and delivered, unarmed, into the hands of strangers and enemies?"

"Stay with us. Take away this cursed Filipino Constabulary and we will pledge our word upon the Koran before our priests that we, the *datus*, will bring in all men who commit crime; also that there will be no revolt nor any opposition to any laws, so long as the laws be laws imposed by Americans and carried out by American officers.

"We know that America is just. We have proved her justice. And she beat us in honourable war. We submitted, having fought our best and being truly beaten by better men than

we. Our Koran says there is no shame in that. So now America is our Father and our Mother according to our laws. And we have trusted her. And when we knew that Datu Wood was coming back at last, our hearts were lifted up to Allah in praise."

The Commission, having heard the *datus* and their people behind them, passed on its way. And one by one, soon and steadily, the chief of those who dared so to testify before it or to sign the pro-American petition that the *datus* had presented, were slain—picked off by Constabulary guns.

Not openly for that offence, but for pretexts, as pretexts arose. Any little thing.

Or, if you sufficiently break a Moro's heart, he, being practically weaponless, will invite you to come and kill him. Then, putting on a fine white robe newly sewn by his wife for that day's wear, he will walk out upon your row of Springfields to be shot.

What has been practised in Filipinized Lanao is near enough to murder to make the word turn pale. And what has been practised in Lanao is fully matched, point for point, in other parts of the unhappy Moro territory.

Now to account more particularly for the state of that once justly famous body, the Constabulary:

Organized in 1903 by General J. G. Harbord, the Constabulary of the Moro country was originally enlisted chiefly from Moros themselves and officered by young Americans from the regular army. It was then a fine, loyal and exceedingly useful instrument for inducing law and order among the Moro people. But, instantly Filipinization began, the Constabulary became its prime target. First the red fez was debarred—pride and distinction of the service. Then the Moro enlisted personnel was rapidly pushed out and its places filled by Filipinos. Meantime Filipinos, as has already been said, replaced the American officers.

Thus was created an organization whose tone has become not only lax but undeniably inimical to the people over which

it is set, an organization by law in part under the Governor-General, but actually under the influence of the politico forces at Manila, to which it looks for rewards.

Working fairly creditably in Christian Filipino country, the Constabulary among the Moros is to-day a curse—a curse that would be blacker but for the sadly impeded efforts of the rare remaining American officers. The Filipino Constabulary officer in Moro districts often combines in his single person the powers of deputy governor, justice of the peace, public prosecutor, jailer and collector of poll-taxes as well as maker of arrests. The strain is more than he can bear.

Things thus moved on, without possibility of change for the better, well into the second year of Governor-General Wood's administration. Yet, although the hand of the Filipino was heavy, the Moros as a whole managed to keep themselves in check.

"We will be good," they said again and again, "and wait the day of Datu Wood. We know he will not forget."

To them, you see, "Datu Wood" means America.

And then while in Manila was brewing the Big Caciques' declaration of war—the "Crisis"—came Quezon himself—greatly daring, up into Lanao to make a speech. In June, 1923, he made that speech to the assembled chiefs and people. And his judgment signally failed him there. For he fell into two errors: He attacked the Moros' friend and he threatened the Moro people—threatened them with "grave consequences."

"America's day is done," he said in effect, by report of many hearers. "Her government in the Philippines to-day is a fable. It is the Filipino Legislature that governs you Moros. This man Wood is a figurehead. It is only a question of a little time and every American in the Islands will be chased out. You Moros will do well to submit to us now."

As he uttered the words, one old datu fainted dead away, falling where he stood. The rest rose to the challenge as one man. Whatever effect such words might have had upon a Filipino audience, to an audience of Moros they came like oil

to fire. Seeing America attacked, seeing their friend attacked, they stood up straight before the assailant and defied him to his face. It was the response to the Liberty Loan over again and in far costlier form—for this—and they knew it—was to cost them their lives.

Chief among the spokesmen was the strongest man in Lanao, Ami Binaning. Frank, intelligent, direct as an Anglo-Saxon, he had been the first of the *datus* to send his boys to school, the first to pay his taxes, the greatest help to the American government, the best and most powerful influence for law and order in the region. And his feeling against the cutting loose of the Moro countries from America had been from the first outspoken and extreme. On the visit of the Wood-Forbes Commission he had declared with emphasis to that effect. "Let the Filipinos go where they will. But they shall not govern us. And we Moros will stay under America. Give us the American flag," he had said. Now, in Quezon's teeth, and with the Filipino Constabulary hedging him round about he repeated his declaration. "You shall not govern us. We stay with America."

Quezon listened, smiling.

"Go ahead and talk now, all of you," he rejoined, they say. "Soon there will be neither American government nor American men here. And then, you friends of America, you—had better clear off to the hills."

As he ceased speaking the *datus* went straight out and pulled down the Filipino flag, wherever they found it, leaving the Stars and Stripes to fly alone.

For it is the custom in Philippine government places to fly the Filipino flag and the American flag together.

Shortly thereafter a young son of Ami Binaning came down from Lanao with a message from his father to a certain American living on the coast.

"It seems that my days are soon done," that message ran. "I will not longer risk staying in my house, which has already been shot up. I am going with my family into the hills. It is

because of my words to Quezon—of which I shall retract nothing. This is to assure you of my good friendship, and if, as I think, the Constabulary kill me soon, to say good-bye.”

The mere fact that he did so withdraw furnished their pretext. He had become a rebel they said—had gone on the war-path.

The refuge he chose was an abandoned and ruinous stockade standing on a little hill in the wilderness, where a tumble-down shack offered shelter. There he led his family—three young men, two women and a little child. There, as soon as they had tracked him, came the Filipino Constabulary, some twenty strong. And when they had closely surrounded the place, Ami Binaning, with his only weapon—his little short-bladed work-knife in his hand—for he would not die unarmed—Ami Binaning walked out, with his boys at his side, and came before them. And so they shot him down. Also, they shot and killed the unarmed boys and the women and the little child. Without any pretext of battle, or excuse of women fighting. For no one fought at all. They had nothing to fight with.

They simply died—for honour and for America.

## Chapter XXIX

### BUT, YES, WE'LL HAVE NO BANANAS

AFTER the killing of Ami Binaning matters grew rapidly worse. The Lanao Moros felt a weight of personal loss. All Moros believed that so conspicuous a murder was intended as an emphasis of Quezon's threatening speech. They resented the affront to America—and speculated uneasily as to how it came that such an affront could be dared. Was America fallen upon evil days of weakness and decay—an old watch-dog grown blind and deaf and toothless? Was the end of the world at hand?

And then, as if planned as a spark to gunpowder, came the next move. It took the shape of an identical letter addressed to the *presidentes* of municipalities, signed by Teodoro M. Kalaw, Secretary of the Filipino Commission of Independence in Manila.

Under date of August 22, 1923, the document read in part:

Unless we are mistaken, the next Congress will again see a battle royal between the supporters of Philippine Independence and the advocates of retention. I . . . point out to you and to the Municipal Council . . . the necessity and convenience that the Council approve, as soon as possible, a resolution expressing faithfully and sincerely its views and desires regarding the future political status of our country. Such a resolution is absolutely necessary . . . as the enemies of our cause are engaged in spreading the news that independence is desired only by a few Filipinos, and that a great majority of our people prefer the continuance of American sovereignty. . . .

When this letter, carefully phrased, but with an unequivocal implication, became known among the Lanao Moros, they understood it to mean that the Filipinos had declared war on the

United States. And at that, almost to a man, they proclaimed themselves for America to the finish—they with no guns, surrounded by armed enemies.

Fire flashed all down the ranks. Young chiefs came out, each with fifty to a hundred men at his back and swore on the Koran before their priests—the unbreakable oath—to die fighting. Poor men and women on their individual initiative did the equivalent. For this, it is testified, some were dragged under the staff of the flag they declared for, ordered to look up to it, since they liked it so much, and then clubbed with rifle butts. Others were punished in other ways. After which, such as remained alive repeated just what they had said before. One whole village was killed off at this time. And, with few exceptions throughout the Moro country, such Filipino officials as up to now had seemed to aim at justice so suddenly slacked off that the theory of chance coincidence in the trend of events grew day by day less tenable.

Now to speak in particular of the Zamboanga region:—The town of Zamboanga stands alone—a unique case. Its core is the old Spanish fort. Around that fort lie the military barracks, once headquarters of the American Governors of the Moro Province, now given over to a detachment of Scouts. Hugging the barracks, again, crowds the little modern town, with a population chiefly Filipino.

These Filipinos have sprung in the main from a nearby prison set up in earlier days to take the overflow from Bilibid. The prison, in its turn, disgorged its graduates upon the land. And the convicts thus released—for the most part foreigners on an unwelcoming soil—naturally huddled for cover as closely as possible under the guns of the Spanish fortress, there making their settlement. In later days—days of Filipinization—Filipino clerks and officeholders implanted in numbers have been added to their compatriots in Zamboanga town.<sup>1</sup> Around the

<sup>1</sup> Further, Zamboanga to-day has its small American and European element—chiefly bank people, vice-consulate staffs and the staffs of trading



alien islet so constructed the native Moro population spreads off and away over land and sea.

It was this islet, with its scattering offshoots, that, in 1922, put into office the first elected Governor of Zamboanga Province,<sup>2</sup> a young Filipino *ilustrado* named Saguin—a quaint little figure perched like a toy on the chair that General Pershing once found none too small.

In the beginning Saguin to all appearances was the best local Filipino that could have been chosen—really anxious to do good work. But it would have been unfair to expect him to develop character and resistance strong enough to keep on the rails, with the pressure from Manila rushing up as it did in the autumn of 1923. From the autumn of 1923 Governor Saguin began to travel sidewise and to become, to his credit be it said, an uncomfortable young man.

By December he had already sand-bagged his record, except as a politico tool, and the Moros, who with their sooth-sayer's gaze look any man through to his farthest side, knew exactly his weight and his measure. Which was why they took him in part as a joke.

On December 31st—Rizal Day<sup>3</sup>—1923, Zamboanga town, obedient to Manila's orders, held a parade—a demonstration with banners, aimed against subservience to America, against

firms—and its Chinese store-keepers. Taken together, exclusive of Filipinos, these pay 98 per cent of the internal revenue and 94 per cent of all taxes. They have, however, no representation on the municipal board and no voice either as to assessment rates, which have sometimes been quintupled for Americans, or as to the disposition of the taxes collected. Since Filipinization taxes have doubled, improvements have practically stopped, and public property and public utilities alike are falling toward decay.

<sup>2</sup> In this year four provinces—Zamboanga, Agusan and Davao in Mindanao, and Nueva Viscaya in Luzon, for the first time elected their governors by the vote of the people. The percentage of voters averaged about 5 per cent of the population.

<sup>3</sup> A holiday invented by Mr. Taft during his governor-generalcy, as an effort to create public spirit among the Christian Filipinos. Mr. Taft's idea was that if a national hero could be given them, a much-needed ideal might, in time, grow up around that name. No Filipino was thus known to the people. Mr. Taft, in consultation with the best available advice, decided, therefore, to pick out José Rizal, executed by Spain in 1896 for sedition, and, by a deliberate publicity campaign, artificially to create him the Filipino hero. This was accordingly done.

General Wood, and in especial against the segregation of the Moro country as a United States Territory, which idea is cherished by Moro hearts.

All this they might have done without arousing counteraction. But when, in posing the head of their column to be photographed in the public square, they deliberately planted Moro figures as apparent leaders in the forefront of the crowd, they touched a live wire.

The onlooking Moros drew apart for council.

"We must instantly make a parade of our own. We too must wear tags, carry placards and be photographed," they decided; "we can't let this thing stand alone."

So some rushed to buy card-board—with their own money, be it observed—while others sat down to devise mottoes and build placards. Meantime three boys who had learned to print in Bishop Brent's school dashed off to hire the school press.

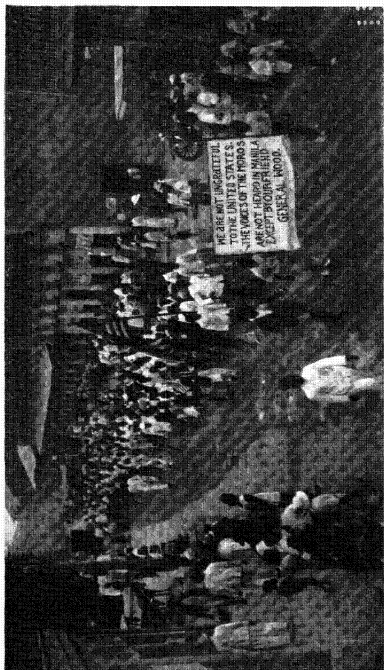
Those three volunteer printers, toiling at the press, turned out eleven hundred tags. Then the material gave out, although Moros long after came flocking, begging for tags, under the impression that tag-wearing, somehow, would help the cause.

With the speed of high excitement the work was finished, and when, on the afternoon of the same day, the Moro parade advanced through the town, every marcher who could get a tag wore a tag proclaiming his mind.

And so this counter-procession wound round and round the town and its suburbs. Every soul who could lay hands on such a prize carried an American flag. At their head swept one big American flag, carried by a man with a fez. Beside the standard moved a large white placard, the paint yet wet, hand-printed in English and reading:

We Are Not Ungrateful  
To the United States  
The Voices of the Moros  
Are Not Heard in Manila  
Except by Our Friend  
General Wood





BUT, YES, WE'LL HAVE NO BANANAS!

A twin sign flanked it, written in Spanish, translating thus:

Luzon and Visayas for  
The Filipinos  
Mindanao, Sulu, for  
The Moros  
Long Live General Wood.

And then came another touch of that Moro humour so curiously un-Filipino, so curiously Anglo-Saxon. To explain, it must be prefaced that the word "saguin," which is the name of the Filipino governor of the province, means "banana."

Slowly rolling in the lead of the procession moved a single automobile containing three datus of the first rank—men perhaps thirty years old. And these three, as they reached the Government Building, flung the whole of their lusty voices into one burst of clearly enunciated song.

"But, yes, we'll have no bananas,  
We'll have no bananas to-day."

Then on they swung, gently economizing their lungs in the interlude, to launch interminably into a full-throated roar on reaching the classic refrain.

Saguin, in his turn characteristically, saw nothing funny about the performance, but writhed under the shrieks of the enchanted crowd. On the morrow, it is said, he issued an order imposing a fine of nine pesos upon any Moro who should again sing the song. But this is as it may be.

In any case, the three malicious young datus were convinced that the inward power of the banana song, which they had but just discovered and learned, was revealed to them by their kindly genii that day.

Humour enough floats in the field—as, for example, that unwittingly afforded by Mr. J. S. Alano, Filipino politico of Zamboanga, when recently asked:

"Why, then, if you Filipinos really want Independence,

don't you work for it for yourselves, and let the Moros keep their own country as they choose to have it?"

"Impossible!" came the protest reported. "Why, that would mean America ruling in Mindanao and Sulu. Then all our northern people would move down here right away—and whom would we, in Manila, have left to govern?"

But life in the main is tragic in the south, and full of sinister portent. The Moro Parade in Zamboanga brought evil fruits, one of which was a hasty campaign on the part of the Filipinos to gather Moro signatures for Independence petitions. The methods first employed were directed at barrio officials.

The appointment of barrio presidents and lieutenants had been necessitated in Moro land by the application of the general law of the Islands. And where none but Moros lived, or desired to live, such appointees, naturally, must be Moros. In Zamboanga, Filipino agents now toured the Province, demanding of all Moro barrio officials that they sign Independence petitions. On their refusal, almost all were at once removed from office and the district left as a rule without local government,—for the reason that not one Moro could be found who would sign the paper. Or, where some individual could be so persuaded, his standing and quality was such that the people refused him obedience.

This method proving barren, the workers adopted another plan. On any pretext they collected signatures—long sheets of signatures or of thumb marks, affixed to blank paper. And in this, because of the means they used, they were at the start successful. But few Moros of position could be so caught; almost at once even the simplest folk became too suspicious to be handled except by force; and soon a sort of general panic set in as to what might be afoot in the dark.

Now, it is indicative of the nature of the Moros and of their difference from the Christian Filipino, tao or cacique, that in this crux the common people often acted for themselves. Not a few wrote letters to Governor-General Wood in the endeavour

to offset a false use of their names by trick or forgery. These letters, they later came to believe, were mostly stopped in the mails, never reaching their destination.

Meantime by hundreds, other poor Moros flocked to Alvarez—Alvarez, the only American in all the Province who dared listen to their woes and give them counsel in their need.

"I never know how many I shall find waiting at my house when I go home at night," he told me, "ten—fifty—a hundred—"

And often I, who write, found them there—strange, savage-looking men.

"What is this we have signed?" they asked. "We were snatched from the road as we passed, and brought into an upper room before two strange Filipinos. We heard they were Governor Saguin, and Guingona, a senator. And there, beside the two, stood Constabulary with guns. And they asked us foolish questions, like 'Do you want good roads?' 'Do you want lower taxes?' And, 'What are the names of the men in your village?' Then they wrote all the names down on paper. After that they demanded our signatures, on the same paper, which had no writing excepting columns of names. They must have got hundreds of names on papers whose uses we do not know. Can those be petitions pretending that we ask for Independence? Have we been tricked into signing away our country? *What shall we do?*"

And then at last came Manila newspapers, drifting slowly south, speaking of Independence petitions received—of anti-Wood petitions, signed by many datus and high Moros. At that the feeling rose to distraction.

I remember a night full of stars and rushing wind and the sound of surf—and the shapes of lotus buds asleep in the moonlight—and a dim light falling on the scarlet robe of an old man—on his tragic face—and his weary measured voice—and his words to me:

"But lately I asked General Wood for his help in getting

justice for a man of mine. He helped me, kindly, as we Moros know he always will do when he can. And now comes this lying paper. And my heart is sick for fear lest he believe I really could be ungrateful—that I could attack him—him—our friend—and in the back. You are going north when you leave us. To Manila? Yes? Then I have a favour to ask. Will you take a paper that I shall bring you? Will you carry it with your own hand to the Governor-General's door? For we think our sendings never reach him if we trust them to the mails."

He gave me the paper in duplicate, sworn and signed. "You may keep one for the people of America," he said. "No one but you, these many years, has come to us from the people of America, to sit down with us day after day in our own places, to travel to see us where we live and to hear our voice. Tell the people of America all. Beg them to help us. Beg them to remember the past. Tell them my name, and who I am."

Every Moro said, "Tell them my name." To do so would mean their certain death.

Thus runs the old man's document:

United States of America,  
Philippine Islands,  
Province of Zamboanga.

Datu . . . being duly sworn, upon his oath states:

That he has been informed that his alleged signature is attached to a petition asking for Philippine Independence and containing statements said to be derogatory to his Excellency Governor-General Leonard Wood. That the affiant has never signed any such petition, but that he has always, during the many years he has known Governor-General Wood, had the greatest respect and admiration for him, both as a man and as a public official.

That he has never been a party to, nor has he ever signed a petition or document criticizing the Governor-General in the slightest degree. The affiant is in favour of the segregation of Mindanao and Sulu and Palawan from the Philippine Islands and the re-organization of same under the American Flag as an unorganized territory of the United States, or otherwise as Congress may deem best.



From Cotabato, from Lanao, from Palawan, from Jolo, the Moros poured out their written protests. To several of these I gave safe conduct. Scores more I heard by word of mouth. Of these I cite but one—that of a datu of ancient descent, of high standing among his people and by them greatly respected. This man thus expressed to me his troubled mind:

“I have been loyal to the United States for twenty-five years. With Datu Rajah Muda Mandi, I fought and worked to keep the peace for America. I have learned to love America. I am an old man now, and it is too late to change. But the protection of America seems withdrawn from us. We see how General Wood is prevented, by the laws made during the Scourge of Harrison, from giving us any relief. And we know that the prevention is real because our old friend would surely help us if any man could. And now these Filipinos that have thrust themselves upon us—they persecute us with strange taxes—and then they use the very money they wring from us to force us away from America and to clutch us under their own power.

“And now it seems they set our names on false petitions to send to America, saying that we ask for this evil thing. And, taking our money, they go themselves to America and pretend to speak for us. When I discovered this I came in fury to talk with Alvarez—the only friend left in our country to whom we can ease our hearts. I said:

“‘I am going to make war. I am going to call out all my people. And the women shall sew white robes for my fighting men and we will all die.’ For this shame is endless, and without sense.

“But Alvarez said, ‘No, Datu, Islam needs men. Wait. America will remember one day. But it is true that America never hears of your troubles. How can she learn? Do not think ill of America. She is very far away.’

“Then I said, ‘I will go among my people on an errand.’

“Now we of Islam have seen that in Alvarez the Datu Rajah Muda Mandi returns to us at times to counsel us in

need. And at those times we see the Datu Rajah Muda's very face.

"Thus now perceiving, I replied:

" 'So be it. I will depart and go among my people on an errand.'

"Then I went forth to my people, and said to them, in all their villages assembled:

" 'The Filipino takes your tax money and with it sends to America other Filipinos to speak folly in your name, saying that you want Independence and to be governed by Filipinos. I ask you now:—If we Moros send true Moros to America to tell the truth for us, how much will you each give to help? For the journey is dear. I do not ask your money now, but I want to know what may be counted upon.' "

The response was like the response to the Liberty Loan.

And the secret service spies whom Governor Saguin had set upon the old man's trail picked up the news and ran home with it.

Saguin, alarmed, himself dashed out into the old chief's territory, telling the people from village to village that Governor-General Wood was no longer in authority, that America's time was done, and that their duty was to "tie up" their datu and send him in to jail.

Upon learning of this, according to my custom in such work I went directly to consult Governor Saguin. I sat with him in his office and told him at length the stories as I already had them, asking for his comments and corrections.

Alas! His comments did not help. And he himself stood revealed therein dancing on hot griddles to his master's whip—ashamed—afraid to stop, afraid to go on—above all most horribly afraid lest by some nightmare chance he might have picked the losing side.

And just then, still further to the poor man's bewilderment, came a report that the little yacht *Apo* was about to visit Zamboanga!

At that, from all directions, a general movement of the

Moros of the Province set in toward Zamboanga town. Again, the Filipinos took alarm, and in the outlying districts local officials hurried about hotly threatening with fine and imprisonment—in one place with twenty pesos fine and two years' imprisonment—any and all Moros who should dare go to Zamboanga either to greet the Governor-General or to present to him any sort of complaint or petition.

Had they the right to enforce such threats? The simpler Moros did not know. But they knew the Constabulary guns.

## Chapter XXX

### THE PLEA OF THE WOMEN

AMONG foreign observers who have lived for a quarter of a century with the Moro, but one testimony can be got as to Moro morality.

"If a man wants to draw from a Moro a black look and a right hand quick to the knife-hilt," says one, "let him make some *risqué* remark in the presence of Moro women."

"Reversing the Filipino," said another—and I quote no weak witnesses—"the Moro is no sniggerer. He sees no humour at all in unclean language, stories and pictures. They simply disgust and offend him."

As to the women themselves, no New England American is more careful of her honour. The Moro girl feels that she belongs to her father or her family until her marriage. Then she belongs to her husband. Custom, severely enforced, forbids that any man outside those bounds so much as touch her with a hand offered to help her across a road. In earlier days a woman dishonoured was placed in a fish-basket filled with stones and dropped into the sea. By the letter of current Maguindanao law concerning adultery, both parties to the crime are to be buried in the earth up to their necks and then stoned to death.

But, so strong is Moro public opinion—so wholly does that unity formed by Islamic law and religion govern Islam's daily life—that offences of its moral code are exceedingly few.

Yet, by late figures, over 72 per cent of all crimes committed in the Department of Mindanao and Sulu are sexual crimes. Of these, over 50 per cent involve the acts of Filipino school-teachers or small Filipino officials.

By the Manila politico much is made of the fact that the Moro objects to sending his daughters to school—"because," says the politico, "of his bigotry." The Moro does object to sending his daughters to school, and the true reason has just been given.

The one excellent school—the one piece of true humanitarian work in all Moro-land, apart from Bishop Brent's lesser place in Zamboanga, is the Moro Educational Foundation's school at Jolo—a scrupulously non-proselyting effort also founded by the Bishop and that gentle and fearless lady, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer; largely assisted by Mrs. Thomas Emery of Cincinnati and Mrs. Willard Straight of New York. Mrs. Spencer spends much of her life on the spot, with the small American staff. Her quiet influence and the affection and loyalty with which she and her work are regarded by the Moro people, are incalculable powers for good. A drop in the bucket, maybe—this Moro Educational Foundation—but the sort of drop whence healing rivers spring. I visited it, saw its work and heard its praises with deep gratitude. It is an oasis of honour in a desert of reproach.

Almost all public schools in Moro-land are taught by male Filipinos. And the male Filipino school-teacher in the south is the same character, with the same habits, that he is in his own country. The difference in response lies in the different moral quality of the populace. Put American teachers—or even Filipino women—in place of the Filipino men, and you find the Moro, other things being equal, ready to send his children to school. But he will not willingly endure seeing his son made personal servant to the Filipino school-master in lieu of being taught. And, above all, he will not see his daughter prostituted.

I cite the case before me of a Moro in jail because he refused to send his daughter to school. The Superintendent of Schools—an American—called on him there to investigate.

"I am afraid for her. Afraid of that Filipino teacher," said the prisoner.

"But you are wrong. The teacher is a reliable honest man—I myself will respond for him," argued the Superintendent, finally prevailing upon the prisoner to comply with the law.

The outcome, almost at once, was exactly what the father had feared—and the Superintendent's humiliation and helpless rage could repay nothing of destruction wrought.

The following statement, which I choose from many simply because of its commonplaceness, has been carefully checked. It is true.

Alvarez one day last winter found sitting at his door a poor Moro, travel-stained, spent with hunger and weariness. The man seemed in deep trouble, but waited patiently to be addressed. Then he told his errand.

"Sir," he said, "I have come from . . . [and he named a place that means many days' foot-travel] to ask your wisdom. I am in great distress. My case is this:

"I have a little daughter, Idda, seven years old. She is our only child. And now she will not go to school. I have tried all my influence with her—for I want her to have an education—but she will not go. She is afraid—so afraid! I do not know why—just afraid of school. Then they fine me for not sending her to school. I have been fined so much and so many times because of this, that I can pay no more, for my money is gone. My wife has even beaten the child—which hurts our hearts. And then the officer has come and dragged her to school, she screaming and struggling like a crazy thing, away, out of our sight.

"And when the officer left her with the teacher, she kicked the teacher—fought him—bit him on his hand. My little girl is almost frantic with fear. My wife and I, we have to watch her all the time because she tries to get away to the river to throw herself to the crocodiles.

"As for me, since I have no money to pay more fines, they will soon put me in jail and that means to leave my wife and the child unprotected. I see only two things left to do. Either to kill them both, for their safety, and then run amok, or else

to call my kinsmen and take to the hills as an outlaw. But first, I came here, hoping light from your wisdom."

Alvarez took the matter up. It then transpired that Idda's closest playmate had been caught in the schoolhouse, gagged, bound and raped by the school-teacher—a Filipino. This child's wild misery, and the things she had wailed into her comrade's ears, had made such an impression on little Idda that the terror of school was literally driving her mad.

The American Superintendent, being informed, could only say, "Let her stay at home for the present. In two months' time I shall be able to get up into that territory and see what is going on."

I shall not soon forget the fixed, brooding horror stamped into the face of an eleven-year-old girl, the victim of her Filipino teacher, into whose case I also looked. One could scarcely have believed that so young a child could so desperately have felt her own tragedy. But examination led me to think that scarcely a girl in the school here in question had escaped ruin. The man, in this instance, got a heavy court sentence. But sentences, however heavy, seem insufficient to reduce the number of offences. And for one case that reaches court, who shall say how many go unheard.

How far, for instance, is a complaint likely to get when the offender himself is not only the justice of the peace with whom complaint must first be lodged, but is also the arresting and investigating officer?

I am informed on the best authority, substantially re-enforced, that when two refugee murderers were recently and erroneously said to have escaped to the island of Basilan, the Filipino Constabulary captain there adopted a policy of terrorization that upset the entire island. It is affirmed that he ordered all outlying natives first to destroy their crops and then to move in to *reconcentrado* camps. The Constabulary detachments enforcing the order burned the people's houses almost over their heads, throwing out the sick and helpless, and leaving little or no time for the saving of goods. The labour thus

secured was put to making a road along the southern part of the island. Meantime, the people's cattle strayed away, or were seized and sold as ownerless, the wild hogs broke in and destroyed what remained of the plantings, and thirty-two men were summarily shot, here and there about the place—shot by Constabulary in satisfaction of miscellaneous old grudges. After killing the men, it is stated, the officers raped the women.

Basilan is a Moro island 482 miles square. Its population numbers 8,000, and contains 54 voters. Its area comprises some one hundred thousand acres of the best rubber-growing land in the world, one-third of which is now grass land, the rest virgin timber. About two thousand acres are now planted to rubber, and two-thirds of the trees are being tapped. It is possible, or even probable, however, that native instinct, rather than any consideration of these facts, prompted the activities described in the foregoing paragraph.

To move intimately among the Moro people is to become acutely aware everywhere of tension drawn close to the breaking point. Passing one day through a small village, I came upon a wedding-party. They were holding the ceremonial dance in a tent, and the head man came forward with all eagerness to welcome an American. At the top of the room sat the little bride and her maids, straight and still, with hands extended flat upon their knees, with chalk-white, delicately-painted faces, with downcast eyes, immovable as carved goddesses.

"Etiquette demands that they see nothing, hear nothing, and seem apart from all earthly concern," some one explained.

But the rest of the party was full of life. Single dancers succeeded each other upon the floor—sometimes a statuesque woman, wrapped in long garments, subtly, rhythmically leading the gongs with her flexing wrists and ankles—sometimes a youth, dramatically dancing a story—sometimes a merry old man, proudly proving the trim of his nerves by balancing a cup of water upon his head while his body capered to the music. And the audience—men, women and little children—



in its wild picturesqueness, its constant motion, its vivid interest and applause, made a marvellous background to the picture.

But soon the head man reappeared—and there was urgency in his manner—to ask that I come away for a talk. Then they led me into one of their houses—into a room scrupulously clean, whose furniture consisted in the main of large cushions covered with brilliant cloths. They brought a stool and set a table before it and laid the table with coffee and cakes for my refreshment. Then one by one the men, all gay in their bridal best, but with faces as stern as death, came and stood before the table and spoke. The first said this:

“You tell us you have come from the American people to ask the Moros their mind. That is why we of this village are glad. Tell the people in America that if this Independence comes all the Moros will die in battle. The United States has been Father and Mother to us and if you go, then that is the end of everything. We of this village will be killed off to the last one before we will submit to the Filipinos.

“I used to be with General Pershing. We were happy then. There were fights sometimes. But there was justice. And there was liberty. Now our people are often hungry as well as angry and sad. We can hardly earn any money now. We are taxed till our heads ache to understand—for what is said in the morning is unsaid in the afternoon—and the end, for us, is always punishments and ruin and shame. And there is no work at all, except in the few places where some American has work to give. No Filipino will give employment to us. They shut us out wherever they can.”

The other men amplified the statement of the first. And when they had done, the little bride and all her women came suddenly gliding in to seize and press my hand—again and again—with clinging fingers that spoke for their silent lips.

Those clinging fingers of women! Many a time was I to feel them, and always with the same meaning—“Tell America!”

Once it came in the house of a great datu, far from this

wedding village. The datu had been talking. In the end he said: "I have sent letters and petitions to the Governor-General and to Washington until it is a weariness to think of them. I have spoken my mind so often that I am tired and sick at heart. There is no use in further speaking and petitioning. No fruit comes—no help. But that General Wood is still there, and that he asks for patience and peace, long ago I would have made an end. *Is Allah dead?*"

His sombre voice dropped—stopped. And then came his pretty young wife, holding her little girl-child upon her hip. And her soft, long, clinging fingers seized and pressed and would not release my hand, as she stood gazing up at me in silence, with piteous tear-filled eyes.

Yet a third time it happened in one of the largest towns—in the last quarter-hour of a visit that had won the people's confidence. Now, at the end, the head man was speaking—summing up. It was in the town square. Old cocoanut trees—carven prows of vintas on the beach—a girl sitting on a bullock laden with earthen pots—splendid figures of men in bright silken draperies. The head man stood on some elevated thing; behind him, close, his immediate retainers; below and around, his people by hundreds. He spoke as all speak, without a suspicion of oratory or of self-consciousness, deliberately, with simple, certain words, born of established thought and inward dignity. And the faces of his people caught and flashed back the fire of his speech as a burnished sword flashes back the rays of the sun.

Near him, well within ear-shot, a Filipino Constabulary officer hovered behind the crowd. I stood it till I could stand it no longer. Then I sent a message to interrupt the old man, pointing out this other auditor.

The chief returned thanks. "I knew it," he said, "but my life is already forfeit. And the one thing they cannot take from me is my power to speak the truth. *Tell America!*"

And there again, as I turned to go, came the tendril-like clutch of fingers that clung and pressed hard, clinging, clinging,



M. M. Newell

THAT DATU'S WIFE



as if by clinging to replace words. This time it was an old woman, the wife of the head man, her heart in her face. Her lips were struggling to make some word. At last it took shape, in a whisper heavy with pleading.

“America!” and then, “Poor Moros! Poor Moros!”

## Chapter XXXI

### “—OR GIVE US BACK OUR GUNS”

THE United States Congress, representing the responsibility of the American people as to their Insular holdings, instructs itself through a Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions and a House Committee on Insular Affairs.

Before these committees, during the session of 1923-4, appeared Mr. Manuel Roxas, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the Philippine Islands, to give information and to present a request—a request for immediate Independence. Incidentally, as in fairness must be added, it is alleged that if, toward the end, Mr. Roxas flagged in his urgences, his gait was mended by the spur of American beet sugar champions, privately but sharply administered.

Mr. Roxas's statements, considering to whom they were addressed, were amazingly disrespectful. For they rested on his assumption of his hearers' complete ignorance of the facts—an ignorance that he felt himself at liberty grossly to abuse.

Fully to support this statement from the text of the reports would be burdensome to these pages. I therefore confine myself to a specimen instance or two as relating to Moros.

In the hearing of February 17, 1924, Mr. Roxas said:

. . . From 1913 to 1921, when we really enjoyed practical autonomy in the Philippine Islands under the administration of Governor Harrison during whose years we were in actual control, running the affairs of our country, including Mindanao, and when the officials of the government there were Filipinos, there was not a single killing in that region for seven years.

The official record shows during the period mentioned by Mr. Roxas—1913-1921—one hundred and fifty-four Constabu-

lary engagements fought “in that region.” The total killings of Moros by Constabulary recorded in these one hundred and fifty-four engagements is four hundred and ninety-nine. As a rather preposterously low minimum, this figure will not be questioned by any person conversant with local affairs. What is done in far places need seldom cumber the books. The dumb earth drinks the blood.

In the House Committee’s hearing of March 6, 1924, Mr. Roxas said:

With reference to the assertion made by the Secretary of War that the Moros are opposed to Independence, we beg to differ with him. If there is any such opposition, it comes from those few who, as a result of the organized activities of American enemies of Independence in getting the Moros to express themselves as opposed to Independence, salaried agents being employed for this purpose, have been persuaded . . . to express opposition.

This accusation, ever since the Big Caciques’ declaration of war upon General Wood, has frequently appeared in the Manila press. It is the reverse of true. As to the few Americans now left in the south, their policy has been, and is, to maintain a complete aloofness from native political affairs. As to the one man upon whom the caciques’ suspicions turned—Alvarez:—At any moment during the past several years Alvarez could have released a revolt that, guns or no guns, would have sent a swarm of Filipino officialdom to its long reckoning. They have been treading on ice far thinner than they knew—and they have actually owed their daily lease of life to the sleepless watch of the two men—General Wood in distant Manila, and Alvarez camping on the spot—the two men whom they never ceased to plot against and abuse.

Mr. Roxas proceeds:

It is even reported that Hadji Gulamu<sup>1</sup> Razul . . . has been offered a bribe of \$3,000 if he would express himself publicly as op-

<sup>1</sup> Moro member of the Independence Commission to Washington.

posed to Independence. These are the findings of a committee appointed by the legislature to investigate the recent disturbances in Mindanao.

Now, first of all, Hadji Gulamu—poor, vain, spoiled little victim of somebody's ruinous kindness—would bring no price at all except in the opposite camp, where he may appear to have got it; and next, while cacique legislative committees pursued Moro investigations at a safe and respectful distance, I myself happened to be in the Moro country. Happened to be present in several parts of that country when young Hadji Gulamu, Filipinized Moro, drew nigh on an errand.

He came from Manila. His errand, if the word of any Moro or any number of Moros be accepted as evidence, was to offer large rewards to Moros of influence if they would declare for Independence. Political preferment. Tax exemption for twenty years. Tax exemption in perpetuity. Houses in Manila. Trips to Washington—to testify. Cash down, promised in reckless figures—if promises meant cash. And all pledged, it was repeated, in the name of Mr. Quezon. Also, Hadji Gulamu was said to be offering to the common people, in Jolo and in other parts, ingenious reasons why they should add their names and thumb-marks to innocent sheets of paper that he carried about in his pocket. Or even to write them in his little memorandum book.

Of all these things I heard—and I also saw their effect.

"Hadji Gulamu, indeed!" exclaimed one doughty old lady of rank. "Let him dare show his face in my country on his dirty errand and my people will splash his body off the dock."

"That little beast Hadji Gulamu has sneaked into my territory," growled a young datu, coming in haste to take leave; "a messenger brings word he is telling my people he has my authority for his lies. I must hurry along home to throw him out."

And so on, everywhere. Hadji Gulamu did not, perhaps, return entirely empty-handed to whoever may have sent him. But his actual gleanings can have been of but little worth.



Said Mr. Roxas, continuing to instruct our Congressmen:

Associated Press dispatches from Manila have been published in the press of this country to the effect that a delegation of Moros had travelled from Mindanao to Manila to express to the Governor-General their opposition to Independence. . . . This delegation of Moros was brought to Manila from Mindanao by Colonel George T. Langhorne, one of the military advisers of Governor Wood, and it is not necessary for us to say here that pressure was probably brought to bear upon these Moros to express themselves thus before the Governor-General. Certainly this is not representative of the true sentiment among the Moros.

Again I am able to speak from personal knowledge. I saw and talked with that delegation some hours before it reached Governor-General Wood. I know that Colonel Langhorne had nothing whatever to do with its coming. I know that the members of that delegation made the journey on their own initiative, at the expense of their individual pockets, and because their minds were as fully obsessed with their mission as the mind of Joan of Arc was obsessed with the cause of France.

I know, also, that during their brief stay in Manila they were beset, and vainly beset, day and night, with every sort of bribe and flattery and worriment to induce them to forswear their people's cause.

Later on, in their own country, they gave me a copy of the petition they brought. They had drafted it in council with the other chiefs of their peoples. And Alvarez had set it into English, from the Arabic, with scrupulous exactitude. Probably not another man within their reach could or would have done them that service. The signatures on the paper carry final weight as to authority, for they represent the dictum of the several Moro peoples.

Many similar papers have been written before, by Moros in council, and addressed and dispatched to the Governor-General and to Congress. How far they got on their way, or by whom they were sidetracked and stopped, none attempts to say. But

this one at least, if it may win a reading here, shall reach the eyes of America.

It follows: <sup>2</sup>

A DECLARATION OF RIGHTS AND PURPOSES  
ADDRESSED TO THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

WHEREAS, a group of politicians, leading blindly certain elements of the population who have a faith and culture differing from our own, as well as widely different political aspirations, have raised a clamour and outcry against the continuation of American sovereignty in the Philippine Islands, thereby jeopardizing our hope of prosperity, liberty and economic security, through the possibility that the Congress of the United States of America might inopportunistically withdraw its sovereignty from these Islands, permitting thereby to be created an independent government under which the Mohammedan or Moro Nation would be destroyed or placed under a galling yoke, we, the following representatives of the Moro Nation, do, in the name of the same Creator, worshipped by Christian and Mohammedan alike, set forth the following solemn declaration of our rights, principles and intentions, for which we pledge our lives and fortunes:

ASSUMING that in the course of time the United States of America will grant complete independence, or a larger measure of autonomy to the Philippine Islands, and due to the fact that the insecurity of political tenure of the United States and the threat of political domination of our people by the Christian Filipino majority in the Islands of Luzon and the Visayas is holding back the economic development of our country, and causing no little unrest and unhappiness to our people, we hereby submit the following suggestion for the solution of our present difficulties to the consideration of the Congress of the United States of America.

FIRST:—We are not seeking temporary or palliative measures. We ask for a solution which will be permanent and lasting in its effects. Therefore, we propose that the Islands of Mindanao and Sulu, and the Island of Palawan be made an unorganized territory of the United States of America.

In order that we may be fair to the Filipinos and in order that they may not raise an outcry to the effect that we wish to dismem-

<sup>2</sup> This document was accompanied by a letter to Governor-General Wood—a copy of which I also obtained from its writers. See Appendix II.

ber the Philippine Islands, we propose that fifty (50) years after independence may have been granted the rest of the Philippine Islands, a plebiscite be held in the proposed unorganized territory to decide by vote whether the proposed territory will be incorporated in the government of the Islands of Luzon and Visayas, remain a territory, or become independent.

This would apply the principles of justice and equity to all elements of the population and imply a government through the consent of the governed.

SECOND:—That a simple form of government be designed for the new territory, taking into consideration that through lack of education in English or Spanish our people cannot hope to exercise suffrage for at least two generations, and with the following objects in view:—

(1) Justice and equity for Christian, Mohammedan, pagan and foreigner alike. In order to attain this we must have Americans in high places to act as referees between our tribal and religious demarcations.

(2) No domination of one element over another.

(3) Freedom of speech and religion.

(4) Every opportunity for American capital to develop the natural resources of our country, thereby affording our people the opportunity to progress in the arts and sciences and in agriculture, as well as to use the lessons of the school room after leaving school. At present there is no outlet for the talents and energies of our youths owing to the economic prostration of our country.

(5) That the school system be reformed under American teachers and made suitable to the needs and prejudices of the Mohammedan population.

(6) That we do not vote in elections for President of the United States, for the reason that we do not wish to do otherwise than trust to the mercy and justice of the United States.

WHEREAS:—We enjoy none of the above benefits in their fullest measure, and

WHEREAS:—We do not even enjoy the right of petition and redress of wrongs which the Constitution of the United States insures to its Citizens, owing to the fact that we have addressed petitions without number to the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands asking for the amelioration of our condition, and that even when he has been disposed to grant our desires he has found himself helpless to aid us owing to the provisions of the Organic Act known as the Jones Law:—

THEREFORE, WE, in representation of nearly half a million Mohammedan residents of Mindanao and Sulu, do solemnly affirm and DECLARE:—

<sup>3</sup> THAT WE ARE LOYAL UNTO DEATH TO THE UNITED STATES.

THAT IN PROOF OF THIS LOYALTY WE HAVE PLEDGED OURSELVES BY THE MOST SOLEMN OATH KNOWN TO MOHAMMEDANS TO DIE RATHER THAN SUBMIT TO DOMINATION BY CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS FROM THE NORTH, AND IF NECESSARY TO DIE IN ORDER THAT THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS WHICH HERETOFORE HAS LENT A DEAF EAR TO OUR PETITIONS MAY NOW HEAR US.

THAT IN THE EVENT THAT THE UNITED STATES GRANTS INDEPENDENCE TO THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS WITHOUT PROVISION FOR OUR RETENTION UNDER THE AMERICAN FLAG, IT IS OUR FIRM INTENTION AND RESOLVE TO DECLARE OURSELVES AN INDEPENDENT CONSTITUTIONAL SULTANATE TO BE KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS THE MORO NATION. IT IS THE DUTY OF THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES TO MAKE PROVISION AT ONCE FOR THE SECURITY AND PROTECTION PROMISED TO US WHEN WE SURRENDERED OUR ARMS TO THE UNITED STATES ARMY. THIS PROMISE IS JUST AS SACRED AS ANY ALLEGED PROMISES YOU MAY HAVE MADE TO THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS. YOU HAVE LEFT US DEFENCELESS AND IT IS YOUR DUTY TO PROTECT US OR RETURN TO US THE WEAPONS YOU TOOK FROM US AND WHICH WE FREELY GAVE YOU, RELYING ON YOUR PROMISES.

THAT WHILE IT IS NOT OUR DESIRE TO DO SO, BY DISREGARDING OUR RIGHTS AND WISHES WHILE AT THE SAME TIME CONCEDED POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FAVORS TO THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS, FAVORS WHICH ARE IN TURN USED AGAINST US, YOU ARE FORCING US SURELY AND STEADILY TO RECOURSE TO DESPERATE AND BLOODY MEASURES WHICH ARE ABHORRENT TO US, IN VIEW OF OUR LOYALTY TO THE AMERICAN FLAG, OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL, AND OUR GRATITUDE TO THE UNITED STATES FOR THE LIBERTY AND SECURITY OF LIFE WHICH WE ENJOYED UNTIL

<sup>3</sup> The capitalization is that of the original document.

YOU DELEGATED YOUR POWER AND AUTHORITY TO THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS.

WE COMPLAIN THAT WE HAVE NOT ONE REPRESENTATIVE IN THE PHILIPPINE LEGISLATURE ELECTED BY DIRECT VOTE OF THE PEOPLE. OUR MEAGRE REPRESENTATION IS THROUGH REPRESENTATIVES APPOINTED BY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL WHO MUST HAVE THE APPROVAL OF A SENATE CONTROLLED BY FILIPINOS. HENCE SUCH REPRESENTATION IS A FARCE.

WE COMPLAIN THAT THE PHILIPPINE LEGISLATURE APPROPRIATES ONE MILLION PESOS PER ANNUM FOR PRO-INDEPENDENCE PROPAGANDA, THEREBY FORCING US TO CONTRIBUTE THROUGH TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION TO THE EFFORTS OF CERTAIN CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS TO SEVER THE BONDS BETWEEN US AND THE UNITED STATES, ALL OF WHICH IS NOT IN ACCORDANCE WITH OUR WISHES.

WE COMPLAIN THAT WHEN OUR PEOPLE, INCLUDING WOMEN AND CHILDREN, HAVE BEEN SHOT DOWN BY THE CONSTABULARY, OR OTHERWISE MALTREATED, INVESTIGATIONS HAVE BEEN CONDUCTED IN SUCH A MANNER AS TO GLOSS OVER THE TRUTH.

WE COMPLAIN THAT IN SPITE OF THE LARGE VOLUME OF EVIDENCE OF MISGOVERNMENT OF OUR PEOPLE PRESENTED TO THE WOOD-FORBES COMMISSION, AND SUBSEQUENTLY TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL NOTHING WHATEVER HAS BEEN DONE TO ASSURE OUR PEOPLE THAT REFORMS MEETING WITH OUR APPROVAL WOULD BE UNDERTAKEN, FOR THE REASON THAT THE POWER TO INSTITUTE REFORMS LIES IN YOURSELVES AND NOT IN THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL, THE HANDS OF THE LATTER BEING TIED BY THE PROVISIONS OF THE JONES LAW.

WE COMPLAIN THAT PETITIONS ARE BEING CIRCULATED WHICH OUR PEOPLE BY MEANS OF PRESSURE FROM OFFICIAL SOURCES ARE OBLIGED TO SIGN. THESE PETITIONS ARE FOR THE PURPOSE OF LEADING THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES TO BELIEVE THAT WE ARE DISLOYAL TO THE UNITED STATES AND TO OUR GOVERNOR-GENERAL, WHEN SUCH IS NOT THE CASE. EVEN PROVINCIAL GOVERNORS AND OTHER HIGH OFFICIALS PROSTITUTE THEIR OFFICES FOR THIS

PURPOSE. THEREFORE WE ARE FORCED TO TAKE CONCERTED AND VIOLENT ACTION IN ORDER TO AVOID BEING MISREPRESENTED. EVEN AMERICANS WHO SYMPATHIZE WITH OUR ASPIRATIONS AND LOYALTY TO THE UNITED STATES ARE FORCED TO DISCUSS THE SITUATION IN WHISPERS, IF THEY DARE DISCUSS IT AT ALL, FOR FEAR OF REPRISALS. SURELY THIS IS NOT IN ACCORDANCE WITH IDEALS OF AMERICAN JUSTICE AND FAIR PLAY.

WE COMPLAIN THAT THE EFFORT IS BEING MADE TO SUBMERGE OUR CIVILIZATION AND CULTURE THROUGH THE ASSIMILATION OF OUR PEOPLE BY THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS. AS A MEANS TO THIS END COLONIES OF CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS FINANCED BY THE GOVERNMENT ARE BEING INJECTED INTO OUR MIDST, TO LATER CAUSE SUCH COMPLICATIONS AS HAVE CAUSED UNTOLD MISERY IN THE BALKAN STATES AND EUROPEAN TURKEY,<sup>4</sup> AND WHICH CONSTITUTE A PROBLEM TO-DAY WHICH AGAIN THREATENS THE PEACE OF THE WORLD.

HAD WE THE MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT AND TAXATION IN OUR HANDS, AS HAVE THE CHRISTIAN FILIPINOS, WE COULD ALSO SEND MISSIONS TO WASHINGTON TO PRESENT OUR SIDE OF THE QUESTION, BUT HAVING NEITHER, WE CAN ONLY OFFER OUR LIVES IN ORDER THAT YOU MAY UNDERSTAND AND ACT ACCORDINGLY.

THEREFORE, WE HEREBY SOLEMNLY AND RESPECTFULLY PETITION THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES FOR REDRESS AND AMELIORATION OF OUR PRESENT ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL SITUATION, AND ASK YOU, IN THE NAME OF YOUR GOD, AND OUR GOD, WHO IS ONE AND THE SAME, THAT YOU PROMPTLY GRANT US OUR REQUEST, IN ORDER THAT THIS, THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS, MAY NOT BE AGAIN DRENCHED IN THE BLOOD OF MOHAMMEDANS AND CHRISTIANS WHO SHOULD BE DWELLING TOGETHER IN PEACE AND AMITY IN THE SHELTER OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

<sup>4</sup> Moros returning from pilgrimages to Mecca or from visits to Borneo, bring in a fairly steady stream of information as to affairs in the other East.

Since my return to America word has reached me of the sudden death of Alvarez.

His last letter contained this passage:

What power General Wood has—and it is not one-tenth of what it should be—cannot be used to aid this unhappy country without a storm of protest being raised and much dust thrown in the eyes of America. No power but the United States Congress can now save a people standing on the threshold of extermination. I have done what I could and somehow I feel that my end is near. My hope now is that you—remembering what you have seen here—will tell America.

So the Moros, to-day, are leaderless—friendless—children beset by pitfalls—hunted and betrayed, with no man to save them from the cunning of their mortal enemy. ✓

As for Alvarez—for his memory I bespeak whatever gratitude, whatever respect, a man may earn by choosing a doomed life and dying a martyr's death for the honour of his country—for America.

It is sometimes suggested by persons profoundly unfamiliar with the subject that the question of our presence in the Philippines be determined by a plebiscite of the people.

As to the Mohammedan population of the Islands, the material immediately foregoing is offered to indicate what the result of such a plebiscite would be.

As to the “wild tribes” of the Luzon mountains, their view, also, has been given here. As to the primitive pagans of forest and fastness throughout the archipelago, the question answers itself.

As to the great numerical majority in the Islands—the Christian Filipino tao:

As easily and as intelligently could you take a plebiscite of all the fowls of the air as to whether they would declare for a gunner's perpetual open season. Were you to enquire of the taos whether they would like a case of pneumonia, nine-tenths

of them would eagerly answer "yes," and ask when and where they might come to fetch the package. A friend of mine who has done his best to help the taos of his neighbourhood to make and to save a little cash, and who thereby has become their general agent and counsel, was recently approached by his richest protégé thus:

✓ "Sir, will you please buy me a '*pendencia*' next time you go to town?"

Now "*pendencia*" is the form that the caciques' watch-word "*Independencia*" (independence) takes on the tao's tongue.

"Buy you a '*pendencia*', Manuel? What for?"

"Oh," answered the tao, comfortably, "I hear people talking about them. I have money now. I like to buy new things and be in fashion."

"Then you want me and other Americans to leave the Islands?"

"'Sus-María-José! *No*, Sir! But what could that have to do with it?"

As to a plebiscite, finally, of that smallest minority, the cacique, such a vote would produce an answer as of one man: "Give us immediate Independence. Sweep every American out of here. Set us free to open the barrel—to get at these cattle."

The Philippine Legislature, with one or two negligible exceptions, is wholly cacique—wholly mestizo—half-caste Chinese or half-caste Spanish. And rarely in that mental make-up can be found the slightest conception of public office as anything more than a chance at private gain.

✓ For this the mestizo is not to blame. He is the inevitable human product of his blood, his environment, his history, and, not least, of his recent indigestible overdose of alien and superficial education.

Should America, having so rapidly and so painfully stuffed him, now do him a further injustice? Should she for his colic outcries turn him loose with deadly weapons in his hand upon the helpless millions of the people?



During the newspaper serialization of this volume prior to the book publication, I have several times been asked to state my personal opinion as to the course that America should pursue toward the Philippine Islands. To this request I reply by re-stating the book's purpose, which is simply to present accurate material for the formation of opinion, not to influence judgment. I may, however, in closing my task, again draw attention to the fact that the recommendations of the Wood-Forbes Commission, dated October 8, 1921, have never yet been acted upon by the United States Congress. Neither, perhaps, has the great and illuminating mass of exhibits submitted in support thereof been examined by Congress. The recommendations of the Wood-Forbes Commission are as follows:

1. We recommend that the present general status of the Philippine Islands continue until the people have had time to absorb and thoroughly master the powers already in their hands.

2. We recommend that the responsible representative of the United States, the Governor-General, have authority commensurate with the responsibilities of his position. In case of failure to secure the necessary corrective action by the Philippine Legislature, we recommend that Congress declare null and void legislation which has been enacted diminishing, limiting, or dividing the authority granted the Governor-General under act of Congress No. 240 of the Sixty-fourth Congress, known as the Jones Bill.

3. We recommend that in case of a deadlock between the Governor-General and the Philippine Senate in the confirmation of appointments the President of the United States be authorized to make and render the final decision.

4. We recommend that under no circumstances should the American Government permit to be established in the Philippine Islands a situation which would leave the United States in a position of responsibility without authority.

If the facts recorded in this book to some degree facilitate a decision, pro or con, upon the validity of these recommendations, the journey of a volunteer American to the Isles of Fear will have served its purpose.



## Appendix I

### JONES BILL

[Public—No. 240—64th Congress.]

[S. 381.]

An Act To declare the purpose of the people of the United States as to the future political status of the people of the Philippine Islands, and to provide a more autonomous government for those islands.

Whereas it was never the intention of the people of the United States in the incipency of the War with Spain to make it a war of conquest or for territorial aggrandizement; and

Whereas it is, as it has always been, the purpose of the people of the United States to withdraw their sovereignty over the Philippine Islands and to recognize their independence as soon as a stable government can be established therein; and

Whereas for the speedy accomplishment of such purpose it is desirable to place in the hands of the people of the Philippines as large a control of their domestic affairs as can be given them without, in the meantime, impairing the exercise of the rights of sovereignty by the people of the United States, in order that, by the use and exercise of popular franchise and governmental powers, they may be the better prepared to fully assume the responsibilities and enjoy all the privileges of complete independence: Therefore

*Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That the provisions of this Act and the name "The Philippines" as used in this Act shall apply to and include the Philippine Islands ceded to the United States Government by the treaty of peace concluded between the United States and Spain on the eleventh day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, the boundaries of which are set forth in Article III of said treaty, together with those islands embraced in the treaty between Spain and the United States concluded at Washington on the seventh day of November, nineteen hundred.

SEC. 2. That all inhabitants of the Philippine Islands who were Spanish subjects on the eleventh day of April, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine, and then resided in said islands, and their children born subsequent thereto, shall be deemed and held to be citizens of the Philippine Islands, except such as shall have elected to preserve their allegiance to the Crown of Spain in accordance with the provisions of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain, signed

at Paris December tenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, and except such others as have since become citizens of some other country: *Provided*, That the Philippine Legislature, herein provided for, is hereby authorized to provide by law for the acquisition of Philippine citizenship by those natives of the Philippine Islands who do not come within the foregoing provisions, the natives of the insular possessions of the United States, and such other persons residing in the Philippine Islands who are citizens of the United States, or who could become citizens of the United States under the laws of the United States if residing therein.

SEC. 3. That no law shall be enacted in said islands which shall deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, or deny to any person therein the equal protection of the laws. Private property shall not be taken for public use without just compensation.

That in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to be heard by himself and counsel, to demand the nature and cause of the accusation against him, to have a speedy and public trial, to meet the witnesses face to face, and to have compulsory process to compel the attendance of witnesses in his behalf.

That no person shall be held to answer for a criminal offence without due process of law; and no person for the same offence shall be twice put in jeopardy of punishment, nor shall be compelled in any criminal case to be a witness against himself.

That all persons shall before conviction be bailable by sufficient sureties, except for capital offences.

That no law impairing the obligation of contracts shall be enacted.

That no person shall be imprisoned for debt.

That the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion, insurrection, or invasion the public safety may require it, in either of which events the same may be suspended by the President, or by the Governor-General, wherever during such period the necessity for such suspension shall exist.

That no ex post facto law or bill of attainder shall be enacted nor shall the law of primogeniture ever be in force in the Philippines.

That no law granting a title of nobility shall be enacted, and no person holding any office of profit or trust in said islands shall, without the consent of the Congress of the United States, accept any present, emolument, office, or title of any kind whatever from any king, queen, prince, or foreign State.

That excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishment inflicted.

That the right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated.

That slavery shall not exist in said islands; nor shall involuntary servitude exist therein except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

That no law shall be passed abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and petition the Government for redress of grievances.

That no law shall be made respecting an establishment of religion or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, and that the free exercise and enjoyment of religious profession and worship, without discrimination or preference, shall forever be allowed; and no religious test shall be required for the exercise of civil or political rights. No public money or property shall ever be appropriated, applied, donated, or used, directly or indirectly, for the use, benefit, or support of any sect, church, denomination, sectarian institution, or system of religion, or for the use, benefit, or support of any priest, preacher, minister, or other religious teacher or dignitary as such. Contracting of polygamous or plural marriages hereafter is prohibited. That no law shall be construed to permit polygamous or plural marriages.

That no money shall be paid out of the treasury except in pursuance of an appropriation by law.

That the rule of taxation in said islands shall be uniform.

That no bill which may be enacted into law shall embrace more than one subject, and that subject shall be expressed in the title of the bill.

That no warrant shall issue but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, and particularly describing the place to be searched and the person or things to be seized.

That all money collected on any tax levied or assessed for a special purpose shall be treated as a special fund in the treasury and paid out for such purpose only.

SEC. 4. That all expenses that may be incurred on account of the Government of the Philippines for salaries of officials and the conduct of their offices and departments, and all expenses and obligations contracted for the internal improvement or development of the islands, not, however, including defences, barracks, and other works undertaken by the United States, shall, except as otherwise specifically provided by the Congress, be paid by the Government of the Philippines.

SEC. 5. That the statutory laws of the United States hereafter enacted shall not apply to the Philippine Islands, except when they specifically so provide, or it is so provided in this Act.

SEC. 6. That the laws now in force in the Philippines shall continue in force and effect, except as altered, amended, or modified herein, until altered, amended, or repealed by the legislative authority herein provided or by Act of Congress of the United States.

SEC. 7. That the legislative authority herein provided shall have power, when not inconsistent with this Act, by due enactment to amend, alter, modify, or repeal any law, civil or criminal, continued in force by this Act as it may from time to time see fit.

This power shall specifically extend with the limitation herein provided as to the tariff to all laws relating to revenue and taxation in effect in the Philippines.

SEC. 8. That general legislative power, except as otherwise herein provided, is hereby granted to the Philippine Legislature, authorized by this Act.

SEC. 9. That all the property and rights which may have been acquired in the Philippine Islands by the United States under the

treaty of peace with Spain, signed December tenth, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, except such land or other property as has been or shall be designated by the President of the United States for military and other reservations of the Government of the United States, and all lands which may have been subsequently acquired by the government of the Philippine Islands by purchase under the provisions of sections sixty-three and sixty-four of the Act of Congress approved July first, nineteen hundred and two, except such as may have heretofore been sold and disposed of in accordance with the provisions of said Act of Congress, are hereby placed under the control of the government of said islands to be administered or disposed of for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof, and the Philippine Legislature shall have power to legislate with respect to all such matters as it may deem advisable; but acts of the Philippine Legislature with reference to land of the public domain, timber, and mining, hereafter enacted, shall not have the force of law until approved by the President of the United States: *Provided*, That upon the approval of such an act by the Governor-General, it shall be by him forthwith transmitted to the President of the United States, and he shall approve or disapprove the same within six months from and after its enactment and submission for his approval, and if not disapproved within such time it shall become a law the same as if it had been specifically approved: *Provided further*, That where lands in the Philippine Islands have been or may be reserved for any public purpose of the United States, and, being no longer required for the purpose for which reserved, have been or may be, by order of the President, placed under the control of the government of said islands to be administered for the benefit of the inhabitants thereof, the order of the President shall be regarded as effectual to give the government of said islands full control and power to administer and dispose of such lands for the benefit of the inhabitants of said islands.

SEC. 10. That while this Act provides that the Philippine government shall have the authority to enact a tariff law the trade relations between the islands and the United States shall continue to be governed exclusively by laws of the Congress of the United States: *Provided*, That tariff acts or acts amendatory to the tariff of the Philippine Islands shall not become law until they shall receive the approval of the President of the United States, nor shall any act of the Philippine Legislature affecting immigration or the currency or coinage laws of the Philippines become a law until it has been approved by the President of the United States: *Provided further*, That the President shall approve or disapprove any act mentioned in the foregoing proviso within six months from and after its enactment and submission for his approval, and if not disapproved within such time it shall become a law the same as if it had been specifically approved.

SEC. 11. That no export duties shall be levied or collected on exports from the Philippine Islands, but taxes and assessments on property and license fees for franchises, and privileges, and internal taxes, direct or indirect, may be imposed for the purposes of the Philippine government and the provincial and municipal govern-

ments thereof, respectively, as may be provided and defined by acts of the Philippine Legislature, and, where necessary to anticipate taxes and revenues, bonds and other obligations may be issued by the Philippine government or any provincial or municipal government therein, as may be provided by law and to protect the public credit: *Provided, however,* That the entire indebtedness of the Philippine government created by the authority conferred herein shall not exceed at any one time the sum of \$15,000,000, exclusive of those obligations known as friar land bonds, nor that of any Province or municipality a sum in excess of seven per centum of the aggregate tax valuation of its property at any one time.

SEC. 12. That general legislative powers in the Philippines, except as herein otherwise provided, shall be vested in a legislature which shall consist of two houses, one the senate and the other the house of representatives, and the two houses shall be designated "The Philippine Legislature": *Provided,* That until the Philippine Legislature as herein provided shall have been organized the existing Philippine Legislature shall have all legislative authority herein granted to the government of the Philippine Islands, except such as may now be within the exclusive jurisdiction of the Philippine Commission, which is so continued until the organization of the legislature herein provided for the Philippines. When the Philippine Legislature shall have been organized, the exclusive legislative jurisdiction and authority exercised by the Philippine Commission shall thereafter be exercised by the Philippine Legislature.

SEC. 13. That the members of the senate of the Philippines, except as herein provided, shall be elected for terms of six and three years, as hereinafter provided, by the qualified electors of the Philippines. Each of the senatorial districts defined as hereinafter provided shall have the right to elect two senators. No person shall be an elective member of the senate of the Philippines who is not a qualified elector and over thirty years of age, and who is not able to read and write either the Spanish or English language, and who has not been a resident of the Philippines for at least two consecutive years and an actual resident of the senatorial district from which chosen for a period of at least one year immediately prior to his election.

SEC. 14. That the members of the house of representatives shall, except as herein provided, be elected triennially by the qualified electors of the Philippines. Each of the representative districts hereinafter provided for shall have the right to elect one representative. No person shall be an elective member of the house of representatives who is not a qualified elector and over twenty-five years of age, and who is not able to read and write either the Spanish or English language, and who has not been an actual resident of the district from which elected for at least one year immediately prior to his election: *Provided,* That the members of the present assembly elected on the first Tuesday in June, nineteen hundred and sixteen, shall be the members of the house of representatives from their respective districts for the term expiring in nineteen hundred and nineteen.

SEC. 15. That at the first election held pursuant to this act, the qualified electors shall be those having the qualifications of voters under the present law; thereafter and until otherwise provided by the Philippine Legislature herein provided for the qualifications of voters for senators and representatives in the Philippines and all officers elected by the people shall be as follows:

Every male person who is not a citizen or subject of a foreign power twenty-one years of age or over (except insane and feeble-minded persons and those convicted in a court of competent jurisdiction of an infamous offence since the thirteenth day of August, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight), who shall have been a resident of the Philippines for one year and of the municipality in which he shall offer to vote for six months next preceding the day of voting, and who is comprised within one of the following classes:

(a) Those who under existing law are legal voters and have exercised the right of suffrage.

(b) Those who own real property to the value of 500 pesos, or who annually pay 30 pesos or more of the established taxes.

(c) Those who are able to read and write either Spanish, English, or a native language.

SEC. 16. That the Philippine Islands shall be divided into twelve senate districts, as follows:

First district: Batanes, Cagayan, Isabela, Ilocos Norte, and Ilocos Sur.

Second district: La Union, Pangasinan, and Zambales.

Third district: Tarlac, Nueva Ecija, Pampanga, and Bulacan.

Fourth district: Bataan, Rizal, Manila, and Laguna.

Fifth district: Batangas, Mindoro, Tayabas, and Cavite.

Sixth district: Sorsogon, Albay, and Ambos Camarines.

Seventh district: Iloilo and Capiz.

Eighth district: Negros Occidental, Negros Oriental, Antique and Palawan.

Ninth district: Leyte and Samar.

Tenth district: Cebu.

Eleventh district: Surigao, Misamis, and Bohol.

Twelfth district: The Mountain Province, Baguio, Nueva Vizcaya, and the Department of Mindanao and Sulu.

The representative districts shall be the eighty-one now provided by law, and three in the Mountain Province, one in Nueva Vizcaya, and five in the Department of Mindanao and Sulu.

The first election under the provisions of this Act shall be held on the first Tuesday of October, nineteen hundred and sixteen, unless the Governor-General in his discretion shall fix another date not earlier than thirty nor later than sixty days after the passage of this Act: *Provided*, That the Governor-General's proclamation shall be published at least thirty days prior to the date fixed for the election, and there shall be chosen at such election one senator from each senate district for a term of three years and one for six years. Thereafter one senator from each district shall be elected from each senate district for a term of six years: *Provided*, That the Governor-General of the Philippine Islands shall appoint, without the consent of the



senate and without restriction as to residence, senators and representatives who will, in his opinion, best represent the senate district and those representative districts which may be included in the territory not now represented in the Philippine Assembly: *Provided further*, That thereafter elections shall be held only on such days and under such regulations as to ballots, voting, and qualifications of electors as may be prescribed by the Philippine Legislature, to which is hereby given authority to redistrict the Philippine Islands and modify, amend, or repeal any provision of this section, except such as refer to appointive senators and representatives.

SEC. 17. That the terms of office of elective senators and representatives shall be six and three years, respectively, and shall begin on the date of their election. In case of vacancy among the elective members of the senate or in the house of representatives, special elections may be held in the districts wherein such vacancy occurred under such regulations as may be prescribed by law, but senators or representatives elected in such cases shall hold office only for the unexpired portion of the term wherein the vacancy occurred. Senators and representatives appointed by the Governor-General shall hold office until removed by the Governor General.

SEC. 18. That the senate and house of representatives, respectively, shall be the sole judges of the elections, returns, and qualifications of their elective members, and each house may determine the rules of its proceedings, punish its members for disorderly behaviour, and, with the concurrence of two-thirds, expel an elective member. Both houses shall convene at the capital on the sixteenth day of October next following the election and organize by the election of a speaker or a presiding officer, a clerk, and a sergeant at arms for each house, and such other officers and assistants as may be required. A majority of each house shall constitute a quorum to do business, but a smaller number may meet, adjourn from day to day, and compel the attendance of absent members. The legislature shall hold annual sessions, commencing on the sixteenth day of October, or, if the sixteenth day of October be a legal holiday, then on the first day following which is not a legal holiday, in each year. The legislature may be called in special session at any time by the Governor-General for general legislation, or for action on such specific subjects as he may designate. No special session shall continue longer than thirty days, and no regular session shall continue longer than one hundred days, exclusive of Sundays. The legislature is hereby given the power and authority to change the date of the commencement of its annual sessions.

The senators and representatives shall receive an annual compensation for their services, to be ascertained by law, and paid out of the treasury of the Philippine Islands. The senators and representatives shall, in all cases except treason, felony, and breach of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance at the session of their respective houses and in going to and returning from the same; and for any speech or debate in either house they shall not be questioned in any other place.

No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he

may have been elected, be eligible to any office the election to which is vested in the legislature, nor shall be appointed to any office of trust or profit which shall have been created or the emoluments of which shall have been increased during such term.

SEC. 19. That each house of the legislature shall keep a journal of its proceedings and, from time to time, publish the same; and the yeas and nays of the members of either house, on any question, shall, upon demand of one-fifth of those present, be entered on the journal, and every bill and joint resolution which shall have passed both houses shall, before it becomes a law, be presented to the Governor-General. If he approve the same, he shall sign it; but if not, he shall return it with his objections to that house in which it shall have originated, which shall enter the objections at large on its journal and proceed to reconsider it. If, after such reconsideration, two-thirds of the members elected to that house shall agree to pass the same, it shall be sent, together with the objections, to the other house, by which it shall likewise be reconsidered, and if approved by two-thirds of all the members elected to that house it shall be sent to the Governor-General, who, in case he shall then not approve, shall transmit the same to the President of the United States. The vote of each house shall be by the yeas and nays, and the names of the members voting for and against shall be entered on the journal. If the President of the United States approve the same, he shall sign it and it shall become a law. If he shall not approve same, he shall return it to the Governor-General, so stating, and it shall not become a law: *Provided*, That if any bill or joint resolution shall not be returned by the Governor-General as herein provided within twenty days (Sundays excepted) after it shall have been presented to him the same shall become a law in like manner as if he had signed it, unless the legislature by adjournment prevent its return, in which case it shall become a law unless vetoed by the Governor-General within thirty days after adjournment: *Provided further*, That the President of the United States shall approve or disapprove an act submitted to him under the provisions of this section within six months from and after its enactment and submission for his approval; and if not approved within such time, it shall become a law the same as if it had been specifically approved. The Governor-General shall have the power to veto any particular item or items of an appropriation bill, but the veto shall not affect the item or items to which he does not object. The item or items objected to shall not take effect except in the manner heretofore provided in this section as to bills and joint resolutions returned to the legislature without his approval.

All laws enacted by the Philippine Legislature shall be reported to the Congress of the United States, which hereby reserves the power and authority to annul the same. If at the termination of any fiscal year the appropriations necessary for the support of government for the ensuing fiscal year shall not have been made, the several sums appropriated in the last appropriation bills for the objects and purposes therein specified, so far as the same may be done, shall be deemed to be reappropriated for the several objects and purposes

specified in said last appropriation bill; and until the legislature shall act in such behalf the treasurer shall, when so directed by the Governor-General, make the payments necessary for the purposes aforesaid.

SEC. 20. That at the first meeting of the Philippine Legislature created by this Act and triennially thereafter there shall be chosen by the legislature two Resident Commissioners to the United States, who shall hold their office for a term of three years beginning with the fourth day of March following their election, and who shall be entitled to an official recognition as such by all departments upon presentation to the President of a certificate of election by the Governor-General of said islands. Each of said Resident Commissioners shall, in addition to the salary and the sum in lieu of mileage now allowed by law, be allowed the same sum for stationery and for the pay of necessary clerk hire as is now allowed to the Members of the House of Representatives of the United States, to be paid out of the Treasury of the United States, and the franking privilege allowed by law to Members of Congress. No person shall be eligible to election as Resident Commissioner who is not a bona fide elector of said islands and who does not owe allegiance to the United States and who is not more than thirty years of age and who does not read and write the English language. The present two Resident Commissioners shall hold office until the fourth of March, nineteen hundred and seventeen. In case of vacancy in the position of Resident Commissioner caused by resignation or otherwise, the Governor-General may make temporary appointments until the next meeting of the Philippine Legislature, which shall then fill such vacancy; but the Resident Commissioner thus elected shall hold office only for the unexpired portion of the term wherein the vacancy occurred.

SEC. 21. That the supreme executive power shall be vested in an executive officer, whose official title shall be "The Governor-General of the Philippine Islands." He shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, and hold his office at the pleasure of the President and until his successor is chosen and qualified. The Governor-General shall reside in the Philippine Islands during his official incumbency, and maintain his office at the seat of government. He shall, unless otherwise herein provided, appoint, by and with the consent of the Philippine Senate, such officers as may now be appointed by the Governor-General, or such as he is authorized by this Act to appoint, or whom he may hereafter be authorized by law to appoint; but appointments made while the senate is not in session shall be effective either until disapproval or until the next adjournment of the senate. He shall have general supervision and control of all of the departments and bureaus of the government in the Philippine Islands as far as is not inconsistent with the provisions of this Act, and shall be commander in chief of all locally created armed forces and militia. He is hereby vested with the exclusive power to grant pardons and reprieves and remit fines and forfeitures, and may veto any legislation enacted as herein provided. He shall submit within ten days of the opening of each regular session of the Philippine Legislature a budget of receipts

and expenditures, which shall be the basis of the annual appropriation bill. He shall commission all officers that he may be authorized to appoint. He shall be responsible for the faithful execution of the laws of the Philippine Islands and of the United States operative within the Philippine Islands, and whenever it becomes necessary he may call upon the commanders of the military and naval forces of the United States in the islands, or summon the posse comitatus, or call out the militia or other locally created armed forces, to prevent or suppress lawless violence, invasion, insurrection, or rebellion; and he may, in case of rebellion or invasion, or imminent danger thereof, when the public safety requires it, suspend the privileges of the writ of habeas corpus, or place the islands, or any part thereof, under martial law: *Provided*, That whenever the Governor-General shall exercise this authority, he shall at once notify the President of the United States thereof, together with the attending facts and circumstances, and the President shall have power to modify or vacate the action of the Governor-General. He shall annually and at such other times as he may be required make such official report of the transactions of the government of the Philippine Islands to an executive department of the United States to be designated by the President, and his said annual report shall be transmitted to the Congress of the United States; and he shall perform such additional duties and functions as may in pursuance of law be delegated or assigned to him by the President.

SEC. 22. That, except as provided otherwise in this Act, the executive departments of the Philippine government shall continue as now authorized by law until otherwise provided by the Philippine Legislature. When the Philippine Legislature herein provided shall convene and organize, the Philippine Commission, as such, shall cease and determine, and the members thereof shall vacate their offices as members of said commission: *Provided*, That the heads of executive departments shall continue to exercise their executive functions until the heads of departments provided by the Philippine Legislature pursuant to the provisions of this Act are appointed and qualified. The Philippine Legislature may thereafter by appropriate legislation increase the number or abolish any of the executive departments, or make such changes in the names and duties thereof as it may see fit, and shall provide for the appointment and removal of the heads of the executive departments by the Governor-General: *Provided*, That all executive functions of the government must be directly under the Governor-General or within one of the executive departments under the supervision and control of the Governor-General. There is hereby established a bureau, to be known as the Bureau of Non-Christian tribes, which said bureau shall be embraced in one of the executive departments to be designated by the Governor-General, and shall have general supervision over the public affairs of the inhabitants of the territory represented in the legislature by appointive senators and representatives.

SEC. 23. That there shall be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States, a vice governor of the Philippine Islands, who shall have all of the

powers of the Governor-General in the case of a vacancy or temporary removal, resignation, or disability of the Governor-General, or in case of his temporary absence; and the said vice governor shall be the head of the executive department, known as the department of public instruction, which shall include the bureau of education and the bureau of health, and he may be assigned such other executive duties as the Governor-General may designate.

Other bureaus now included in the department of public instruction, shall, until otherwise provided by the Philippine Legislature, be included in the department of the interior.

The President may designate the head of an executive department of the Philippine government to act as Governor-General in the case of a vacancy, the temporary removal, resignation, or disability of the Governor-General and the vice governor, or their temporary absence, and the head of the department thus designated shall exercise all the powers and perform all the duties of the Governor-General during such vacancy, disability, or absence.

SEC. 24. That there shall be appointed by the President an auditor, who shall examine, audit, and settle all accounts pertaining to the revenues and receipts from whatever source of the Philippine government and of the provincial and municipal governments of the Philippines, including trust funds and funds derived from bond issues; and audit, in accordance with law and administrative regulations, all expenditures of funds or property pertaining to or held in trust by the government or the Provinces or municipalities thereof. He shall perform a like duty with respect to all government branches.

He shall keep the general accounts of the government and preserve the vouchers pertaining thereto.

It shall be the duty of the auditor to bring to the attention of the proper administrative officer expenditures of funds or property which, in his opinion, are irregular, unnecessary, excessive, or extravagant.

There shall be a deputy auditor appointed in the same manner as the auditor. The deputy auditor shall sign such official papers as the auditor may designate and perform such other duties as the auditor may prescribe, and in case of the death, resignation, sickness, or other absence of the auditor from his office, from any cause, the deputy auditor shall have charge of such office. In case of the absence from duty, from any cause, of both the auditor and the deputy auditor, the Governor-General may designate an assistant, who shall have charge of the office.

The administrative jurisdiction of the auditor over accounts, whether of funds or property, and all vouchers and records pertaining thereto, shall be exclusive. With the approval of the Governor-General he shall from time to time make and promulgate general or special rules and regulations not inconsistent with law covering the method of accounting for public funds and property, and funds and property held in trust by the government or any of its branches: *Provided*, That any officer accountable for public funds or property may require such additional reports or returns from his subordinates or others as he may deem necessary for his own information and protection.

The decisions of the auditor shall be final and conclusive upon the executive branches of the government, except that appeal therefrom may be taken by the party aggrieved or the head of the department concerned within one year, in the manner hereinafter prescribed. The auditor shall, except as hereinafter provided, have like authority as that conferred by law upon the several auditors of the United States and the Comptroller of the United States Treasury and is authorized to communicate directly with any person having claims before him for settlement, or with any department, officer, or person having official relations with his office.

As soon after the close of each fiscal year as the accounts of said year may be examined and adjusted the auditor shall submit to the Governor-General and the Secretary of War an annual report of the fiscal concerns of the government, showing the receipts and disbursements of the various departments and bureaus of the government and of the various Provinces and municipalities, and make such other reports as may be required of him by the Governor-General or the Secretary of War.

In the execution of their duties the auditor and the deputy auditor are authorized to summon witnesses, administer oaths, and to take evidence, and, in the pursuance of these provisions, may issue subpoenas and enforce the attendance of witnesses, as now provided by law.

The office of the auditor shall be under the general supervision of the Governor-General and shall consist of the auditor and deputy auditor and such necessary assistants as may be prescribed by law.

SEC. 25. That any person aggrieved by the action or decision of the auditor in the settlement of his account or claim may, within one year, take an appeal in writing to the Governor-General, which appeal shall specifically set forth the particular action of the auditor to which exception is taken, with the reason and authorities relied on for reversing such decision.

If the Governor-General shall confirm the action of the auditor, he shall so indorse the appeal and transmit it to the auditor, and the action shall thereupon be final and conclusive. Should the Governor-General fail to sustain the action of the auditor, he shall forthwith transmit his grounds of disapproval to the Secretary of War, together with the appeal and the papers necessary to a proper understanding of the matter. The decision of the Secretary of War in such case shall be final and conclusive.

SEC. 26. That the supreme court and the courts of first instance of the Philippine Islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction as heretofore provided and such additional jurisdiction as shall hereafter be prescribed by law. The municipal courts of said islands shall possess and exercise jurisdiction as now provided by law, subject in all matters to such alteration and amendment as may be hereafter enacted by law; and the chief justice and associate justices of the supreme court shall hereafter be appointed by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate of the United States. The judges of the court of first instance shall be appointed by the Governor-General, by and with the advice and consent of the Philip-

pine Senate: *Provided*, That the admiralty jurisdiction of the supreme court and courts of first instance shall not be changed except by Act of Congress. That in all cases pending under the operation of existing laws, both criminal and civil, the jurisdiction shall continue until final judgment and determination.

SEC. 27. That the Supreme Court of the United States shall have jurisdiction to review, revise, reverse, modify, or affirm the final judgments and decrees of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands in all actions, cases, causes, and proceedings now pending therein or hereafter determined thereby in which the Constitution or any statute, treaty, title, right, or privilege of the United States is involved, or in causes in which the value in controversy exceeds \$25,000, or in which the title or possession of real estate exceeding in value the sum of \$25,000, to be ascertained by the oath of either party or of other competent witnesses, is involved or brought in question; and such final judgments or decrees may and can be reviewed, revised, reversed, modified, or affirmed by said Supreme Court of the United States on appeal or writ of error by the party aggrieved within the same time, in the same manner, under the same regulations, and by the same procedure, as far applicable, as the final judgments and decrees of the district courts of the United States.

SEC. 28. That the government of the Philippine Islands may grant franchises and rights, including the authority to exercise the right of eminent domain, for the construction and operation of works of public utility and service, and may authorize said works to be constructed and maintained over and across the public property of the United States, including streets, highways, squares, and reservations, and over similar property of the government of said islands, and may adopt rules and regulations under which the provincial and municipal governments of the islands may grant the right to use and occupy such public property belonging to said Provinces or municipalities: *Provided*, That no private property shall be damaged or taken for any purpose under this section without just compensation, and that such authority to take and occupy land shall not authorize the taking, use, or occupation of any land except such as is required for the actual necessary purposes for which the franchise is granted, and that no franchise or right shall be granted to any individual, firm, or corporation except under the conditions that it shall be subject to amendment, alteration, or repeal by the Congress of the United States, and that lands or right of use and occupation of lands thus granted shall revert to the governments by which they were respectively granted upon the termination of the franchises and rights under which they were granted or upon their revocation or repeal. That all franchises or rights granted under this Act shall forbid the issue of stock or bonds except in exchange for actual cash or for property at a fair valuation equal to the par value of the stock or bonds so issued; shall forbid the declaring of stock or bond dividends, and, in the case of public-service corporations, shall provide for the effective regulation of the charges thereof, for the official inspection and regulation of the books and accounts of such corporations, and for the payment of a reasonable percentage of gross

earnings into the treasury of the Philippine Islands or of the Province or municipality within which such franchises are granted and exercised: *Provided further*, That it shall be unlawful for any corporation organized under this Act, or for any person, company, or corporation receiving any grant, franchise, or concession from the government of said islands, to use, employ, or contract for the labour of persons held in involuntary servitude; and any person, company, or corporation so violating the provisions of this Act shall forfeit all charters, grants, or franchises for doing business in said islands, in an action or proceeding brought for that purpose in any court of competent jurisdiction by any officer of the Philippine government, or on the complaint of any citizen of the Philippines, under such regulations and rules as the Philippine Legislature shall prescribe, and in addition shall be deemed guilty of an offence, and shall be punished by a fine of not more than \$10,000.

SEC. 29. That, except as in this Act otherwise provided, the salaries of all the officials of the Philippines not appointed by the President, including deputies, assistants, and other employes, shall be such and be so paid out of the revenues of the Philippines as shall from time to time be determined by the Philippine Legislature; and if the legislature shall fail to make an appropriation for such salaries, the salaries so fixed shall be paid without the necessity of further appropriations therefor. The salaries of all officers and all expenses of the offices of the various officials of the Philippines appointed as herein provided by the President shall also be paid out of the revenues of the Philippines. The annual salaries of the following-named officials appointed by the President and so to be paid shall be: The Governor-General, \$18,000; in addition thereto he shall be entitled to the occupancy of the buildings heretofore used by the chief executive of the Philippines, with the furniture and effects therein, free of rental; vice governor, \$10,000; chief justice of the supreme court, \$8,000; associate justices of the supreme court, \$7,500 each; auditor, \$6,000; deputy auditor, \$3,000.

SEC. 30. That the provisions of the foregoing section shall not apply to provincial and municipal officials; their salaries and the compensation of their deputies, assistants, and other help, as well as all other expenses incurred by the Provinces and municipalities, shall be paid out of the provincial and municipal revenues in such manner as the Philippine Legislature shall provide.

SEC. 31. That all laws or parts of laws applicable to the Philippines not in conflict with any of the provisions of this Act are hereby continued in force and effect.

Approved, August 29, 1916.



## *Appendix II*

Covering letter handed to Governor-General Wood by the Delegation of Moro Leaders who conveyed from Zamboanga to the Governor-General, in Manila, the Declaration of Rights and Purposes. See pp. 334-8 ante

Zamboanga, P. I., February 1, 1924.

HIS EXCELLENCY,  
GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD,  
MANILA, P. I.

SIR:—

Herewith a "Declaration of Rights and Purposes" addressed to the Congress of the United States of America. If your Excellency deems it fit and proper that an expression of the views of the Mohammedan population be made at this time, we respectfully ask that the same be forwarded with such recommendations and comment as may seem pertinent and proper. It is not the purpose or desire of the Mohammedans of this region to embarrass in any way your Excellency's administration at this time, but the recent action of the Philippine Legislature in attempting to force on us officials and measures which are repugnant to us makes it imperative that we make the attempt at once to forcefully put before Congress the necessity for remedial measures if bloodshed and disorder are to be avoided in Mindanao-Sulu.

We are grateful to your Excellency for the proposals you have advanced for the amelioration of our condition. However, they are only palliative, and if we are to effect a cure for our woes, we must apply the only remedy possible, and that is the separation of Mindanao-Sulu and Palawan, and a guarantee of American sovereignty. We realize that only Congress has the power to cure our ills.

We have, during past Administrations, addressed many petitions to the Governor-General and to Congress. These have either been intercepted or have fallen on deaf ears. Hence it is necessary that we take steps which will ensure our being heard at Washington. On the other hand, the Filipinos with the Legislative machinery at their disposal, and with a fund of a million pesos at their disposition, make themselves heard, and through control of the Government, endeavour by force or otherwise to stifle our national consciousness. No one can deny that the United States Congress when it passed the Jones Bill, completely disenfranchised us and put us under the domination of our traditional enemies, who are not even natives of Mindanao-Sulu. This was due to the fact that when the Jones Bill was presented to Congress there was no representative of the Moros to say

a word for us, and the Filipinos were not generous enough to provide for us. In fact it was not in accordance with their desires to give us any chance for self-expression.

In the presence of hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of our people Secretary of War Dickenson promised us that we need never fear the withdrawal of American sovereignty from Mindanao-Sulu. This was in the presence of General Pershing. Governor-General Burton Harrison made us the same promise. However, each year has seen our liberties curtailed a little more, and more measures repugnant to us forced upon us. Now our people ask daily, "Are promises only valid when made to the Christian Filipinos, or has Congress forgotten our existence?"

We respectfully suggest that if Congress takes favourable action a Commission be appointed headed by your Excellency, and composed of three Christian Filipino members, three Mohammedan members, all of the above natives of Mindanao-Sulu and of Palawan, and three Americans who have been residents of Mindanao-Sulu and of Palawan for at least five years, to draw up a Constitution for the proposed unorganized territory.

The Mohammedan population is almost unanimously actuated in this connection by the highest sentiments of loyalty to the United States, and of personal loyalty to your Excellency.

Respectfully,

THE COMMITTEE OF PETITIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS.

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Member.

---

Chairman.

---

Member.

## *Glossary*

ANTING-ANTING—Amulet.

BARRIO—A segment of a municipality.

BOLO—Long-bladed knife, used as work-tool or weapon.

BUKNUN—Head man, in certain Luzon mountain tribes.

CACIQUE—Christian Filipino boss, exploiter of the people.

CAMOTE—Sweet potato.

CANAO—Igorot feast.

CARABAO—Water buffalo, principal draught animal.

CAVAN—Measure of rice, equalling 2.13 bushels.

CENTAVO—Philippine coin, valued at one-half cent, U. S. currency.

DATU—Moro tribal chieftain.

FISCAL—Prosecuting Attorney of a Province.

HACIENDA—Farm, country estate.

ILUSTRADO—Among Christian Filipinos, a man of position and influence.

KRIS—Among Moros, the fighting blade of a man of rank.

MESTIZO—Half-breed. As a rule, part Spanish or Chinese, part Malay.

MUNICIPALITY—The whole area of the islands is divided into municipalities, regardless of the number of the population.

PALAY—Unpolished rice.

PARIENTES—Relatives.

PESETA—Philippine coin, valued at ten cents, U. S. currency.

PESO—Philippine coin. Par value, fifty cents, U. S. currency.

PICUL—Measure of sugar, equalling 140 pounds.

PRESIDENCIA—Town Hall.

PRESIDENTE—Mayor.

RAJAH MUDA—Moro title, meaning Heir Apparent.

TAO—Christian Filipino of the lower of the two classes, variously estimated as from 94% to 99+% of the Christian Filipino population.

TIENDA—Little shop,

VISAYA—Moro term for slave, derived from the Moro custom of capturing and enslaving the Visayan Islanders.



# Index

- Abad, Pedro, landlord, 30-4  
 Aglipayan Church, 194  
 Agriculture, *Philippines Herald*  
   quoted on, 47; Cacique's attitude  
   toward, 47 et seq, 208; Depart-  
   ment of, handling hemp pest, 227;  
   Gov.-Gen. Wood checks pests and  
   plagues and encourages study, 245  
 Aguinaldo's Insurrection, described  
   by Diego Tecson, tao, 74-77; 81-2,  
   85  
 Agustin, Gaspar de San, on Pampan-  
   gan natives, 252, note  
 Alano, J. S., Filipino of Zamboanga,  
   forecasts results of Independence,  
   315-6  
 Alimud Din, Sultan, treaty with  
   Spain, 287; history of, 287-9  
 Allen, Maj.-Gen. H. T., 86  
 Alvarez, Milton, history of, 275-82;  
   believed re-incarnation of great  
   ruler, 319-20; instance of pacifying  
   influence of, 319-20; and father of  
   victimized Moro child, 324-5; debt  
   of Filipinos for life to, 331; trans-  
   lates petitions from the Arabic,  
   333; his last testimony, and death,  
   339  
 American Administration, effect of  
   uncertainty of policy, 34; ar-  
   raigned by Filipino, 40; first steps,  
   84; called unfair by mestizo offi-  
   cial, 212-3; arraigned by J. A.  
   Santos, 218-9; British method pre-  
   ferred, 221-3; timorous, not re-  
   spected, 222; effect of its uncer-  
   tainty on business conditions, 227-  
   8; on availability of capital, 233  
 American Beet Sugar Interests, urge  
   Philippine Independence, 330  
 American Policy, Filipino views on,  
   40, 212-3, 218-9, 221-3, 227-8,  
   233  
 American population in Philippines,  
   6; excellent work of, 103; discrimi-  
   nation against, 92-3, 104  
 Angeles, Dr. Sixtus de los, quoted on  
   credulity, 187  
 Anthrax, 95, 245  
 Anting-anting, 193  
 Apayao tribe, 256, 268, 269  
 Apo, Executive yacht, 145-48, 163,  
   274, 320  
 Aquino, Maria, case of, 30-4  
 Artesian wells, 170  
 Ateneo of Manila, military training  
   in, 247  
 Auditor, Insular, *see* Wright, B. F.  
 Author's motive and method, in writ-  
   ing this report. *See* Mayo, Kath-  
   erine  
 Autonomy, beginning of, 87-88; ef-  
   fects of, 89-90, 94-6, 236-7  
 Babbitt, Maj.-Gen. E. B., narrative  
   of, 13-14  
 Baby convicted of arson, 14-18  
 Baker, Newton D., Secretary of War,  
   his letter of transmittal, with Jones  
   Law, 90-94; 126; bank examina-  
   tion authorized by, 107; Bureau of  
   Audits Filipinized despite warning  
   of, 129  
 Balangini incident, 293  
 Balete Pass, 214-6  
 "Bamboo English," 245  
 Basilan, fighting with Spain, 292;  
   terrorization of by Constabulary,  
   325-26  
 Beet Sugar Interests, American, urge  
   Philippine Independence, 330  
 Benguet tribe, 265, 270  
 Beriberi, 170, 175, 177, 225  
 Beyer, Dr. H. Otley, quoted, 257  
 Big Caciques, 114, 117, 119, 123, 134,  
   137, 139, 140-141, 145, 147, 166,  
   179-80, 252  
 Bilibid Prison, 20, note  
 Bill of Rights, Moro, 334-8  
 Binaning, Ami, character of, 309; de-  
   clares for America, 310; threat-  
   ened by Quezon, 309; defies him,  
   309; is murdered, with family, 310  
 Blas Ramos, case of, 22-61  
 Blunt, J. Y. Mason, on Filipino char-  
   acter, 207, 213  
 Board of Control, 124, 125, 126-7,  
   178-9  
 Bocobo, Dean of Law College,  
   quoted, 214

- Bolton, in Davao, 294  
 Bontoc tribe, 256, 257, 266-68  
 Bowers, Colonel, Philippines Constabulary, 194  
 Boynton, Dr. W. H., 245  
 Brent, Right Rev. Charles H., 86, 314, 323  
 British residents in Philippines, 6  
 British rule preferred, 221-2, 223, 224, 231, 302  
 British take the Philippines, release Alimud Din, 289  
 Brown, Elwood S., debt of Filipinos to, 195  
 Bubonic plague, 172  
 Bullard, Maj.-Gen. R. L., 295  
 Bureau of Agriculture, 95  
 Bureau of Audits, special warning against Filipinization of, by Secretary of War Baker, 93; Filipinization of, 129  
 Bureau of Labour, 48  
 Bureau of Lands, 50; cacique director appointed, 50; effect of Filipinization of, 50; et seq, 59; attitude of Filipinized bureau on land-titles, 61, 70; restoration of American control desired, 76  
 Bureau of Non-Christian Tribes, 272  
 Bureau of Rural Credit, 40  
 Bureau of Science, 95, 179  
 Byrne, Rev. F. X. A., 188
- Caciquism, 47  
 Caciques, a class of Filipinos, 10; occupation, industry, and hobby of, 10; little and Big, distinguished, 11; land tenancy under, 12; as political unit, tyranny of, over Taos, 15, 18; hatred of, for "Deacon" Prautch, 29; Senator Sandiko on, 35; control of, over vote and justice, 39; reduction of Governor-General to a figurehead by, 40; oppose possession of land by tao, 49; in Legislature, 52; instance of influence, 66; looting by, in Aguinaldo's army, 74; sharp practices of, 75, 76; rise of, 80; their chances, 90; effects of power, 95; corruption and revenge of, 150-51; despise productive labor, 208; their concept of tao, 209; only a small part of population, 237; interference of, with good government of Mountain Province, 261
- Calamity Bill, 146-48, 223
- Capital, shyness of, to invest, laid to uncertainty of American policy, 233  
 Carlos, Provincial Governor, 40  
 Carpenter, Frank W., 299, 304  
 Carter, E. C. late chief Y.M.C.A. in A.E.F., question of, regarding Gov.-Gen. Wood, 249  
 Cebu Portland Cement Co., 112  
 Census, 256  
 Chinese, in Philippines, 6, 48, 144, 172; victimized, 240  
 Cholera, 170, 174, 177, 185, 245  
 Classes, two only, *cacique* and *tao*, 10, 81, 194  
 Coalitionist party and theory, characterized by Guanzon, 253-5  
 Coast line, length of, 236  
 Coates, Francis, Jr., bank examiner, 107-109, 118, 119  
 Coconut oil, 96, 112  
 Colorum sect, 188-94  
 Colour-line, the, 230-1, 233-4  
 Commission of Independence, *see* Independence Commission  
 Concepcion, Gen. Venancio, 106-107, 111, 129  
 Conley Case, 134-39, 166; Olimpio Guanzon on, 255  
 Conquest, Spanish, 79-80  
 Constabulary, 20, 25, 158; an American captain of, 25; Colorums and, 191; in Moro Country, 301, 303; becomes a provocative body, 303; denounced by Lanao Moros, 307; denouncers shot, 307; organization by Gen. Harbord, 307; deterioration, as Filipinized, 307-8; too great powers of Filipino constabulary officer, 308; killing of Ami Binaning, 310, 317, 321; incident of Basilan Island, 325-6, 328; number of killings of Moros during the years 1913-21, and false statement of M. Roxas concerning, 330-1; 337  
 Cooper, Representative, of Wisconsin, 132  
 Co-operative spirit, Diego Tecson teaches as new doctrine, 71-2; absence of, 210; historical explanation of absence, 211  
 Copra, 112; mill borrowing money, 123  
 Cost of Sanitation, during Constructive Period, 176  
 Council of State, 103, 137-8, 139  
 Courts of First Instance, 39, 51, 95

- Court of Land Registration, 51  
 Currency, reformed, by America, 84;  
 peso at 17 per cent discount on  
 Gov.-Gen. Wood's arrival; value  
 restored by his handling, 104;  
 Coates report on, 108; Filipino  
 forecasts fall of peso to metal  
 value, if Independence granted,  
 234; politicians' opposition to restora-  
 tion of values, 245  
 "Crescent and Cross" at war, 285-95  
 "Crisis," *see* Conley case  
 Culion Leper Colony, 153-69, 177-8  
  
 Death-rate, 95, 174, 176-7, 244-5  
 Declaration of Rights and Purposes  
 (Moro), 334-38; covering letter  
 for, 357-58 (Appendix)  
 Degrees, too easily granted to Fili-  
 pino students by American institu-  
 tions of learning, 178-9, 200, 201-3  
 de Luzuriaga, José R., 83  
 Democrata party, 40, 255  
 de Tavera, T. H. P., on "Filipino  
 race," 9; appointed to Philippine  
 Commission, 83; on Spanish educa-  
 tion of Filipinos, 186-7; on shifting  
 Governors-General, 224  
 de Veyra, Mrs. Jaime, assistance of,  
 to author, 4  
 Dialects, native, 6, 12; misleading  
 statement of Manuel Roxas before  
 Congressional Committee concern-  
 ing, 246; degree of differentiation  
 of the 87 distinct dialects, 246  
 Dick, R. McCulloch, 59  
 Disarmament of Moros, 298-9, fea-  
 tures of results, 301-2; broken  
 pledge of America to Moros, re-  
 garding, 336  
 Discriminations against Americans,  
 Secretary Baker's warning against,  
 93; sequel, 104  
 Distances from foreign territory, 8  
 Drinking water, 12, 170  
 Dwellings and living conditions of  
 the masses, 11-12, 65-7, 237  
 Dysentery, 170, 174, 177  
  
 Economic results of America's with-  
 drawal, forecasts of, by Shanghai  
 Banking Corp'n, 227; by Filipino  
 business men, 227-8, 229, 232; Chi-  
 nese and Japanese would domi-  
 nate, 232; forecast as financial  
 ruin, 234  
 Education, America's first efforts,  
 83-4; attitude of Filipinos toward,  
 200-2; its interpretation, by the  
 Christian Filipino, 211-2; effect of  
 American text-books, 212; debase-  
 ment of standards, under Filipini-  
 zation, 245; Mr. Justice Taft on  
 coldness of cacique to education of  
 people in civil rights and English  
 language, 246; its interpretation  
 by "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 262-3,  
 270; Moros and, 323-25; effect of  
 American education upon Filipino,  
 340  
*El Debate*, on Filipino vanity, 198;  
 on absence of co-operation, 210,  
 241  
 Emery, Mrs. Thomas, of Cincinnati,  
 liberal supporter of great Moro  
 work, 323  
 Emigration to Hawaii, 48  
 Encarnacion, Vicente Singson, 110  
 English language, study of, urged by  
 Gov.-Gen. Wood, 245; degenera-  
 tion to pidgin, as taught to-day;  
 tendency of politico to minimize,  
 246; Mr. Justice Taft on objection  
 of "ilustrados" to instruction of  
 masses, 246  
 "Enslavement Act," 32; its workings,  
 35-46  
 Epidemics, 95, 170-1, 172, 177, 185,  
 245  
 Expenses of administration, 85  
 Exploitation by Americans, charges  
 of, 62; non-existence of, 103; de-  
 nied by Filipino, 223  
 Export figures, 7; prosperity of trade  
 dependent on U. S. tariff favour,  
 227  
  
*Far Eastern Review, The*, quoted,  
 107  
 Farm schools, Gov.-Gen. Wood's ad-  
 vocacy of, 245; at Trinidad, 261  
 Febiger, Col. Lea, 295  
 Ferguson, Samuel, 106  
 Fernandez, Ramon J., 110-111, 135-7  
 Field, Mr. Justice, quoted, 243  
 Filipinization, 80, 89, 92, 102-3, 144,  
 151, 161, 177, 226, 227; fruits of,  
 indicated by Guanzon, 254-5;  
 fruits among "Wild Tribes" of  
 Luzon, 261-72  
 Filipino, definition of term as used in  
 this book, 10; character of, 18, 20-  
 21, 26; as government official, 29-  
 30, 63-4; progress under America,  
 cause of, 85; training in art of  
 government, 85; as critic of pol-

- icy of Filipinization, 88-9; civic responsibility of, Mr. Chief Justice Taft on, 128; credulity, Dr. Sixtus de los Angeles on, 187; as officer commanding troops, 194; historically and psychologically a Malay, 196; faults, virtues and characteristics, 196-206; loves luxury and show, 207; complaisance of, 209-10; individualistic, 211; non-co-operative, 210-11; as clergy, 213; indifference to suffering, 213-16; as affected by hook-worm, 226
- Filipinos, history of, 27, 78-82
- Finances of Islands, 104
- Financing Independent Government, Filipino plans for, 235-7; for defenses of, 236
- Fiscal, record of a, 21-26; Wood-Forbes Report on, 26
- Food, conditions, in Spanish days, 170
- Forbes, W. Cameron, 86; as Governor-General, 96; as member of special Mission, 97-98; liked by people, 250; visits Mountain Province, 267. *See also* Wood-Forbes Commission, Wood-Forbes Report
- Forestry, 208
- Forests, 7
- Free Speech, fear forbids, 34, 40, 151, 232
- Freer, Dr. Paul, 86
- Friars' land, 84
- Gaddang tribe, 256
- Gambling, 10, 13, 73, 134, 135
- Genealogy, respect for and preservation of, 257, 283
- Governor-General, powers of, 92; duties of, 93; effects of Filipinization on office of, 103
- Government, Insular, 83, 125; Filipinization of, 88, 92; effect on, 94; bankrupting, 104
- Government, military, 82-83; in Moro country, 295
- Government witnesses intimidated, 24-5, 60
- Guanzon, Provincial Governor, 42, 44, 46; characterized, 252; on American rule, effects of autonomy and estimate of Gov.-Gen. Wood's work, 253-5
- Guingona, "a senator," 317
- Gulamu Razul, Hadji, fable of Manuel Roxas concerning, 331; character of, 332; appears from Manila to the Moros, on an errand, 332; reception of, 332-3
- Harbord, Maj.-Gen. James G., 86, 307
- Harbours, 84
- Harding, President, 97, 99, 100, 111, 140, quoted, 218
- Harrison, Archibald, 110
- Harrison, Gov.-Gen. F. B., 33-4; effect of accession of, on Bureau of Lands, 50; Filipinization under, 88, 89, 92; letter of Secretary Baker to, 90-94; rare use of veto by, 95; clogging of courts under, 95; increase in Government budget and indebtedness under, 96; comparison of, with other Governors-General, 97, 152; creation of Philippine National Bank under, 106, 111; Board of Control and, 124; acquiesces in measures defying United States law, 139-40; Independence Fund created under, 142; Culion Leper Colony under, 161; wrecking of health work, 176-7; University Medical School under, 178; 218-9, 220; policy of, arraigned by Filipino lawyer, 222; characterization of, 223; approves creation of Independence Commission, 238; Filipinizes Moro country, 299; "The Scourge of," 301, 303, 319
- Harty, Archbishop, 86
- Haskins and Sells, 111-13, 114, 118, 119
- Hawaii, emigration to, 48
- Head hunters, 215, 258-60
- Health conditions, on America's arrival, 83-4, 170-1; effect on, of Filipinization, 95; America's first work, 172-6; destruction of American accomplishment, 176-80
- Health Officers, Filipinos as, 209
- Health Service, 167, 175, 209, 244, 259
- Heiser, Dr. Victor G., 86; service of, in Philippines, 100; on Gen. Wood's motives in becoming Governor-General, 100-102; creation by, of Culion Leper Colony, 154-56; efforts of, to obtain leprosy cure, 159-60; departure of, 161; quoted on unsanitary conditions under Spanish régime, 171; progress in sanitation under, 173; giant health achievement due to,



- 176; resignation of, a result of Filipinization, 177-8; and cholera epidemic, 185; health accomplishments of, among mountain tribes, 259
- Hemp, 8-9, 111, 190, 227
- Herrick, Robert F., 116
- Hill, Percy A., 36
- History, pre-American, 78-81, 257-8, 283-94
- Homesteading, 50, 51-61, 62, 67-73
- Honolulu, care of lepers, 160-1
- Hookworm, 225, 226
- Hospitals, 150-1, 174, 179
- Housing, 11, 12, 66, 257
- Ide, Henry C., 83
- Idealism, of the Filipino, 197-8
- Ifugaos, 256-7, 268, 271
- Igorots, 9, 79, 256, 257; and Independence, 265-8
- Ilocanos, emigration of, 48; character of, 48; homesteading by, 50, 52
- Ilocos Norte, 15
- Ilongots, 215, 256
- Imports, 7
- Income of average family, 6, 13, 226, 237
- Income tax, per capita, 6
- Independence, desired by Gov. Guanzon, 46; taos and, 74-7; Aguinaldo and, 85; C. E. Russell on, 133; theory of, as expounded to people by politico, 229; Filipinos quoted on, 228-37; plans for financing, 235-7; recommendation of Gov.-Gen. Wood, 239; Lord Northcliffe on, 249-52; members of mountain tribes on, 264-71; American Beet Sugar interests and, 330; requests for, 330; Moro petition against, 334-8; a plebiscite on, 339
- Independence Commission, 133-4, 142-3, abuse by, of Congressional committee's courtesy, 217-8; how constituted and charged, 237; how empowered and composed, 238; how financed, 238; its pay suspended, 239; criticized by *La Nacion*, 241; its expenses kept secret, 241-3; sends letter to presidents of municipalities, 311
- Independence Fund, act appropriating self-perpetuative, 142-3; legality questioned and payments suspended, 237, 239; U. S. Attorney declares unconstitutional, 242; new fund raised by subscription, 240
- Independence Petitions, bogus, as prepared by Filipino politicians, among "Wild Tribes," 267-9; among Moros, 316-7; printed in Manila papers, 317; sworn denunciation of, 317-8; Moro protests against, 319; alleged in preparation by Hadji Gulamu, 332; protested in Bill of Rights, 338
- Insane, care of, 152, 171, 174, 177
- Insular Auditor, *see* Wright, B. F.
- Insurrection, Aguinaldo's, 76, 80-2
- Irrigation, in Nueva Ecija, pushed by American, opposed by politicians, 62-3; 69; Ifugao's system of, 256
- Islam, Faith of, 79, 285, 322
- Jails, 149-52, 175, 245
- Japan, 232-3, 234
- Japanese resident in Philippines, 6
- Java, 48, 285
- Jesuits, 188, 288, 293
- Johnston, Col. Gordon, 249
- Jolo, town, of, Island of Sulu, 282, 284, 286, 290
- Jones Law, passage of, 90; full text of, *see* Appendix; Secretary Baker's letter on, 90-5; intention of, to increase Governor-General's power, 92, 126; relation of, to Conley Case, 139; Governor-General's veto in, 146, 148; José Abad Santos on, 218-9; not clear, 222; Wood's interpretation commended, 222; preamble deplored, 231-2; infringements of, 242
- Journal of Science*, original value, and fallen status of, 179
- Juan, Captain, of Philippine Constabulary, 191-3
- Justice, 15-18, 23-26, 32-34, 35, 36, 55-60, 325
- Justice of Peace Courts, 16-7, 24-6; Wood-Forbes Report on, 26; Senator Sandiko on, 35-6, 39; controlled by cacique landlords, 39; in Blas Ramos case, 55-7
- Kalaw, Teodoro M., 133-4, 311
- Kalingas, 256, 264, 268
- "Kitchen Cabinet," 248
- Koran, 283-4; 303, 307, 312
- Labour conditions, Union, 46; present status, 47-8; Gov.-Gen. Wood on necessity of improvement, 49; Filipinos' estimate of labour, 207-8; relative physical powers of la-

- bourer, 226; cost of production, 226-7
- Lanao, Moros of, 294; manner of life, 295-6; Gen. Wood sends McCoy to Lanao to save Sultan of Uatu, 295-7; Wood-Forbes Commission at, 306; Moros claim right of self-determination equal with that of Filipinos; visited and threatened by Quezon, defy him and declare for America, 308-10; leader murdered in consequence, 309-10; uprising for America, 312; men and women clubbed under American flag, for loyalty, 312; village killed off, 312; protest against falsified Independence petitions, 319
- Land Act, first, 49; new, 52
- "Land-hogs," 52
- La Nacion*, quoted, 240, 241
- Landlords, cacique, peonizing tenants, 36-6; enforce loan-taking, 36 et seq.; control lower courts, 39
- Langhorne, Colonel George T., 249; and Moro opposition to Independence, misstatement of Roxas concerning, 333
- Languages, 12, 271, 276
- Lavezaris, Guido de, on usury and slavery, 27
- Lawyers, 208
- Leadership, native good, lacking, 233
- Le Bon, Gustave, quoted, 197
- Legarda, Benito, 83
- Legazpi, on usury and slavery, 27, 79-80
- Lepers' petition to Gov.-Gen. Wood, 164
- Leprosy, 151, 153-69, 170, 173. *See* also Culion Leper Colony
- Liberty Loans, response to, from Moros, 305
- Literacy, 6
- Literature, secular and religious, quality of, accessible to Filipino under Spain, 186
- Locusts, 245
- Lorenzo, Conrad, landlord, 44-5
- Luzon, area, 5; native population, 9; inhabitants of, 256
- Madrigal, Vicente, 110-111
- Maine, U. S. S., 81
- Maguindanao, Sultan Sa, 292; current law on adultery, 322
- Malaria, 177, 225
- Mandi, Datu Rajah Muda, 277; daughter of, 277; she appeals for help to Alvarez, 277-9; she is married to Alvarez, 279-80; her character, 280-1; character of Datu Mandi, 297, 319
- Manila, modernization of, 83, 84; water supply of, 170; sewer system of, 170, 174; living conditions in, 171; death rate in, 174; cemeteries in, 170, 174; hotels and restaurants in, 175; a Moro outpost, 286
- Manila Bulletin*, 335, 118
- Manila Electric Co., experience of, in operating costs, 226
- Manila Hotel Co., 112
- Manila R. R. Company, 112, 121-2, 220
- Manila Times*, quoted, 35, 241-2, 253-5
- Marriage laws of "Wild Tribes," 257
- Martin, L. H., 114
- Mayo, Katherine, purpose in undertaking this report, 3, 5; methods employed in making study, 3-5; point of view chosen by, 8-9; reason for plain speech, 179-80, 225; offers to report "Wild Tribes" to America, 263-4; re-statement of purpose of book, 340
- McCoy, Brig.-Gen. Frank R., 249; and the Sultan of Uatu, 295-7
- McKinnon, Father, 83
- Mentality of Filipino—quick of memory and of speech, 200; weak in practical application, 201
- Mestizo, definition of, 10, 80
- Messages, Gov.-Gen. Wood to Insular Legislature, of 1922, quoted, 48-9, 205-6; of 1923, quoted, 120, 206, 247
- "Militarism" of Gov.-Gen. Wood, 132, 151; complaints of, 247-9
- "Military Aides" of Governor-General, reasons for use of, 247-9; cost of, to Insular Government, 248; this cost as handled by Filipino Legislature, 248, note; misleading statement of Camilo Osias concerning, 248; Deacon Prautch on, 248-9
- Missionaries, Roman Catholic, 79-80, 195, 261, 288, 293; Protestant, 195, 261; Mohammedan, 285
- Moe, Kilmer A., 62-3

- Mohammedans, 9, 195. *See also* Moros
- Money-lending, 28
- Morality, sexual, among Filipinos, 203-4; superiority of "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 257; superiority of Moros, 322-3
- Moro country, administration of, under Filipinization, Carpet-bagging, 300; preposterous overhead, 300; increased taxation, 300; government-paid colonization from north, 302; vicious attitude of officials, 304; justice as administered, 304; results described by villagers, 327; described in Moro Bill of Rights, 334-8
- Moro Educational Foundation, 323
- Moro mentality, differentiation from Filipino, 305, 308-9, 316, 322
- Moro Province, erected, 295; Gen. Leonard Wood, as first civil governor of, 295-8; Organic Act discarded, and Filipinization enforced, by Gov.-Gen. Harrison, 299; progress of country, up to Filipinization, 299-300; economic administration of, 300
- Moros, 8-10; influence of Gov.-Gen. Wood upon, 274-5, 297, 298, 306-7, 308, 314-5, 317-8, 328; and Independence, 282; religion, morality, character, arts, agriculture, industry, commerce, 283-5; slaves, 284; dwellings, 284, 296; polygamy, 284; piracy, 284, 290; contrasted with Filipinos, 283, 304, 315, 322; history, 283-294; fight against Spain, 286-91; and Jesuit missionaries, 293; conquered by U. S., 294-5; original attitude toward U. S., 294; handling by original military rule, 295; handling by General Wood as civil governor, 295-7, 298; F. W. Carpenter, as Governor of, 299, 304; disarming of, 298-9; Filipinization of their country, 300 et seq.; present attitude toward America, 302, 305; response to Liberty Loan call, 305; Quezon and, 308-10; claim right of self-determination equal to Filipinos'; pro-America parade of, in Zamboanga, 314-5; propose raising fund among selves to represent pro-America desires in Washington, 320; threatened and intimidated therefor, 321; standards of sexual morality, 322-3; law of Magindanao on adultery, 322; strength of public opinion, 322; cause of objection to girls' attendance at Filipinized schools, 323; Filipino school teachers and Moro girl-children, 323-5; rape of, 323-6; wedding party, 326-7; constabulary killings as falsely testified by Roxas to U. S. Congress, 330-1; Hadji Gulamu unrepresentative of; aloofness of Americans from Moros, 331; virtually without representation in Filipino legislature, 337; Bill of Rights, 334-8
- Mortality, infant, 170, 175. *See also* Beriberi
- Moses, Bernard, 83
- Mountain tribes, of Luzon, 9, 256-73
- Muñoz Agricultural School, 62
- Mysterious Town, history of, 181-4
- National Bank, *see* Philippine National Bank
- National Coal Co., 112
- National Development Co., 112
- National Forum, The*, quoted, 140
- National University, 202; *see also* note
- Negritos, 78
- Newspapers, daily, circulation of, 6; 90 per cent of population never see one, 34; Senator Sandiko on, 40
- Northcliffe, Lord, visits Islands, 250; addresses Filipinos on Independence, 250-2
- Novenas*, 186-7
- Nursing School, 174
- Occupation, American, 81-3
- Office-holders, Filipino, percentage of, 7; class of, 85
- Opposition party in Legislature, 40
- Oratory, 212
- Organic Act. *See* Jones Law
- Osias, Camilo, 202; misleading statement by, concerning Governor-General's assistants, 248
- Osmeña, Senator Sergio, 140, 235, 242
- Pagans, 256-73
- Pampangans, 252
- Parties, 40, 116, 253, 255
- Patronage, 124
- Passes, free, on railroad, 121-2

- "Pendencia; buy me one," 239  
 Peonage, 35-46, 49, 226; "Peonage Law," *see* "Enslavement Act"  
 People of the Philippines, definition of, 9-10; where they came from, 78-9; classes, 10, 81, 194  
 Perfecto, Gregorio, quoted, 241-2  
 Periodic divisions of American rule, 217  
 Pershing, Maj.-Gen. J. J., 86; in Lanao, 295; disarms Moros, 298; 327  
 Petition, Right of, denied to Moros by Filipino officials, 321, 335  
 Philippine Government Bonds, 128, 130  
 Philippine Commission, 83, 186  
 Philippine General Hospital, 174, 179  
 Philippine Islands, area of, 5, 145; climate of, 6; agricultural products of, 6, 8; population of, 6; in naval strategy, 8; potential wealth of, 47; area of, under cultivation, 47; imports of, 47; emigration from, 48; races in, 78; religions in, 79; history of, 78-86; defence of, 230, 236; coast-line of, 236, note  
 Philippine legislature, a mestizo cacique body, 52; 83, 93, 105, 106, 116, 120, 125, 129, 140, 146, 147-8, 162, 163, 176, 177, 220, 341; composition of, 340  
 Philippine National Bank, 105, 106-20; prosecution of Bank officials under Governor-General Wood, 110; convictions, 115; reason of escape of American branch manager at Shanghai, 113; 161; Olimpio Guanzon on, 254-5  
 Philippines *Free Press*, 59, 116  
*Philippines Herald*, quoted, 47, 133-4, 167, 241, and note  
 Philippine Press Bureau, 142-3  
 Philippines toy of U. S. domestic politics, 223  
 Physical condition of Filipino, 13, 225-6, 237, 247  
 Pierce, Brig.-Gen. Palmer E., U.S.A., narrative of, 181-4  
 Pigs, 12  
 Plague, bubonic, 172  
 Plebiscite—Forecast of, 339-40  
 Point of view of this book, 8-9  
 Police force, 134-7  
 Political control, system, 11; Sandiko on, 39-40  
 Political ignorance of masses, 76  
 Politics the proper business of man, 205  
 Polytheism, of "Wild Tribes," 257  
 Population, statistics of, 6, 256; main divisions of, 9-10  
 Potenciana and Exequiel, taos, affidavit of, 36-7  
 Prautch, "Deacon" A. W., 15-8; service in Philippines, 28-34, 36; work for Rural Credit, 40-6, 51, on General Wood, 248-9  
 President of United States, authority of not respected, 220  
 Priests, pagan, 257  
 Prisons, 171. *See also* Jails  
 Pro-American Petitions of Moros forbidden by Filipinos, 321; translated by Alvarez from Arabic, 333; Bill of Rights, 334-8  
 Production, high cost of, effect of Filipinos, low physical condition, 226; as affected by wage rates, 226-7  
 Property, private, laws of, among "Wild Tribes," 257  
 Proprietors' League, 44; refuses to treat with tenantry, 45; evicts tenants, 46  
 Protestant Churches, numbers of members, 194; fields adopted, severally, 195  
 Protestant Episcopal Church, non-proselyting, 195; Missions among "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 261  
 Public Land Act, of U. S. Philippine Commission, 49; homesteading movement under, 20; new act, 52  
 Public Opinion, practically non-existent, among Christian Filipinos, 40, 119, 128, 130, 131, 204; absolute, among Moros, 322  
 Puerto Princesa, 148-9  
 Quarantine, destructive laxness of, under Filipinization, 95, 245; Governor-General Wood stiffens, 245  
 Quezon, Manuel L., estimate by tao, 77; and Philippine National Bank, 114, 118, 120; as president of Manila R. R. Co., 121-2; and Conley Case, 137-41; quoted, 120, 126, 140, 168, 238; expense allowance and pay, on Independence Commission, 241; visits Lanao, and attacks America and Governor-General Wood, 308; Moros resent attack,

- and defy Quezon. Result, 309-10, 332
- Rape, 19, 20, 21-3, 36-7, 204, 323-6
- Recto, Claro M., 116-7, 242
- Religion, confusion, among Filipinos, of pagan and Christian, 185, 197
- Religious cults, sporadic, 194
- Resident Commissions in Washington, how chosen, pay of, status of, 237
- Revenues, Insular, per capita, 7; insufficient to meet costs of Government, 234
- Rice, 61, 62-4
- Rice-Terraces, Ifugao, wonder of world, 256
- Rinderpest, 95, 245
- Rizal, José, 81
- Rizal legend, 313, note 4
- Roasa, fair spirit of, 202-3
- Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Heiser Director for Far East of International Health Board, 178
- Rogers, Sir Leonard, 160
- Roman Catholic Church, 80, 153, 173, 194, 213, 261
- Ronquillo, General, ordered to make last effort against Mindanaos, 292-3.
- Roosevelt, President, appointments by, 97; Dr. Pardo de Tavera on, 224
- Roxas, Manuel, and Philippine National Bank, 118; quoted, 126; and Conley Case, 137; income of, as member of Independence Commission, 143; expenditures of, on Independence Commission, 241; misleading statement, before Congressional Committee, on native dialects, 246; false statement, to Congressional Committee, on killings in Moro country, 330-1; again, as to American agents among Moros, 331; false statement as to Col. Langhorne and a Moro committee, 333
- Rubber, 8, 326
- Rural credit, 15, 28, 29, 32-4, 40, 41
- Russell, Charles Edward, quoted, 133
- Saguin, Governor, and Moros, 313-15, 317, 320
- Saleeby, Dr. N. M., 297
- Samals, 293-4
- Sandiko, Senator Teodoro, 34, 35, 39-40, 42
- Sanitation, 12, 83, 84, 95, 170-6; cost of, per capita, 176, 209-10
- San Lazaro, hospital, 152
- Santos, José Abad, statement by, 218-9
- Schools, 65-7, 83, 84, 174, 178, 245, 261
- School-teachers, American—first, from ranks of U. S. Army, 83; imported, 1,000 in one ship, 84; present effect of elimination of, on language, 245; introduction among "Wild Tribes," 260; effect of elimination, among "Wild Tribes," 266
- School-teachers, male Filipino, 204; in Moro country, 323
- Secret service spies, Filipino, 280, 281, 282, 321
- Sewage, drunk as miraculous spring, 185
- Shanghai Banking Corporation, report of 1924, quoted, 227
- Silang, Diego, rebellion of, 27
- Slaughter-houses, 171
- Smallpox, 170, 173, 177, 245
- Social Cancer, The*, 81
- Spaniards, resident in Philippines, 6
- Spanish-American War, 81-82
- Spanish régime, 79-80, 186, 257, 283
- Spencer, Mrs. Lorillard, her great service and influence for good, with the Moro people, 323
- "Spirit of '76," 64
- Stader, Capt. James A., 295
- Statistics, general, 5-8
- Straight, Mrs. Willard D., a principal supporter of Moro education, 323
- Sugar, 8, 96, 123; prosperity of trade dependent on U. S. tariff favour, 227; Independence and American Beet Sugar interests, 330
- Sugar centrals, 112, 122
- Sultans of Sulu, 285; Spain's recognition of, 286-7; settling Sulu's status as protectorate, not possession, 290-1
- Sultan of Uatu and General McCoy, 295-7
- Sulu piracy, 284, 289-90
- Sulu Sea, 276, 279
- Sumatra, 48
- Superstition, 157, 185-8
- Supreme Court, 95
- Taft, William H., 82-3, 84, 86, 91, 128, 185, 221; on objection of "ilustrado" to tao's learning of civil

- rights and acquiring English language, 246
- Tagalogs, 211, 264, 265
- Talavera Irrigation Project, 62-64
- Tao, definition of, 10; character of, 37-8; meetings of tenant taos of Pampanga, 42-6; 70, 71, 76; and taxes, 147; as conceived by cacique, 209
- Tariff, 123, 228
- Taxes, per capita, 7, 122; paid by natives, 7; paid by foreigners, 7, 144; remission of, 146-8; caciques the defaulters, 147; on imports discussed, 228-9; not gathered, 234; and expenses of government, 234; 80 per cent paid by "foreigners," stated by *La Nacion*, 240; among Moros, 300, 303, 320, 327
- Tecson, Diego, 65-77, 82, 87, note 1
- Territorial Status, 231
- Thrift, 37, 48, 73
- Tobacco, 8
- Trade, with U. S., 7; foreign, 7; under favoured tariff status, 227
- Treasury, 104, 120
- Tribal separation, historic and continued, 78, 210-11
- Tribes, 6; non-Christian, 258
- Trinidad Farm School, 261, 263
- Tuberculosis, 171, 174, 177, 225, 245
- Tug-of-war *vs.* head-hunting, 260
- Typhoons, 147
- Undernourishment of population, 13, 225, 237
- U. S. Army officers as assistants to Governor-General, reasons for use of, 247-9
- U. S. Congress, prompt response of, to appeal to rescue Islands from bankruptcy, 98; alone can disentangle extra-legal legislation, 103, 127; course forecast by Newton D. Baker, 129; Quezon on, 140; not respected by Filipinos, 220-1; appealed to, in Moro Bill of Rights, claiming protection of America, relief from taxation without representation, right of petition, and redemption of U. S. pledge made on surrender of arms, 334-8
- University of Philippines, established by U. S., 84; deteriorates under Filipinization, 96; dominated by politics, 178, 211; much affected by tribal affiliations, 211; military training in, Governor-General Wood on, 247
- Usury, cacique's industry, 110; early writers on, 27; Governor-General Wood on, 27-8; the weapon of political control, 28, 35-46; attack of Rural Credit upon, 40, *et seq.*; law favours usurers, 40; usury law, 40-42, 226
- Vaccination, 173, 177, 245
- Vanity, 198-9
- Vargas, Jorge B., Director Bureau of Lands, quoted, 61
- Veto, Executive, as exercised by Governor-General Harrison, 95, 146; as exercised by Governor-General Wood, 148, 219-20; forced by legislature, to make impression of arbitrariness, 220; necessary and wise, 223; condemned, 223
- Villages, 11
- "Visaya," signifying "slave," 284, 289, 303, 306
- Wade, Dr. H. Windsor, at Culion, 165-8
- War inflation, 96
- Wedding Party, Moro, 326-7
- Weeks, John W., Secretary of War, 121
- "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 256-73; inherent differentiation from Christian tribes, in social organization, preservation of line of descent; sexual morality, domestic relations; system of law, religion and priesthood, 256-7; Dr. Beyer on, 257; untouched by Spain, 257-8; aversion to Christian Filipino, and cause, 258; America's approach, 258; Health campaign among, 259-60; superior physique of, 260; yaws treatment, 260; wisdom of American administration, 261; Filipinization and its results, 261; loyalty to America, 261; Governor-General Wood's friendship for, 261; physique, character and abilities of, 262-3; views of representative tribesmen on Independence, 264-73; negligible representation in Legislature, 267; affection of "Wild Tribes" for Governor-General Wood, 270; dog-eating abandoned at Governor-General Wood's request, 271; expedition of the four head men to consult Gov-

- ernor-General Wood, 271-3; attitude of Filipino toward, 272
- Willis, Dr. H. Parker, 106, 109
- Wilson, E. W., Bank manager, 111, 114, 115, 117-8
- Wilson, Woodrow, 50, 87, 96, 99
- Women, Filipino, position of, ability and influence, 204; views as to proper sphere of man, 205; Governor-General Woods' appreciation of, and continued urging of enfranchisement, 205-6
- Women, "Igorot," moral and social status among mountain tribes, 257
- Women, Moro, 277-80, 322-9
- Women's Suffrage, Governor-General Wood's advocacy of, 205-6
- Wood-Forbes Commission, tao punished for aiding, 19; Senator Sandiko appeals to, 35, 59; activity on land-frauds, 60-1; sent to Philippines, 97-9, 111; effect of appearance on Culion Leper Colony, 162; investigation by, of health work 177, 179; inclines to gild conditions by disproportionate emphasis of best, 180; effect on Filipinos of Washington's disregard of recommendations of, 218, 219; at Lanao, 306-7; Moro Bill of Rights complains evidence presented before Commission brought no relief. Lays blame to U. S. Congress, 337
- Wood-Forbes Report, statistics from, 6, 26; recommendations, 99; interpretation by J. A. Santos, of U. S. Congress failure to act upon, 218; recommendations, yet unacted upon, 340-1
- Wood, Governor-General Leonard, taos and, 20; on usury, 27-8; annoying trait of, 28, 30; Senator Sandiko on, 40; on labour, 48-9; appointment of, as member of Special Mission, 97; reasons for accepting Governor-Generalcy, attested by Dr. Heiser, 100-2; quoted, 104, 132; veto by, of appropriation bill, 120; instructions from War Department, 121, 125; conditions found, 123; criticism of his methods, 127-8; general attitude of, toward his office, 131-2; resuming control, 133; Conley Case and, 135-41; the *Apo* and, 145-6; visits jails, 149; hospitals, 150; insane, 152; petition of Culion lepers to, 163-4; lepers and, 168-9; at Y.M.C.A. conference in Baguio, 202; continuously urges women's suffrage, 205-6; José A. Santos on, 218-9; legal official on use of veto by, 219-20; as to action on Bank; on Railroad; incident of two legislators, 221; prestige of U. S. involved in his support, 221; has redeemed country from bankruptcy, 221; interpretation of Jones Law commended, 222, 223; consideration of Moros, by, attributed to "spite," 223; on best method of winning Independence, 239; attitude toward Independence Fund, 239; on use of Government Health service for graft, 244; reduces death-rate, 244-5; improves jails and condition of prisoners, 245; checks plagues, saves draft-animals from extinction, 245; interest in public instruction, 245; effort to raise standards and to encourage farm, trade and domestic science schools, 245; urges study of English language, 245; pushes military training, 246-7; "militarism" complained of, 104, 124, 131, 132, 151, 247-9; "military advisers" of, reasons for use of, 248-9; characterization of Governor-General Wood by "Deacon" Prautch, 248-9; E. C. Carter's question concerning tact answered, 249-50; self-restraint of, "an Anglo-Saxon performance," 250; great physical endurance and devotion to work, 259; criticized for overgentleness, 250; Lord Northcliffe on, 252; Olimpio Guanzon, Governor of Pampanga, on, 252-5; friendship to "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 261; persuades against dog-eating, 271; as first civil governor of Moro Province, 295; sends McCoy to save Sultan of Uatu, 295-7; policy toward Moros, 295-7; results of policy as governor, 298; influence of name, for peace, 308; Quezon's attack upon, in Lanao, 308-9; acclaimed on placards of pro-America parade, 314-5; faith and declaration of datu, 317-8, 319; Moros denied right of petition to, 321; loyalty of datu to, 328
- "Wood's Fishing Parties," 145
- Worcester, Dean C., quoted, 49, 83,

- 86, 179, 188, 258; dealing with "Wild Tribes" of Luzon, 260; originates tug-of-war, 260
- Worms—percentage of Filipinos suffering from, 13, 225
- Wright, Benjamin F., Insular Auditor, 114, 118; dangerous isolation of Auditor General to-day, 129; questions constitutionality of standing Independence Fund, 239; suspends payments, 239; his position approved by Filipinos and by *La Nacion*, 240 and 241; sustained by U. S. Attorney General, 242
- Wright, Luke E., 83
- Wright-Martin report, 109, 114-6, 118, 119
- Xeres y Burgos, Dr. Manuel, quoted, 186
- Yaws, treatment of, among "Wild Tribes," 259-60
- Yeater, Acting-Governor, on Philippine National Bank, 111
- Y.M.C.A., 195
- Zamboanga, Province, 275; fortifying of, 293-4; modern town, history and administration of, 312-3; Filipino Independence Parade in, 313-4











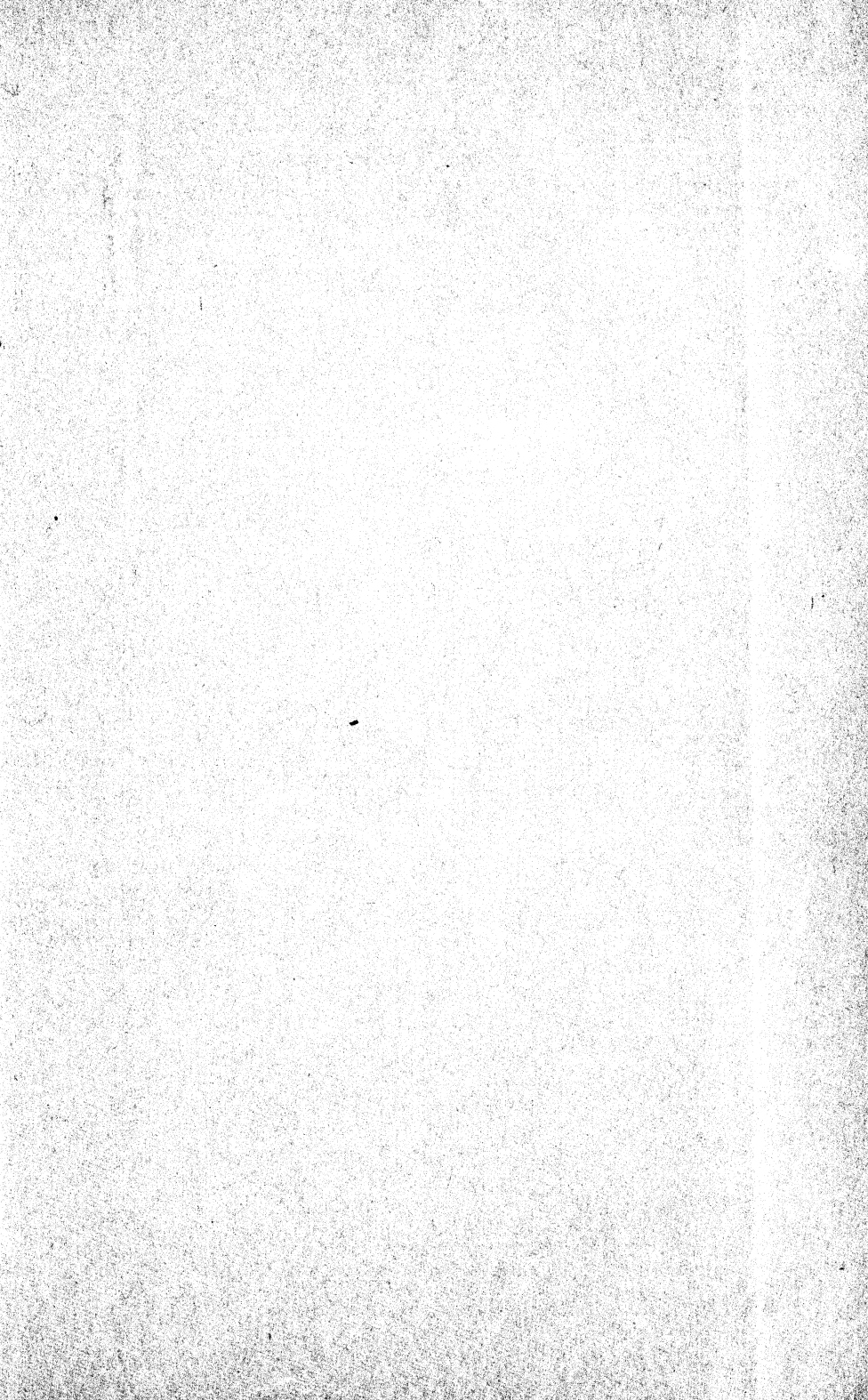












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